POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 25 · 1964 20c

THE GREATEST MONEY SWINDLE OF OUR TIME

How it cost Wall Street $150 million

Here comes a boating summer:

THE MIGHT OF MOTOR AND THE SPLENDOR OF SAIL

A hidden danger in psychiatry / Can they stop smog? / A housewife's Broadway triumph

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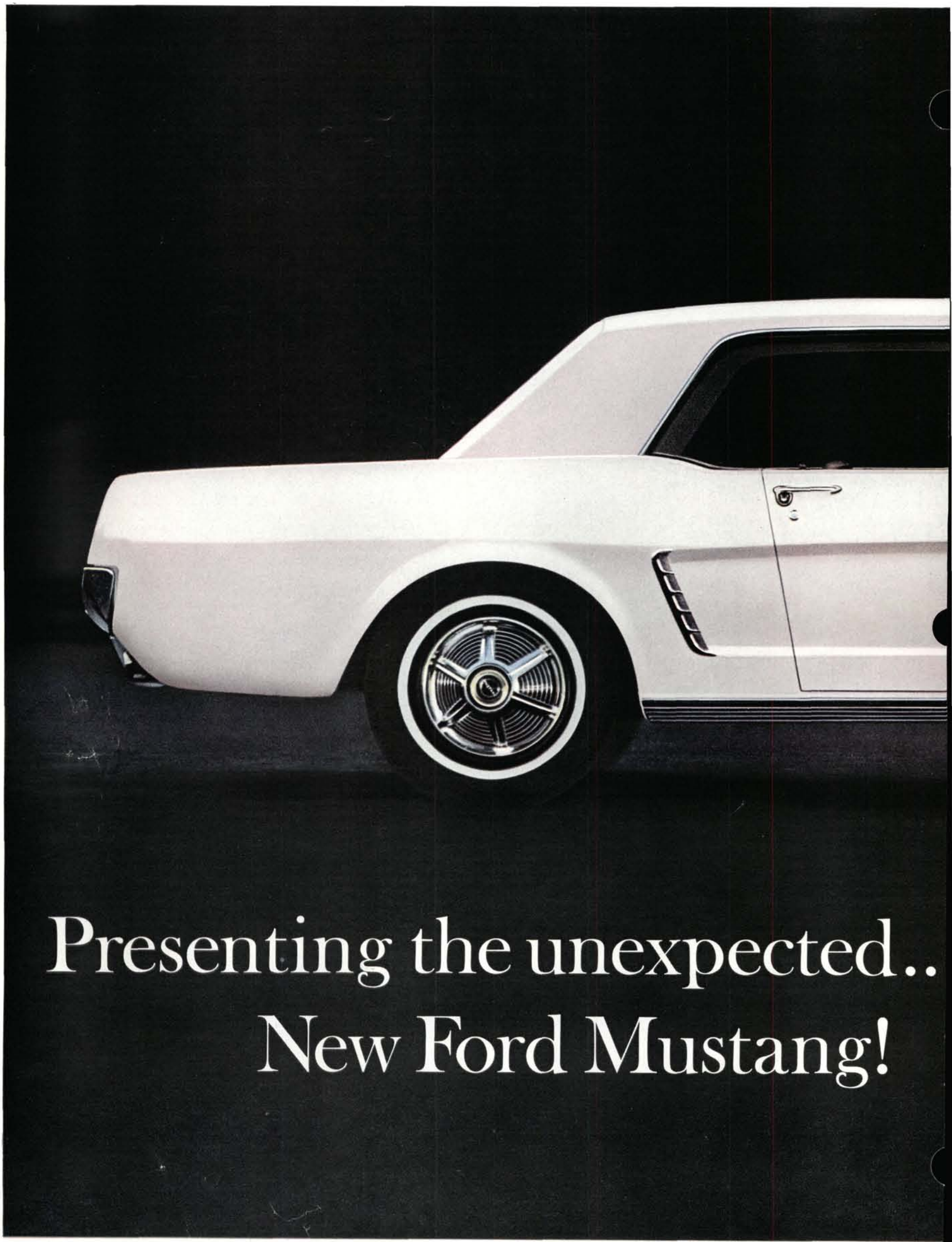

Presenting the unexpected..
New Ford Mustang!

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This is the car you never expected from Detroit. It is so distinctively beautiful it has received the Tiffany Award for Excellence in American Design, the first automobile ever to be so honored by Tiffany & Co. Mustang has the look, the fire, the flavor of one of the great European road cars. Yet it is as American as its name . . . and as practical as its price. Because Mustang is an amazingly versatile car and can be inexpensively tailored to the widest variety of individual tastes, many very different people will find it surprisingly easy to say: "This is the ideal car for me." Turn the page and you'll see why.

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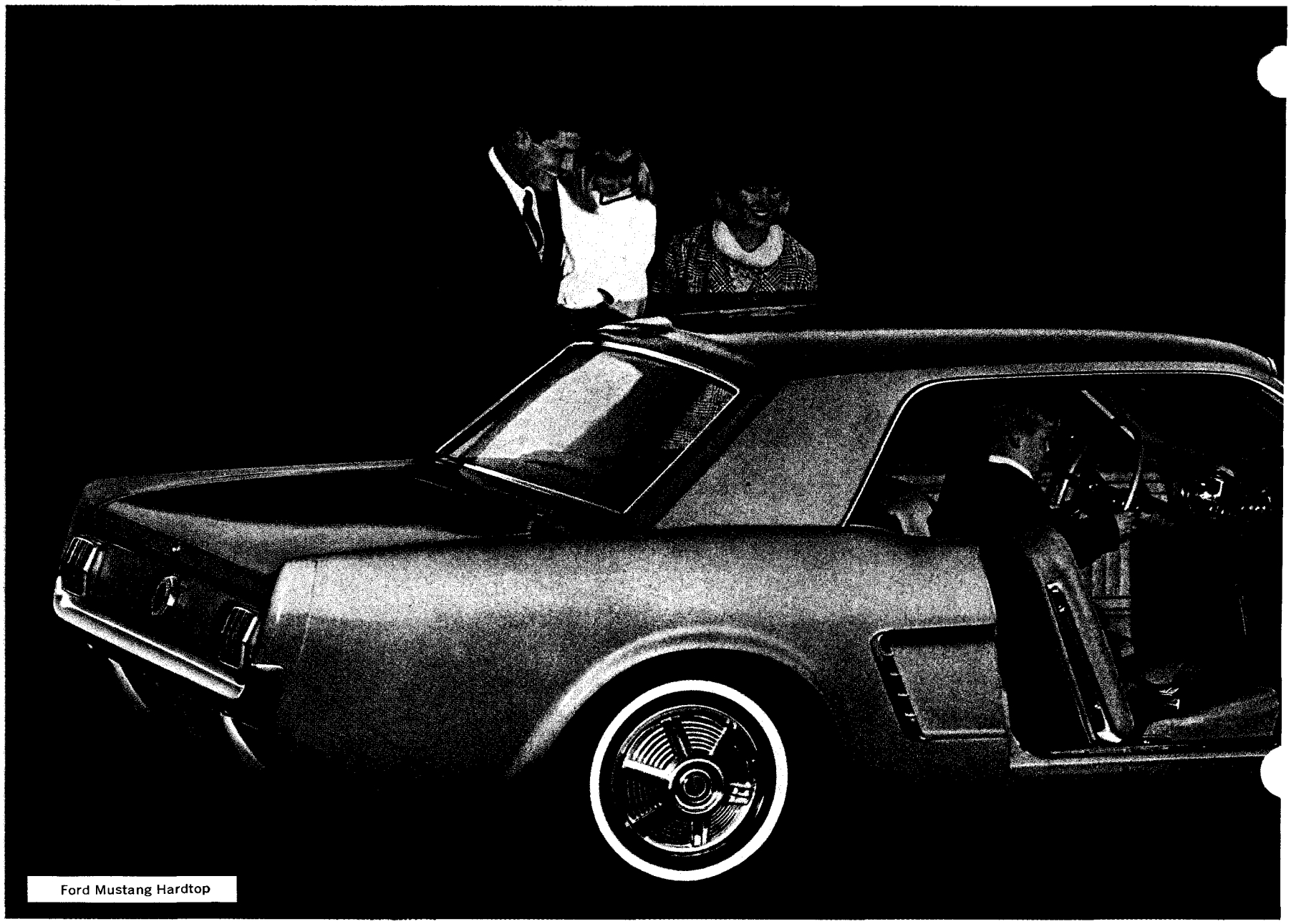
See the Mustang and ride Walt Disney's Magic Skyway at the Ford Motor Company's Wonder Rotunda, New York World's Fair.



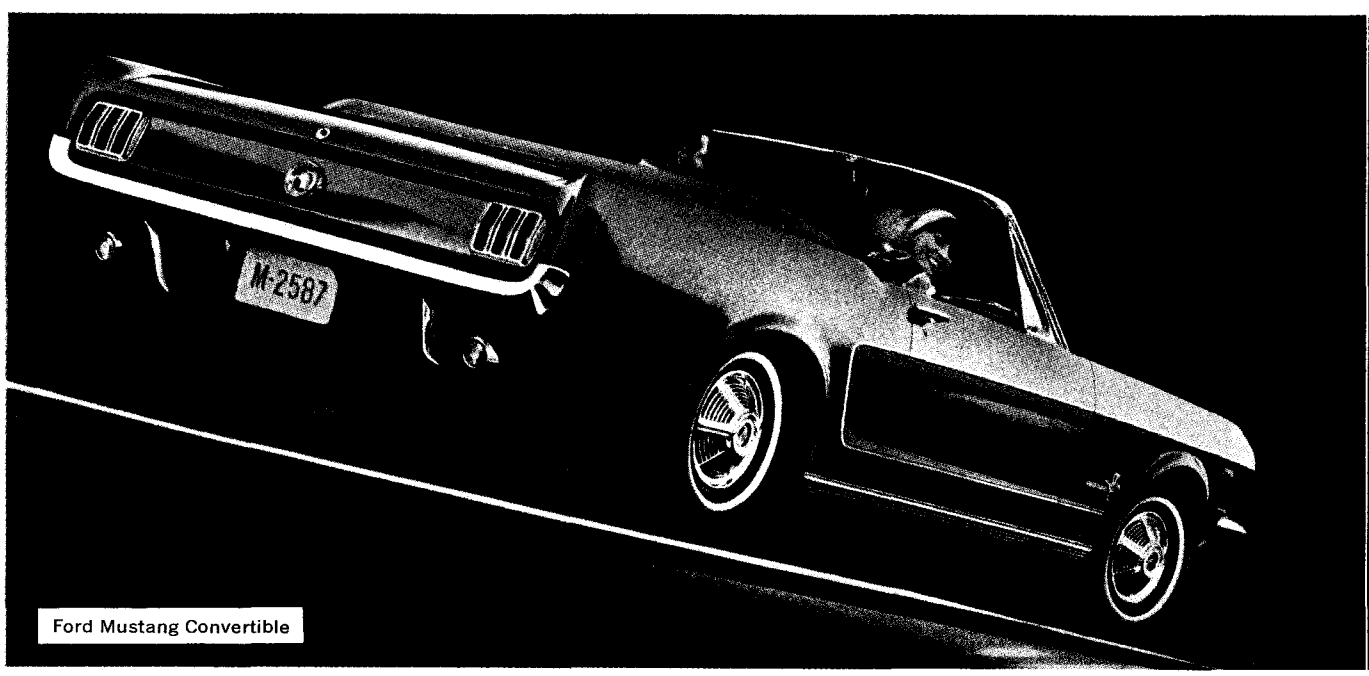
Ford Mustang Hardtop

Mustang was designed to be designed by you!

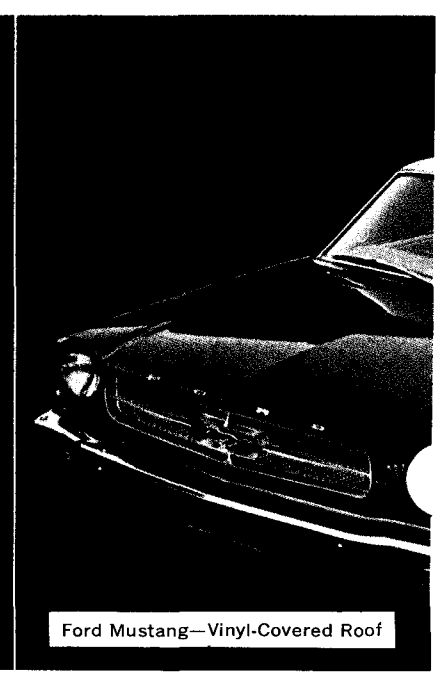
The basic Mustang is as economical and as practical as it is beautiful—and, with its four-passenger roominess, many people will find in it all the car they want or need. But this is only the beginning of Mustang's possibilities. You can choose from an unusually long list of reasonably priced options, and for remarkably little added cost, you can design your Mustang (see below) as a hot-blooded sports convertible, a luxurious, vinyl-covered hardtop, or anything in between. For instance:

You can make the trip to school or the supermarket a lot more fun when you add convenience options like these to your standard Mustang:

- 260-cu. in. V-8
- 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic transmission
- Power steering
- Power brakes
- White sidewall tires
- Push-button radio
- Backup lights
- Deluxe seat belts front and rear
- Outside rearview mirror
- 2-speed electric wipers and washers
- Tinted windshield



Ford Mustang Convertible



Ford Mustang—Vinyl-Covered Roof

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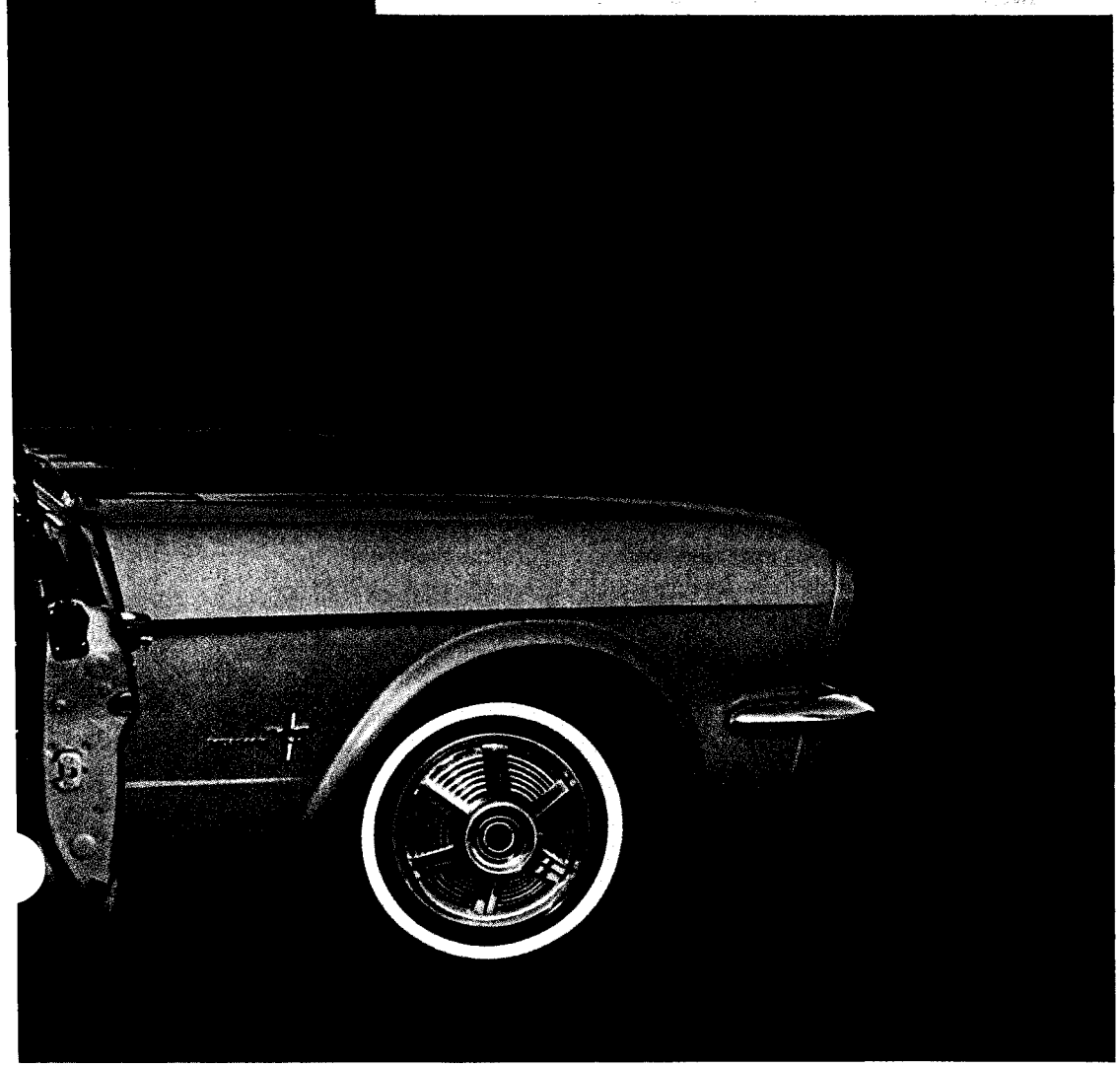
$2368* f.o.b. Detroit...and we're not fooling!



$2368* f.o.b. Detroit is the suggested retail price for a completely equipped standard Mustang Hardtop (left). This price *includes* luxury features either not available or available only at extra cost in most other makes of cars:

- Deep foam bucket seats
- Padded instrument panel
- Full wheel covers
- Color-keyed all-vinyl interior
- Color-keyed wall-to-wall carpeting

$2368* f.o.b. Detroit *also includes* these features which often cost extra in other cars:

- Sports steering wheel
- Cigarette lighter
- 2 automatic courtesy lights
- Glove box light
- Floor shift 3-speed manual transmission

$2368* f.o.b. Detroit *also includes* these features as standard equipment:

- Wrap-around front bumper with bumper guards front and back
- Curved side glass
- Heater (unless ordered without)
- Twice-a-year (or 6000-mile) service schedule
- Front arm rests
- Parallel-Action windshield wipers
- Safety-Yoke door latches
- Front seat belts (unless ordered without)
- Self-adjusting brakes
- 170-cu. in. 6-cylinder engine

*Suggested retail price. Destination charges from Detroit, options, state and local taxes and fees, if any, are extra. White sidewall tires are $33.90 extra.

FOR AN AUTHENTIC SCALE MODEL of the new Ford Mustang, send $1.00 to Ford Offer, Department C, P. O. Box 35, Troy, Michigan. (Offer ends July 31, 1964)

You can make your new Ford Mustang an all-out luxury car to suit your special taste for elegance, with these luxury options:

Full-length console between front seats
Padded sun visors
Rocker panel molding
Deluxe wheel covers with simulated knock-off hubs
Air conditioner

- Tinted glass
- Vinyl-covered hardtop roof
- Accent paint stripe
- Convertible with power-operated top and vinyl tonneau cover

You can have the ultimate in action by designing your own hot-blooded sports-touring machine from Mustang's exciting performance options:

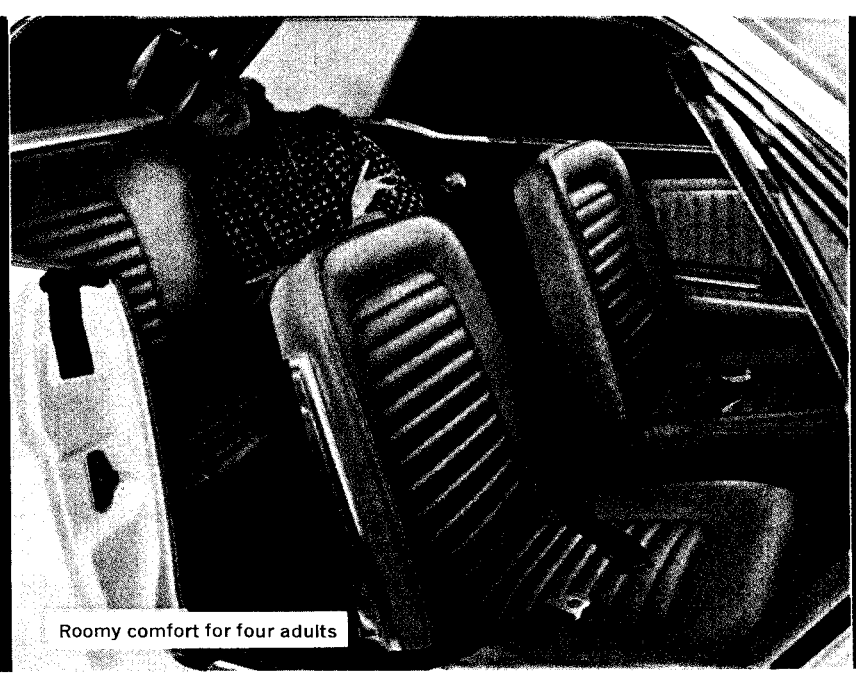
- 289-cu. in. V-8
- 4-speed manual transmission
- Rally Pac (tachometer and clock)
- 14-inch wheels and tires
- Heavy-duty battery

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Mustang · Falcon · Fairlane · Ford · Thunderbird

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY



Roomy comfort for four adults

Surprisingly spacious trunk

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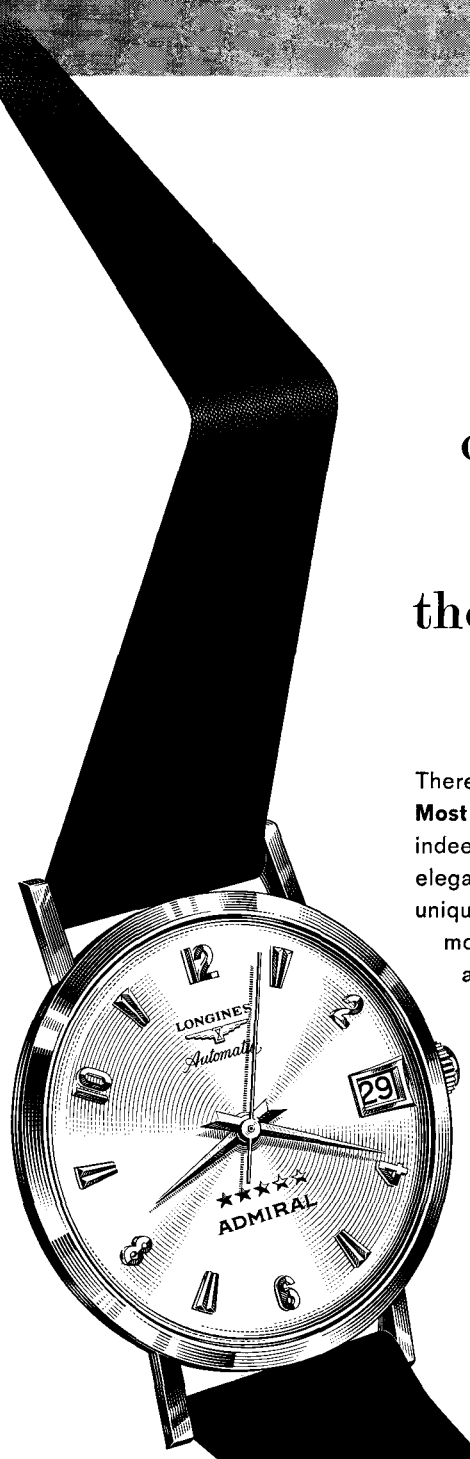

Why you should own the world-honored LONGINES Admiral— the finest date-telling automatic ever made!

There are many reasons for you to proudly wear a Longines, the **World's Most Honored Watch.** But the new Longines 5 Star Admiral Automatic is indeed a miracle of precision and quality. Here in a watch of unquestioned elegance, is to be found a self-winding movement that is both superb and unique. For example, the Longines self-winding mechanism is dynamically mounted on tiny ball bearings. The winding rotor itself glides smoothly around the movement on a geared monorail. The result: far longer life, far greater accuracy than you imagined possible in a self-winding watch. Scientific achievement is only part of the story—the hand-crafted detailing by meticulous Longines master watchmakers in the Longines valley at St. Imier, Switzerland and the loving care lavished on every Longines watch whatever its purpose or price... is your ultimate guarantee of an adult lifetime of personal *satisfaction and proud ownership. Longines, as a result of this* century-old tradition of excellence and elegance, is the only watch ever to have won 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals... so many honors for accuracy. And as continuing proof of superiority, Longines has been appointed "Official" for timing all events in the U.S. Olympic Trials to be held at the New York World's Fair. Visit your Franchised Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler to see the Longines 5 Star Admiral and other examples of **The World's Most Honored Watch.**

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POST

APRIL 25, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 16

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The soybean scandal, one of the biggest swindles in American history, broke into the news last fall and is still producing tremors. Losses came to some $150 million. One large brokerage house was destroyed and 20 leading banks were stuck with millions in bad loans. The man behind the uproar is Anthony De Angelis, who in his spare time donated bicycles to boys in his neighborhood. A onetime hog processor, De Angelis became the biggest trader in fats and oils. Today, protesting his innocence, he faces criminal charges that could send him to prison for 185 years. Veteran Wall Street reporter Norman C. Miller reveals the behind-the-scenes story and raises some important questions that still confront the U.S. Agriculture Department and the businessmen who trade in commodities worth billions.

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The authors. Contributing writer **C. Robert Jennings** asked Charles Schulz about the highlights of his life and found that the creator of *Peanuts* particularly recalled meeting Bing Crosby. Jennings asked him to describe the big moment. Replied Schulz: "He said, 'Hi.'". . . **David Holden** is a roving reporter for the Manchester *Guardian*. . . .The Post's Hong Kong correspondent **Stanley Karnow**, off to cover a cholera epidemic, ate heartily after learning cholera shots are useless for the undernourished. . . . **Tom Wicker,** *The New York Times* White House reporter, has been covering national politics in Washington since 1960. . . .Senior editor **Charles N. Barnard,** long an authority on the American automobile, writes about Detroit's 10-year effort to control smog-producing exhaust. "They don't build cars like they used to," he says, "and from the viewpoint of your health, it's good they don't.". . . New York *Post* reporter **Normand Poirier** tells about the housewife who wrote a hit Broadway play. He lists his interviews: "5 producers, 4 actors, 3 directors, 2 agents, 1 author and a partridge in a pear tree." But he failed to talk to the right man about his theater tickets and had to stand to see the show.

The cover. Photographer **John Zimmerman** captured pretty Nancy Brown skimming over the warm, blue waters of Biscayne Bay in Miami, Fla.

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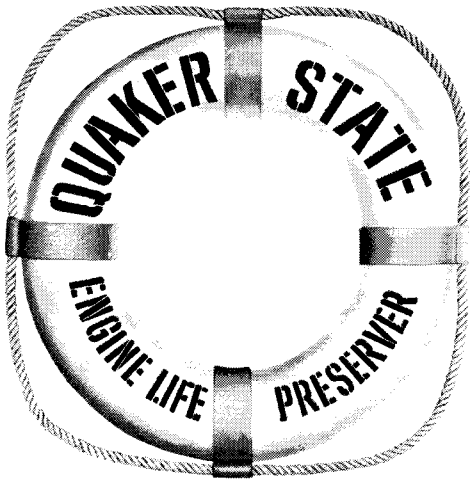

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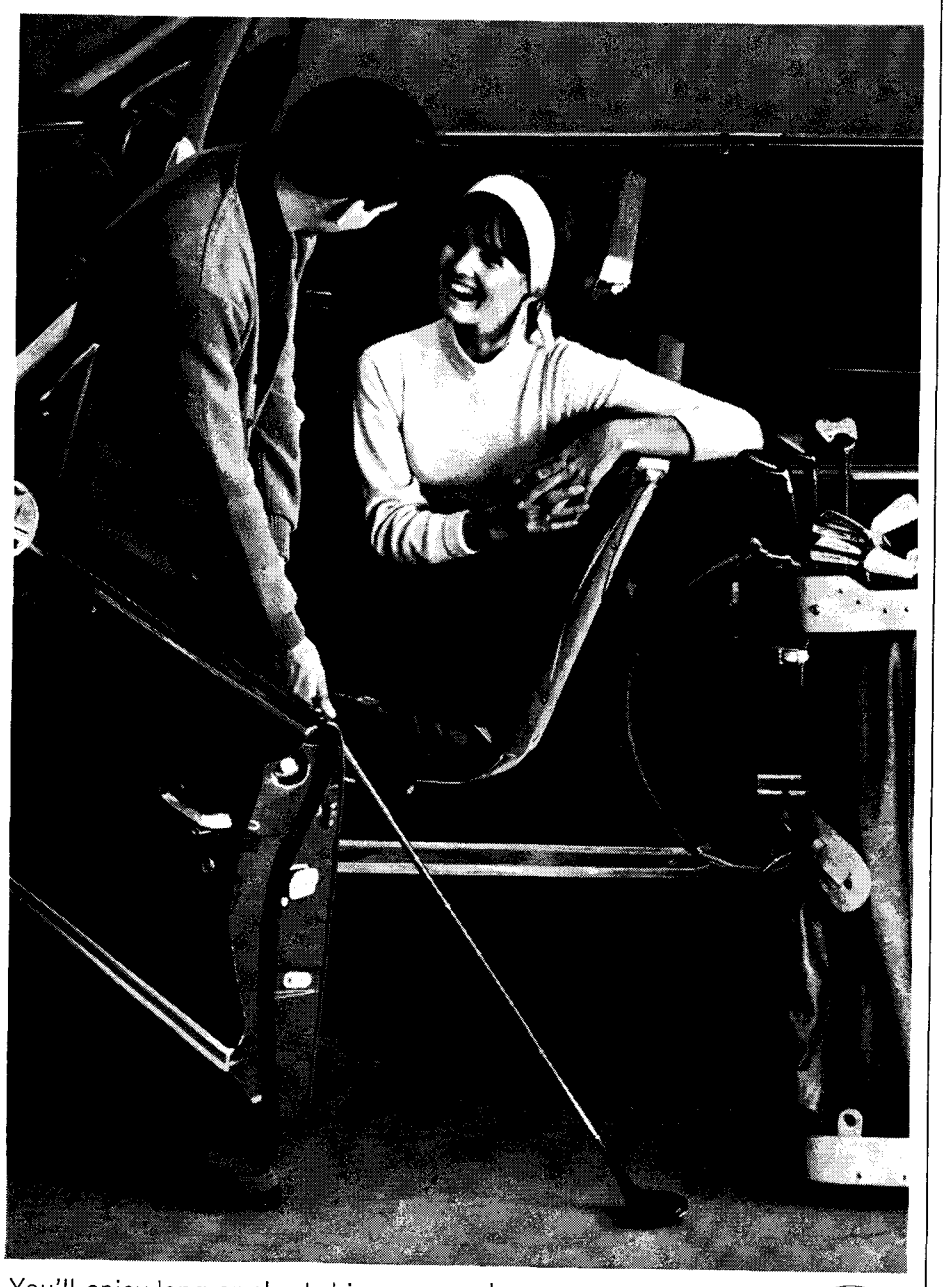

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LETTERS

Pietà in color

Thank you for Burt Glinn's beautiful interpretation of Michelangelo's *Pietà* on your March 28th cover.

MRS. PAULA J. CROW
Pocomoke City, Md.

• That your photographer should presume to improve on the work of Michelangelo with those bilious green lights—what gall! How about a photograph in true color for the millions who are just being introduced to the *Pietà* and its sublime reality.

MRS. HOWARD R. JEAN
Whitman, Mass.

• My sense of propriety is offended by the commercial removal of the *Pietà* from the sanctity and traditionally appropriate environment of St. Peter's. The theatrical setting and lighting which will glamorize it for Fair visitors are foreign to Michelangelo's concept and degrading to his masterpiece.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Is NATO dead?

Author Ronald Steel [NATO Is DEAD, Mar. 28] states his case so clearly that even a child could understand: The European nations don't need us and we can't dictate to them. There was a very great man known as the Father of our Country who said, "Beware of foreign alliances." I must say, chickens have a way of coming home to roost.

TRUMAN H. DUNN
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Ronald Steel's proposed policy, which amounts to a return to isolationism, plays into the hands of the Communists by making us insensitive to external stimuli. This would in the long run bring about our fall.

ROGER W. GALE
Phoenixville, Pa.

• I must inform Mr. Steel that the primary object of keeping a large number of military installations around the world at a well-manned level is simply self preservation. You can rest assured that if we don't look after ourselves, nobody else will. Our military forces are also ambassadors of good will and one of the best builders of good foreign relations we have.

FRED S. GOTTSHALK, ADR2, USN
NAS, Patuxent River, Md.

• I enjoyed reading Ronald Steel's article on NATO, for his views are very much in accord with my own. Western Europe has long been a poor orphan living under Mother America's wing. Now the little fowl has grown up and is ready to test its wings, but it needs a little push. If we pull U.S. troops out of Europe, the vaunting youth will have to use its wings. Maybe that would be best for both mother and child.

FRANK DILLICK JR.
Akron, Ohio

Johnson and debates

Stewart Alsop seems to think John son is doomed if he doesn't agree t debate on television [THE COMIN ATTACK ON LYNDON JOHNSON, 28]. I think the President will plenty of votes by means of an ordinar plain and sensible talk to his country folk from the sanctuary of his home c office. Spiritual integrity, sincerity an love of truth have already won a uniqu place for him in the hearts of h countrymen.

JOHN S. BAIR
Lynn, Mas.

• I think Johnson is right not to debat on TV. We, the public, already kno the Republicans don't have an ou standing candidate.

TOM DURNIN
Cambria, Cali

• When have the Republicans ever ha a platform that does more than attac the Democrats?

MRS. M. E. VAN SELL
Wenatchee, Was.

• There were good reasons why Vic President Nixon could have ruled ou televised debates with the aspiring sena tor from Massachusetts. Was not Nixo a member of the National Securit Council?

However, his praiseworthy convic tion was that the American people ar entitled to a comprehensive appraisal c the man who is to lead this nation. L us hope that President Johnson doe not use the "security burden" argumen to preserve his security in the Whi House.

RICHARD SMAI
Poughkeepsie, N

Donovan's strangers

James B. Donovan's tale, STRANGER ON A BRIDGE [Mar. 28], certainly con firms the old adage, "Truth is strange than fiction." I am impressed by wha he has accomplished without benefit c cloak and dagger.

M. LOUISE DUGGA
Holyoke, Mas

• Donovan sure plays the hero's ro to the hilt in his article on the Power Abel fiasco. I fail to see anythin honorable enough in the whole mess t warrant this pose.

ROGER A. GOUL
New Carlisle, Oh

Changed mountains

Beverly Smith Jr.'s word pictures c the Blue Ridge Mountains [TH CHANGE IN THE MOUNTAINS, Mar. 2 are wonderful, and I think Larry Frie caught the picture-of-the-year when h snapped the little girl on horseback She seems to have complete confidenc in her relaxed and attentive mount, an one feels he will see her home safely

E. P. CORBI
Columbus, Oh

• Does Mr. Smith, like most othe Americans, think that a region become civilized just because the trappings c our society invade that region?

Actually, the more typically Amer ican this region becomes, the more b baric it will be. Crime will increase sophisticated fashion; the children wi read better, perhaps, but they'll con sume more trash; and TV will rob ther of the ability to do anything more tha waste time.

WESTON B. GUTHR
Dublin, Va

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How wise investors choose stocks & bonds

You may find, when you finish reading these examples of wise and unwise investing, that you're one of the wise. Or maybe not. Let's see:

Unwise: You race to buy at the drop of a tip.

Wise: You look behind the tip for facts—and often find only rumor. For you, facts are what count. You've heard that many an investor has found trouble because he accepted a rumor at face value.

Unwise: You let your hopes run away with your judgment.

Wise: You have in mind, perhaps, building a second income from dividends. Or giving your money a chance to grow with American business. But you know that stocks, like other property, can tumble in price as well as climb. That some companies may make no profit, pay no dividends. So with your broker's help you check a company's earnings and dividends and try to decide what its prospects are. And you look into the possibilities of bonds for your particular situation.

Unwise: You invest all the cash you can scrape together.

Wise: You make certain you can pay your living expenses regularly. That emergencies are provided for. Because you know that funds for investing should not be drawn from money required for necessities. You may, in fact, be using the Monthly Investment Plan to acquire stock by investing with as little as $40 every three months ($3.08 a week).

Unwise: You don't bother to seek knowledgeable advice.

Wise: You proceed with care. You know, for example, that a broker in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange is required to meet Exchange requirements when he becomes a Registered Representative. And that, while Member Firms differ in many ways, they are all subject to the guiding rules of the Exchange. Their judgment is not infallible, of course—no one's is. But they can give you important help as you make your decisions with your goals in mind.

Unwise: You feel you can't benefit from reading booklets like "INVESTMENT FACTS."

Wise: You will read with pleasure this useful booklet which gives the records of some 400 common stocks that have paid a cash dividend every three months for 20 years or more. Plus much additional helpful information. Wouldn't you be wise to send for your free copy now?

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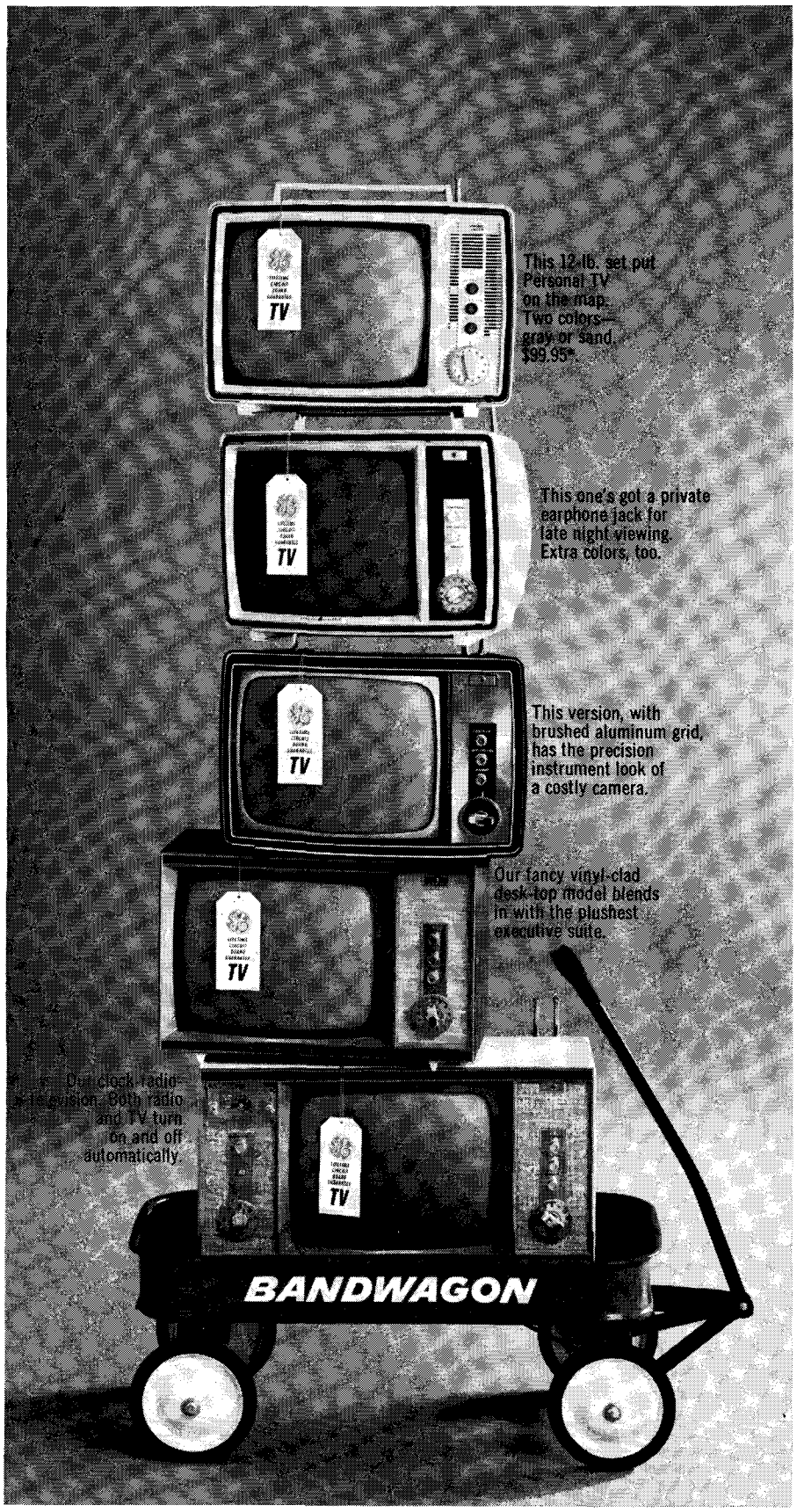
This 12-lb. set put Personal TV on the map. Two colors—gray or sand, $99.95*.
This one's got a private earphone jack for late night viewing. Extra colors, too.
This version, with brushed aluminum grid, has the precision instrument look of a costly camera.
Our fancy vinyl-clad desk-top model blends in with the plushest executive suite.
Dual clock radio-TV version. Both radio and TV turn on and off automatically.
BANDWAGON
TV

The one on top started the Personal TV bandwagon rolling.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

LETTERS

Law and disorder

I was astonished at your editorial comment on the racial disturbance in Princess Anne, Md. [NAZI TACTICS IN THE "FREE STATE," Mar. 28]. Especially disturbing was your comparison of the events that took place there with those in Nazi Germany. As a matter of cold fact, the Maryland State Police handled the riot superbly. And, by using K-9 dogs and enlisting the aid of the local Fire Department, they undoubtedly saved several lives, both white and Negro.

E. L. QUINN, *Editor*
The Crisfield Times
Crisfield, Md.

● I was surprised to find mention of the Negro doctor's being flattened against a wall, but no mention whatsoever of a state trooper's having had acid thrown at him by a demonstrator. Mercifully, the acid struck the trooper on the legs rather than in the face.

HARRY C. EDWARDS JR.
La Vale, Md.

● When the law isn't obeyed, it must be enforced—sometimes with dogs and fire hoses. Those defenseless people you refer to have shown themselves capable of inflicting injury, and certainly the law officer isn't expected to stroll around requesting an unruly mob to disperse. His job is dangerous enough, even with full equipment.

WILLIAM J. H. SMITHEY
Pasadena, Calif.

Student worms

The "learning" of Dr. James V. McConnell's student worms [THE WORM LEARNS, by John Bird, Mar. 28] is merely light-sensitizing, in my opinion. If he will put jackets and/or dresses on his worms and *then* jolt them, he will find that the light-protected parts of their bodies didn't learn a thing.

WAYNE KINNEY
Laramie, Wyo.

● Dr. McConnell's mother is right. He should do something more useful than play with defenseless worms.

MRS. MARY LATHAM DAIMWOOD
Longivew, Tex.

Donna Reed

Three cheers for Donna Reed [FIRE AND ICE by Donald Freeman, Mar. 28]. I was glad to read that she is a farmer's daughter. Miss Reed has emerged from the one-room schoolhouse she attended with more to offer than a lot of girls with fancier educations.

MRS. DOUGLAS JACOBS
Hardy, Ark.

● I fell in love with Donna Reed years ago when I saw her in a film called *The Hero*. She has continued to interest me for more than a decade. If "the public" is only now discovering her intelligence, that is too bad.

J. R. FULTZ JR.
Pittsburg, Kans.

● The sex and violence given us on many programs, unfortunate as it may be, strike me as far more true to life than Miss Reed's Pollyanna mother routine.

MRS. JOHN W. DIAL
Denver, Colo.

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SPEAKING OUT*

Psychiatrists use dangerous words

The dean of American psychiatrists, Doctor Menninger is a founder of the celebrated Menninger Clinic and coauthor of the recently published book "The Vital Balance."

By Karl Menninger, M.D.

A famous psychiatrist attacks psychiatry for using terrifying terms that damn patients and consign them to hopelessness.

Every profession has its own jargon, and we psychiatrists have ours. But while the strange terms a lawyer or an archaeologist uses are harmless enough—the worst they do is mystify outsiders—the terms psychiatrists use can hurt people and sometimes do. Instead of helping to comfort and counsel and heal people—which is the goal of psychiatry—the terms often cause despair.

Words like "schizophrenia" and "manic-depressive" and "psychotic," for example, frighten patients and worry their anxious relatives and friends. The use of these alarming terms also affects us psychiatrists. They lead us back into the pessimism and helplessness of the days when mental illness was thought to be made up of many specific "diseases," and when each "disease" bore a formidable label and a gloomy prognosis.

Mental illness is not simple, but neither is it esoteric, weird and unhuman. We all know what it is from our own experience. We've all "had it"; we've all suffered from spells of mental illness of varying intensity and duration.

Occasionally they strike hard or last long. They may impel us to make serious mistakes and even do dreadful things. More often they only confuse or paralyze or frighten us; we become a bit demoralized. We fight against it and do the best we can. What we need from the outside world during our struggle is help. Not a "label" but *help*.

Psychiatrists are sometimes called "talking doctors," as opposed to "pill-prescribing doctors" and "baby-delivering doctors." In treating a patient we rely heavily upon his reactions to what we *say* to him. There is more to psychiatric treatment than talking, of course, but talking is a considerable part of it, and the psychiatrist's language must be carefully chosen. Nuances and implications that would be of no consequence in a discussion of surgical procedures may be of critical importance in dealing with a case of mental illness. A single wrong word might ruin a recovery.

Every psychiatrist has had patients come to him with stories something like this: "I got upset and went to see a psychiatrist. He talked with me a couple of times and I felt better. But he told my parents that I had schizophrenia. And after that they seemed to think there was no use trying. I was in the hospital for a while, and now again I'm worried and depressed. Is this what you call 'schizophrenia'? Do I have it? Am I hopeless? Isn't suicide my only way out?"

In such a case—and there are many of them—the label applied to the illness becomes almost as damaging as the illness itself. The patient learns that he has "schizophrenic tendencies" (or "incipient schizophrenia," or some such malady) and assumes, with everyone else, that he has an incurable mental disease, one that will probably grow continually worse.

A label can blight the life of a person even after his recovery from mental illness. A young doctor I knew suffered for a time from some anxiety and indecision. He consulted a psychiatrist and soon recovered. Unfortunately, a "tentative" diagnosis of schizophrenia got abroad—I don't know how—and the young doctor's professional career was seriously impaired. He was injured, not by mental illness but by a word.

Certainly there are behavior patterns which can be described as schizophrenic, provided one defines the adjective. But schizophrenia is no more a clear-cut disease than "the falling sickness" or "biliousness" or "chronic endogenous indurative myelomalacia." I don't know what these names mean, but I don't know what schizophrenia really means either, because it means widely different things to different people and in different countries. The same can be said of terms like "neurotic," "extroversion," "catalepsy," "psychopathic" and many others.

Science in general and psychiatry in particular have come a long way since these words were coined. They no longer mean what they once did. "Dementia" and "demented," for example, used to mean literally the loss of one's mind, and "dementia praecox" was a supposed disease in which this "loss of mind" occurred precociously—that is, in young people, as compared with "dementia senilis," which occurred in old people. But gradually we came to realize that people didn't "lose" their minds, and that this was a misleading figure of speech. So another figure of speech was coined: splitting of the mind. And dementia praecox began to be called schizophrenia. It developed the same bad reputation, however, and the barest hint that someone was afflicted with this dreadful condition was enough to throw his loved ones into frantic despair, even though, as we now know, the collective symptoms called schizophrenia usually disappear.

I avoid using words like schizophrenia just as I avoid using words like "wop" and "nigger." I know what people mean by these names, but I dispute their specificity; they chiefly denote an attitude of the speaker toward skin color or foreign birth, and their use can do great harm.

I must frankly admit that many of my colleagues disagree with me. The American Psychiatric Association, in its official classification, lists only "schizophrenic reactions," but while some of us understand this to refer to one familiar pattern of behavior shown by an individual over a period of time, many others consider this a specific, well-defined *disease*, not a reaction or a pattern.

Those of us who use the outmoded terminology do so partly out of habit; it's easy to lapse into the established jargon. But it really comes down to one's attitude, or rather his conception of the nature of mental illness. I do not agree with certain writers that there is no mental illness. I would say rather that there is a great deal of mental illness. I agree with the American Medical Association and with the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health that mental illness is our No. 1 health problem. I do not think we help that problem by calling it a myth. But neither do I think we help it by persisting in obsolete terminology. Not only do these terms panic the patien' but they discourage the doctor and permit him to justify a program of indifference and neglect.

In *The Vital Balance*, a book I wrote in collaboration with Drs. Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser, we suggest that mental illness is not a "thing"—like a specimen in a museum—for which a label must be found. It is rather a state of functioning, a way of behaving. An individual having unusual difficulties in coping with his environment struggles and kicks up the dust, as it were. I once used the figure of a fish caught on a hook; his gyrations must look peculiar to other fishes that don't understand the circumstances. His splashings are not a *disease*; they are not the affliction. They are his efforts to get rid of the affliction. And as every fisherman knows, these efforts may succeed. To concentrate on patterns of splashing is an old-fashioned emphasis in psychiatry that is rapidly passing, although some still hold to it.

"What would you substitute?" I am sometimes asked. "What do you want us to call these people—or these conditions?" Such questioners obviously have not caught my point. I wouldn't *call* them anything. I want us to emerge from the name-calling stage. Psychiatry should repudiate it. Some angry people don't call their opponents liars or skunks anymore; they call them psychiatric names like "psychotics" or "psychopaths." Why? Because these technical words have become pejorative. They no longer mean merely psychiatric illness; they mear something despised.

These damning words were a great handicap to my brother William in

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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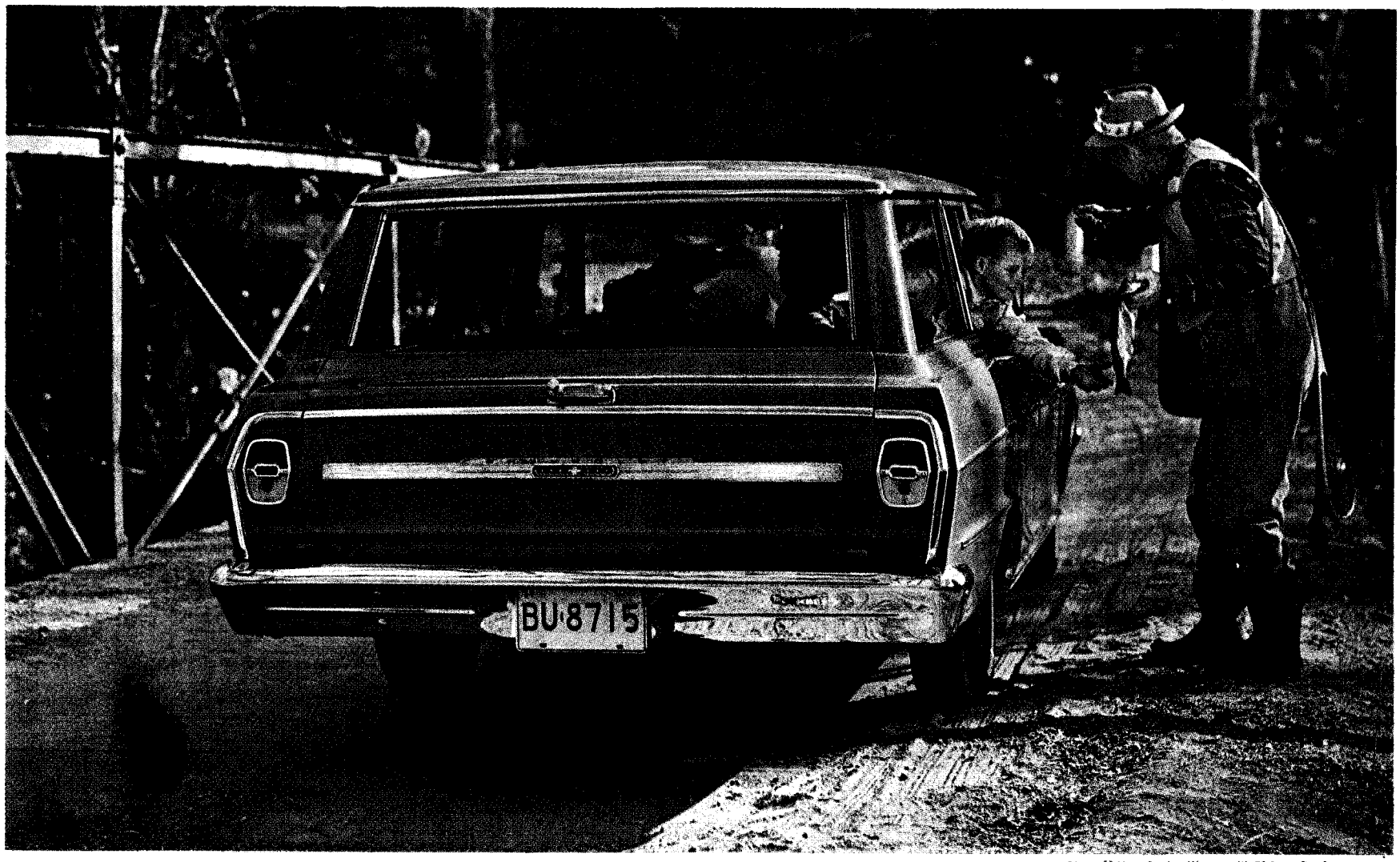

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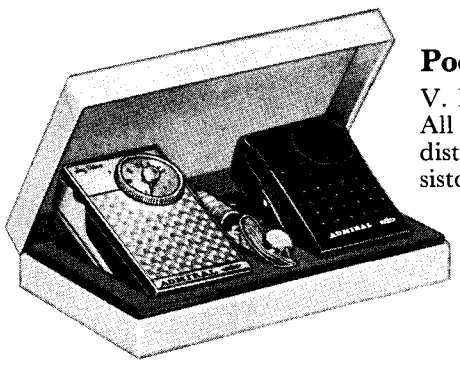

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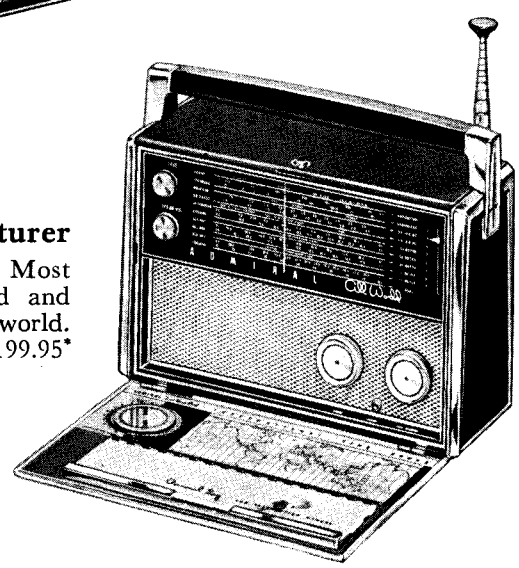

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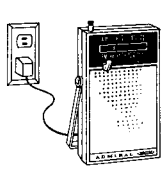

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SPEAKING OUT

World War II when, as assistant to the surgeon-general of the Army, he undertook to reduce the enormous manpower losses from mental illness. He found that many good soldiers were discharged after being labeled with old-fashioned designations implying incurable mental illness and personality disorder. With the aid of many colleagues over the country, Doctor Will radically revised and improved the Army classification of mental illness. (His revision was later adopted, in essence, by the U.S. Navy, the Veterans Administration and the American Psychiatric Association.)

"But," my questioner may continue, "if you are not going to call these conditions anything, how are you going to refer to them?" I think the answer is quite simple: How does the patient himself refer to his problem? "Oh, he says he is upset, he says he is nervous, and feels as if he were going to pieces. But these are lay terms; they are not scientific."

True, these are subjective expressions. They seem to be figures of speech. However, many psychiatric terms are figures of speech. Can a mind be split like a log of wood as the term schizophrenia implies? Actually the expressions coming from everyday life are often more accurate than the technical words and don't have the same dreadful or false implications. Some of them, like "going to pieces," imply those essential qualities of integration and steadiness which are the basis of our concept of the "vital balance." Things may happen today that so increase my tension that I feel as though I might explode. This tension is released in various ways—a game of cards, a concert or just a good night's rest. If these outlets don't restore the vital balance—if I can't listen to music, if I can't sleep—the threat of disintegration may increase, and I will feel worse and try harder to recover my equilibrium. I may even ask for help.

Any particular instance of such imminent "going to pieces" can be described scientifically—quantitatively and then qualitatively. We can say that a certain patient who has asked to be examined is indeed partially disorganized. This disorganization can be identified by anyone who has had experience in such things as being of severe degree, or moderately severe, or only slight.

But the most important thing the psychiatrist will try to do is to identify the factors in the environment and in the patient which combine to produce this picture of disturbance and distress. Where is the fishhook? Where does the shoe pinch? Where are the weak spots? And what are the forces bearing so heavily upon this individual as to get him out of line? This is psychiatric diagnosis in a new key—it includes prescriptions for treatment and it expects recovery. It may sound deceptively simple, but I prefer it to labels and concepts which sound deceptively complex.

To illustrate, let me cite the case of Helen D., the daughter of superior and ambitious parents. Even after careful study I do not know of anything they "did wrong." They were, like most parents, merely earnest, often puzzled, not perfect but trying hard. And Helen did well during her growing years. She was pretty and popular, studious and athletic. All was very promising, with a few minor, very human exceptions, until her senior year at college. Her letters home began to be irregular and infrequent. On the telephone she sounded preoccupied. She wrote her older brother that neither he nor their parents were aware of "the danger we are all in." She asked him why he did not love his country enough to join the John Birch Society or the Peace Corps. She missed classes; her grades declined. Her counselor referred her to the college psychiatrist who . . .

I stop in the middle of a sentence purposely. What do you want to read? What do you hope he did? Of course he recognized that she was confused and frightened and depressed and "morbidly preoccupied." Of course he prescribed temporary interruption of her schooling and intensive treatment.

But what did he tell her parents was "the matter" with her? Did he say she was afflicted with a "psychosis"? Did he call her affliction malignant and probably progressive? Did he diagnose it "manic-depressive" or "borderline"? Or did he describe it as a moderately severe personality disorganization related to certain excessive stresses, with such-and-such features amenable to treatment?

Fortunately he did the latter. Treatment was promptly instituted and she reentered college the following fall to graduate with honors a year later.

Branded as insane

But suppose she had been officially labeled. Would her treatment have been so vigorously and expectantly pushed? More likely the parents and the college authorities would have reconciled themselves to the probability that this girl would never return to college. And even if she had been able to return, the college would probably have been reluctant to readmit her. And if she had been readmitted, it would have taken extraordinary courage for her to face her comrades as a "schizophrenic."

Contrast this with those who were *not* labeled and who this very minute can bravely say to their friends, "I had a severe spell of illness; I was quite depressed, but I got it straightened out. I'm fine now, and I think I learned a great deal from the whole experience."

To sum up, I think many words psychiatrists use are dangerous. They misrepresent mental illness and permit the public and even psychiatrists to entertain a pessimistic view of mental illness.

The widespread pessimism about mental illness may explain why so little is done about it. How shocking it is that for all the emphasis given the subject—by the late President Kennedy, for example, and by the A.M.A.—only about one fifth of the state hospitals for the mentally ill give patients any treatment.

In the past 10 years my brother, Doctor Will, has spoken earnestly to the legislatures of many states. What has he told them? Simply that mental illness is our No. 1 health problem; that the mentally ill can be helped and most of them cured; that it is more humane and less expensive to treat them scientifically than to confine them despairingly.

Why is this so hard for the public to believe? Why is the public so willing to retain its pessimism and cling to the ancient superstition that mental illness is incurable? For the mentally ill *can* be saved, most of them. They can be cured but they need help. Their symptoms are a cry for help. We cannot plead ignorance to excuse our neglect, for we know what to do. It is not our helplessness that has deterred us so long but our hopelessness—and perhaps, in part, our dreadful vocabulary. THE END

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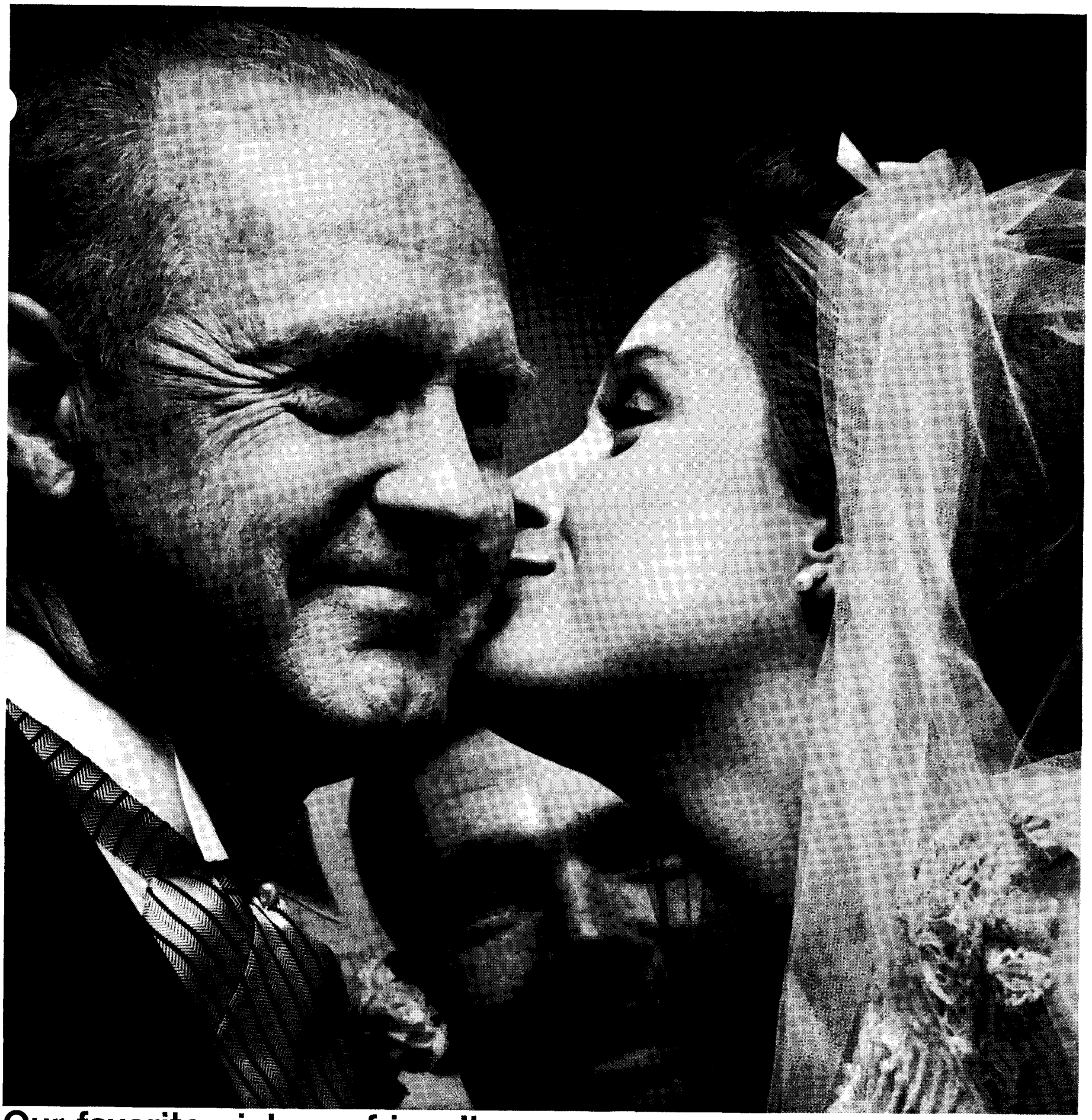

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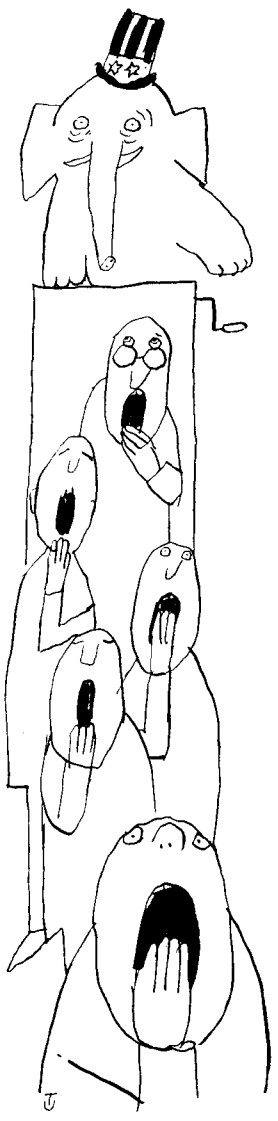
The boring Republicans



WASHINGTON: There is a political mystery that needs explaining, especially in an election year. Between the Civil War and the Great Depression the Republican Party was by a wide margin the majority party in the United States. With the country prosperous and in a conservative mood, the Republican Party ought to be the majority party again. It isn't. By a majority of at least five to three, the voters prefer the Democrats. Why?

There are almost as many answers to that question as there are politicians and political reporters. But it is now time to reveal a startling fact, hitherto unreported, which certainly in part explains the mystery. It is this: *Republicans are more boring than Democrats.*

This fact has gone unreported for so long for a simple reason—it is impossible to prove. Boredom, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder, and there is no Geiger counter to measure tedium. But virtually all professional politician-watchers agree that the fact is a fact.

Go, for example, to one of those large and dreary affairs attended by *tout* Washington—an embassy reception for a really important foreign visitor, perhaps. Who is that gregarious fellow over there, possibly a trifle sozzled, laughing loudly at his own jokes and absent-mindedly pinching the bottom of a passing lady? Why, dear old Senator So-and-so. Democrat, of course. And who is that solemn solon, with a face like a doughnut crossed with a pickle, who has emptied his end of the room by emitting sonorous platitudes in a relentless monotone? Senator Such-and-such. Republican? Naturally.

The comparison is admittedly invidious. And yet it would be interesting to poll those professional politician-watchers, the members of the Washington press corps, on the question: "Are Democrats or Republicans more boring? Check one." The Republicans would win by a landslide of tedium.

The fact that the working press, almost to a man, finds Republicans more boring than Democrats has considerable political significance. It was a factor in the outcome of the 1960 election, for example. In his macabre moment of truth after his defeat for the California governorship in 1962, Richard Nixon furiously excoriated the press for discriminating against him. And it is quite true that in 1960 a vast majority of reporters did indeed prefer the late John F. Kennedy to Nixon. Reporters are human (or so it is widely believed), and the preference was reflected in their reporting.

Partly, the preference may have reflected an ideological bias. Almost all American eggheads are Democrats (why?) and reporters are mostly semi-eggheads. But the basic reason was that Nixon was a great deal more boring than Kennedy. Kennedy was always ready with some small needling or self-deflating joke, and he had an engaging habit of receiving reporters in his underpants. Nixon treated reporters like lepers during the campaign, and his speeches were so ruthlessly repetitious that his press retinue was driven half mad for something new to write.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule—many reporters have a weakness for Barry Goldwater, for example, who can be a lot of fun when he's in the mood, and Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen imitating Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen is one of Capitol Hill's best acts. But the typical Republican solon tends to wrap himself in the American flag and repeat verbatim huge chunks of his latest speech, while the typical Democrat will put his feet on the table, crack a joke or two, and give the reporter a useful lead.

One reason for the difference may be that Republican politicians can usually count on editorial support from the predominantly Republican press, which induces complacency. A Democratic politician soon learns to cultivate the men who actually sit down at a typewriter and tap out the words. But the preference of most reporters for the Democrats also has a larger meaning. For the election records, back to the New Deal, suggest that the voters, like the reporters, find Republicans more boring than Democrats.

Take the difference between a Democratic and a Republican rally. A Democratic rally, whether a local clambake or a national convention, is likely to be a raucous, unbuttoned, badly organized, polyglot affair, and a lot of fun. A Republican rally is apt to be well organized, a model of decorum, and boring as all get-out.

Perhaps one reason is that the Republican Party is run largely by "Wasps"—White Anglo-Saxon Protestants—while outside the South the Democratic Party is run largely by the Irish and the Jews. It may not be a scientific fact, but everybody knows the Irish and the Jews are more entertaining than Wasps.

A more important reason is that on the local level the Republican Party is run by amateurs while the Democratic Party is run by professionals. A local Republican leader is likely to be a businessman—or a businessman's wife—with an income independent of politics. The Democratic leader is likely to make most of his living, in one way or another, out of politics.

At a Republican rally the prosperous ladies wear floppy hats, and their husbands wear ties, and they all look as though they belonged to the local country club. The Democrats tend to be tieless types with names ending in "-ski" or "-a." By the same token, the businessmen-amateurs and their wives, who run the Republican Party at the local level, are naturally inclined to favor the candidate whose ideology will please the members of the country club. The Democratic professionals are strictly interested in winning.

Businessmen are constantly being exhorted to emulate Walter Reuther and involve themselves in politics. In fact, for the good of the Republican Party, businessmen would be wiser to do what they do when they have a stomachache or a legal problem—hire a professional. Where first-rate professionals run the Republican Party—Ray Bliss of Ohio is the classic example—it is what it ought to be nationally, the normal majority party. Professionals are aware of a couple of facts very difficult for prosperous amateurs to master. You can't muster a popular majority in a country club. And, however righteous your cause, you can't win votes by boring people to death.

Stewart Alsop

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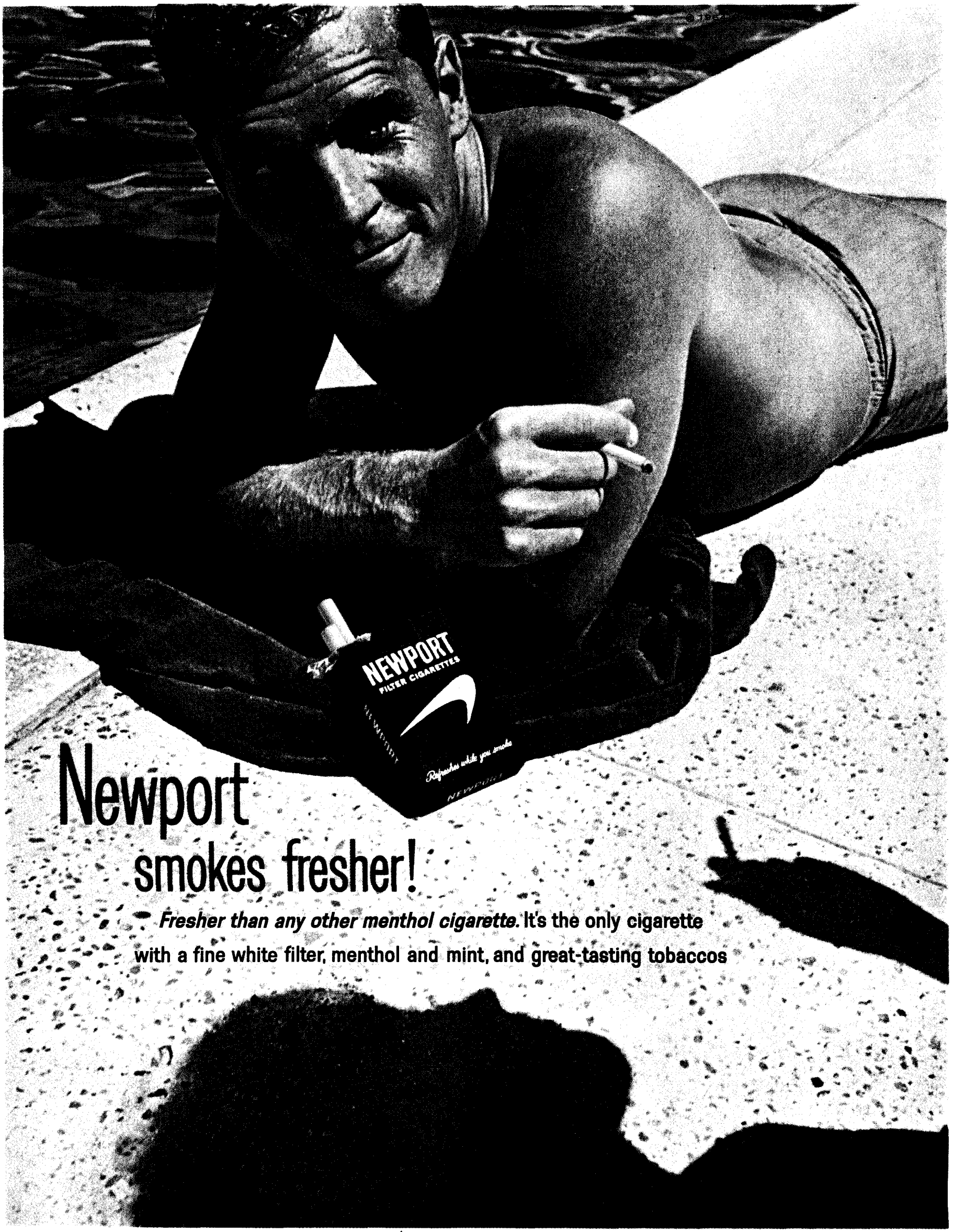

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

TINO'S BOTTOMLESS TANKS OF OIL

For years, Wall Street wheeled and dealed with Tino De Angelis, a slick operator with tanks full of vegetable oil over in Jersey. Then someone looked in the tanks and found the biggest, stickiest financial swindle of our time.

By NORMAN C. MILLER

A bland-faced enigma, Tino De Angelis stands amid steamy clouds in his New Jersey refinery.

About 6:30 one evening last November, managing partner Morton Kamerman of the New York brokerage firm of Ira Haupt & Co. was leaving the office for the day when he noticed a group of subordinates working late—and talking excitedly—in one of the conference rooms. Kamerman dropped in to see what was going on. It had something to do with a complicated deal in commodities, a branch of the brokerage business Kamerman had little interest in and was not too familiar with. A Haupt commodities man was talking on the phone to a Mr. Anthony De Angelis, whom Kamerman had never met, even though De Angelis was the firm's biggest customer. At the other end of the line, De Angelis was shouting that Haupt was putting him out of business and putting itself out of business too. A Haupt partner was on another phone attempting to locate someone who would buy huge quantities of soybean oil in a hurry. Still other Haupt officials were riffling worriedly through the firm's books, adding up figures. Kamerman decided to stay.

By the next morning Kamerman had learned a great deal about the commodities business, along with a bitter truth. His own firm was insolvent—obligated for some $18.6 million of debts incurred by De Angelis, who now appeared to be bankrupt.

It was the first shock wave of one of the biggest financial swindles in American history, involving losses of some $150 million by many pillars of the business community. The Great Soy Bean Scandal which struck Wall Street last fall destroyed Haupt and forced another prominent brokerage (J. R. Williston & Beane, Inc.) into a merger. Some 20 major banks, ranging from the Bank of America to the Bank Leumi le-Israel, were stuck with bad loans. A dozen international trading companies were placed in the position of financing a fraud against themselves, and the warehousing subsidiary of the prestigious American Express Co. is hope-

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Traders jam the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade, the world's largest commodity trading exchange. Here Tino made his big play in soybeans.

lessly insolvent with staggering claims of more than $100 million against it.

All of these companies had one thing in common—they loaned money against or otherwise accepted at face value innumerable slips of paper representing the assets of the Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corp., controlled by Anthony De Angelis. On paper, Allied's assets consisted of enormous quantities of soybean, cottonseed and other oils, which it kept in tanks at Bayonne, N.J., across New York harbor from Manhattan. Allied, on paper, looked to be a solid credit risk in a messy but profitable business—moving oil from the U.S. farm belt into world markets, where it is used to pack sardines and make things such as salad dressing, margarine, plastics and paint. Inside the gray-green storage tanks at Bayonne, however, things looked considerably different. Here, according to charges brought by a federal grand jury, Allied employees were fattening up the assets by turning out warehouse receipts for oil that wasn't there at all.

For more than five years Allied created fictitious commodities which could be traded on paper and pledged as security against loans. For more than five years, unwitting financiers wheeled and dealed with ever vaster amounts of nonexistent oil in an outsized version of the old Hong Kong sardine dodge. (During a famine in China, a Hong Kong merchant sold a sardine can filled with mud to another merchant, who sold it at a profit to a third merchant who sold it at a profit to a fourth. When merchant No. 5 discovered the fraud and complained, No. 4 had a comeback: "Why did you open the can?") In Allied's case, there was interest for the bankers, commissions for brokers and profits for everyone in the blizzard of hypothecated paper, as long as no one thought to take a close look. When the lid did come off, almost by chance, financiers holding receipts for 1.8 billion pounds of vegetable oil found only about 100 million pounds of oil, fats, petroleum, sludge and some still-unidentified substances in the tanks. (In fact, the total *capacity* of all of Allied's tanks was only about one third of the amount of the imaginary oil.)

There is evidence that various degrees of carelessness, stupidity or greed among the victims themselves helped bring on the debacle. No one can yet assess the full damage or the full blame, however, since the swindle is incredibly complicated and still not wholly dismantled; further revelations, chunks of litigation and other debris keep dropping into the ruins every week or so.

Standing in the middle of the ruins with an air of injured innocence is the only man who could possibly know the full story—the incredible figure of Anthony De Angelis, "Tino" to his pals around Hudson County, N.J. He faces trial next fall, along with four employees, on charges of conspiracy and transporting forged warehouse receipts across a state line, and he could conceivably be sentenced to prison for 185 years. The state line in question between Bayonne and Manhattan is the one Jay Gould and Jim Fiske carried watered stock across a century ago—and as the grand jury sees it, Tino is the all-time champion of the long line of financial con men extending from the Erie Gang to Billie Sol Estes.

In some ways, Tino hardly fits the part. He is a fat little man of 48, with a bland moon face and a somewhat squeaky voice, a hard-working, quiet-living, God-fearing son of Italian immigrants. He crams his 250 pounds into rumpled, ready-made suits, wears no jewelry, and is outwardly almost totally unpretentious. His nominal home is still the six-room apartment in his father-in-law's red-brick house in the Bronx, where Tino and his wife Virginia moved in right after the wedding 25 years ago. (He has been staying in a New York hotel since a recent separation.) His avocation is donating bicycles and sponsoring races for boys' bike clubs. "Bicycle racing developed me physically. I possess exceptional strength in my hands and legs," Tino will say, eagerly grasping your hand in a crunching grip to prove it.

Under this folksy exterior, however, lie the vast self-confidence and the fierce ambition of a Caesar. Tino set out single-mindedly to make himself the biggest fats and oils operator in the U.S. When he succeeded, he relished the power it gave him to move oil and men, and lusted for even greater coups. It pleased him to distribute largess among his retinue of lieutenants and hangers-on, often in the form of cash. As Tino puts it, in his oblique, dignified way: "With fifty of my boys, at least, I was engaged in seeing that they were settled in a solid way in New Jersey communities."

There is something contagious about Tino's guileless, open-handed manner when he boasts of giving $500 to a man he hadn't met for 15 years and spending "a couple of thousand" on florists' bills in one month because "people are always dying." It infected people far outside of his usual social circles. A variety of big businessmen were happy to have a part in Tino's expansion plans, and Tino, for his part, was tremendously proud of the connections and prestige his money gave him. Talking about himself, he will occasionally shift into the majestic third person. "Here we have a man born and raised in the *poor* section of New York, rises to the point where he runs ten, fifteen businesses or plants around the country," he recalled not long ago.

Tino got his start in business as an apprentice butcher in a Bronx meat market. He was a go-getter, quickly moving on to a foreman's job with a hog-processing firm and setting new records for the dismemberment of swine. "I had an exceptional ability in knowing how to process hogs," he allows. "Some of my methods, like cutting hogs while moving, cut the cost of processing hogs enormously."

Still in his early 20's, Tino opened his own hog-meat firm with $2,000 in savings and a $10,000 loan. He claims he made a profit of $100,000 in the first year and tripled this within three years. By the late 1940's, Tino had the capital to buy stock control of Adolf Gobel, Inc., a big publicly held meat-packing firm in North Bergen, N.J., and this venture, too, seemed to be a smashing success.

At this point the De Angelis career begins to depart from the Horatio Alger script. In 1952 the Agriculture Department charged that Gobel had sold the Government poor quality meat for the federal school-lunch program. Less than a year later, the Securities and Exchange Commission accused him of understating the Gobel company's 1952 losses by $145,000, in a report to stockholders. In July, 1953, Tino took Gobel into bankruptcy court.

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"While I was brilliantly moving and selling, powerful forces were working against me," Tino declares.

Tino eventually paid $100,000 in damages to clear up the school-lunch business. It took him five years to get Gobel out of bankruptcy—but in the meantime he had spotted something more promising than hog-butchering. American farmers' production of vegetable oils had begun to run ahead of consumption in the mid-'50's. Huge surpluses of oil had begun to pile up, and the Government was eager to develop markets abroad.

Tino borrowed money to set up Allied, building a three-million-dollar refinery at Bayonne and leasing a number of storage tanks there. He would buy raw vegetable oil from the big "crushers" that squeeze soybeans and cottonseed in the South and Midwest, ship it to Bayonne, refine it, and sell it—usually to exporting companies. His two biggest customers were Continental Grain Co. of New York and Bunge Corp., a firm headquartered in Buenos Aires. Tino's services and storage facilities were so valuable to Continental and Bunge, who together sell about two billion dollars' worth of commodities around the world each year, that they and other exporting firms helped to finance him. While some of these companies apparently charged as much as 15 percent for credit, it was worth it to Tino, who could borrow far more from his customers than he could from banks. He would pledge warehouse receipts for oil as security, ostensibly use the money to buy more oil and pledge that for still more money.

Tino became a big operator in the Government's Food for Peace program, in which the Agriculture Department would sell surplus oil to various needy countries for their currency and pay off the American exporter in dollars. In such deals, Tino was far more than a middleman supplying the exporters. Leaving his modest office in Bayonne, he would make swings through foreign markets, talking to government officials to line up sales for his exporter customers. He became a familiar figure in such places as Karachi, Istanbul and Madrid, and foreign buyers would often visit him at Bayonne. Only last September, Tino recalls, a Pakistani businessman dropped by to discuss a damage claim on an oil shipment, and Tino slipped him "a few thousand" in an envelope to forget about it. "That's the petty-larceny way you have to do business in some parts of the world," Tino says.

In 1960 the Justice Department sued Tino for fraud in a 1958 shipment of oil to Spain via the Isbrandtsen shipping line, whose exporting subsidiary did considerable business with Allied and loaned Allied money. The charge claimed Tino had falsified sale dates in order to qualify for government financing. Allied and Isbrandtsen paid $1.5 million damages to the Government to settle the matter. Tino now declares that all this was part of a "plot" by the Agriculture Department to "get" him. "While I was brilliantly moving and selling all over the world, I had a very powerful force working against me," he says darkly. For all this, his customers continued to get licenses to export and continued to get their oil from Tino. If the name "Allied" did raise red flags in Agriculture, Tino blurred the picture somewhat by doing business under a variety of other names, such as Shortening Corp. and Trans World Refining. In fact, Allied was merely the apex of a complex of a dozen companies controlled by Tino and handling various aspects of his sprawling operations.

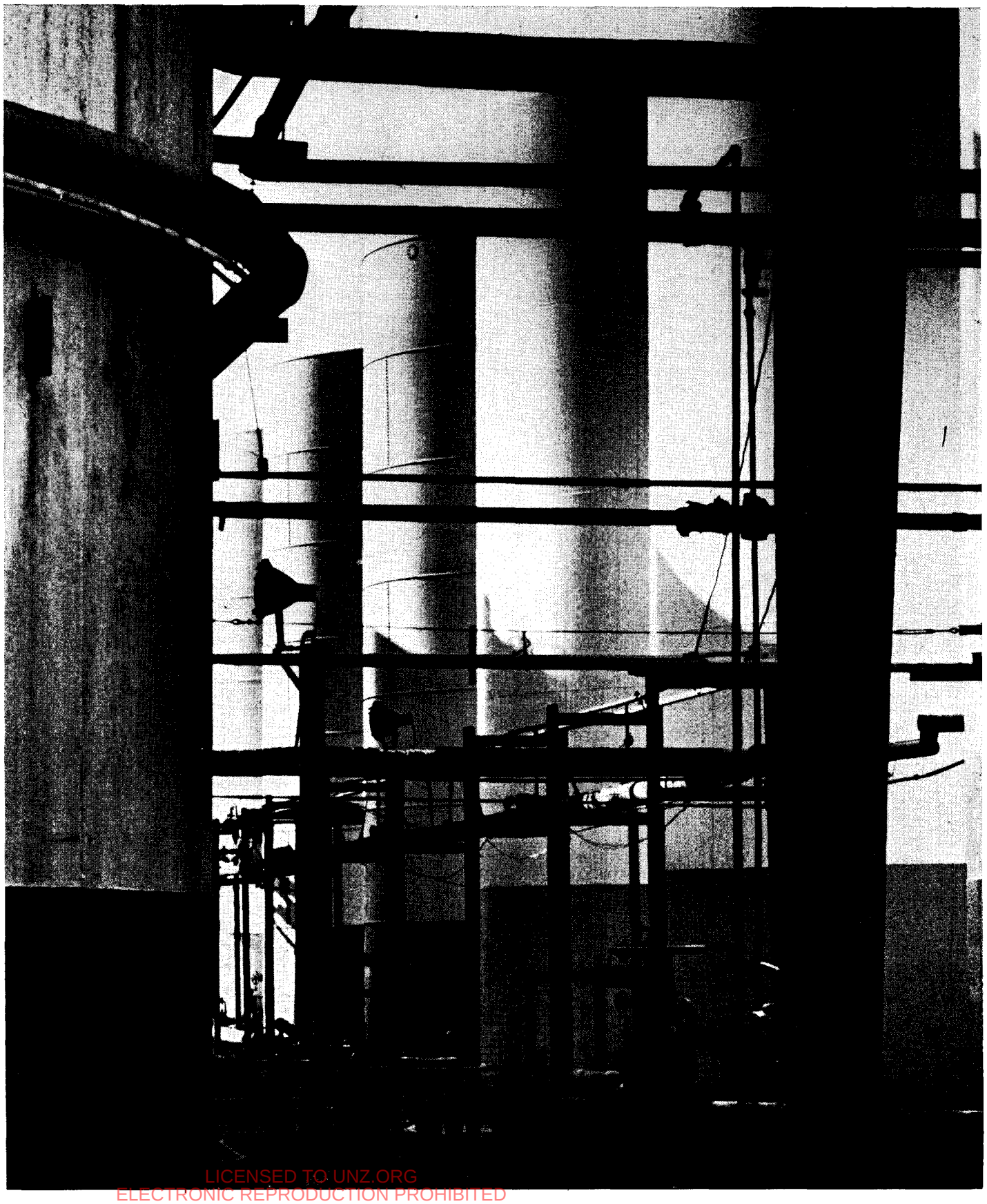
Nothing about Tino's reputation seemed to bother the businessmen he dealt with, so long as his patronage was profitable. Besides his previous involvements with the law, there was a rumor on Wall Street that he was bankrolled by the *Cosa Nostra*, based on his minority interest in a Chicago shortening firm which employed known hoodlums. The rumor didn't hurt him in business. In fact, says a trader for a major vegetable-oil firm, "we figured Tino might have planted the rumor himself. If he were backed by that kind of money, we would have known he was good for all he owed us."

In any case, Tino's business and his debts expanded apace. The sales of his companies mounted to some $250 million a year, and at one point he was supplying 75 percent of U.S. exports of cottonseed and soybean oil. Customers found that Allied could usually quote prices below its competitors, which seemed to reflect a highly efficient operation.

But something more than efficiency was involved, according to the charges now filed against Tino. For a significant fact apparently struck him almost at the moment he got into the oil business in a big way in 1958. He realized that he always had more oil stored than he needed to satisfy customers' immediate demands, and it was inconceivable that all customers with calls on oil would ask for delivery at the same time. As long as he could meet daily withdrawals, he might have almost any amount of oil in storage, for all the world knew.

At this point it is advisable to take a closer look at the epicenter of the De Angelis operations in Bayonne—a bleak and grimy region of docks, rail sidings, bleacheries, warehouses and tank "farms" within sight of Wall Street. Allied leased a group of some 100 tanks at a big Bayonne tank farm, with a capacity of some 500 million pounds of vegetable oil. To meet legal requirements of the business, it then subleased the tanks to a storage company, for a token fee of one dollar a year, and the storage firm assumed responsibility for the tanks' contents. The storage firm took regular inventory and issued the warehouse receipts, affirming the existence of Allied's stored commodities, and acted as a kind of "third

Oil and water mixed at Bayonne, where a maze of pipes and interconnected tanks made almost anything possible at inventory time.



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Out on bail at his hotel, Tino boasts that "My friends will give me their business as soon as I rehabilitate myself."

Salad Oil Swindle

party" between Allied and its creditors. The company Tino selected for this chore, American Express Warehousing, Ltd., had a name calculated to still any doubts creditors might have had. Its warehouse receipts looked every bit as unimpeachable as the travelers checks issued by its parent firm, American Express.

Allied paid Amex Warehousing up to $20,000 a week, and by all indications got more than its money's worth in the form of an extraordinarily tolerant attitude by the company supposedly monitoring its inventories. On Tino's recommendation, Amex hired several Allied employees as custodians, including Joseph Lomuscio, a good friend of Tino's, and John Bongardino, brother-in-law of Tino's secretary. The storage firm often left the inventory job to Allied, merely sending a custodian along to jot down the figures.

Taking inventory at Bayonne, as it turned out, was something like counting bubbles in a glass of beer. Allied's tanks were interconnected by a maze of underground and overhead pipes, and were connected to other tanks that didn't belong to Allied at all. Soybean oil in three or four tanks could be concentrated in one tank or spread all over the farm, as circumstances required.

Allied plant manager Frank Vivenzio has testified that Allied men were instructed to "grab as much oil as we could get" by opening valves and manipulating tape measures to pad the inventory figures (the instructions, he said, came from Leopold Bracconeri, Tino's brother-in-law and Allied general manager at Bayonne). Since the contents of a tank were computed by measuring the distance from the top of the tank to the top of the oil, large gains could be chalked up by pumping water under a thin layer of oil. On other occasions, said Vivenzio, an Allied man taking inventory would stop the tape measure ten or twenty feet above the surface of the oil and shout out the false figure to the custodian.

Federal authorities charge that the first warehouse receipt for nonexistent oil moved into Wall Street's money markets in October 1958 as collateral for an Allied loan. By 1960, with business booming, Tino felt the need for more storage space, or at least the appearance of more storage space. He persuaded another storage firm called Harbor Tank Storage to operate tanks at Bayonne for Allied and to appoint his friend Lomuscio as custodian. What happened next shouldn't happen to a storage company. According to a suit brought recently by Harbor Tank's bankruptcy trustee against Tino, Lomuscio began signing warehouse receipts for oils that Harbor Tank didn't have. In a series of transactions, Allied "leased" 41 tanks to Harbor Tank—only 10 of which it had a right to lease. The rest belonged to petroleum companies operating at Bayonne, or were dismantled or didn't exist. When Allied collapsed, there were $46.5 million in Harbor Tank receipts outstanding and only about one million dollars' worth of commodities.

The Soviet Union was havin

It was a good deal for Joe Lomuscio, who was paid $160,000 by Allied and Harbor Tank over a three-year period. Joe bought himself a $38,000 ranch house with a swimming pool, a white Lincoln Continental and even organized his own personal corporation, called Bulk Weighers and Samplers, Inc., the assets of which included a show horse named King Tudor. It was, in fact, a good deal for all the "young boys" Tino credits with being key men in his business. Salaries averaged $20,000, Cadillacs were the preferred cars, and there were other benefits. Explaining a personal check for $8,800 made out to Thomas Clarkin, who helped keep Allied's inventory records and worked for Amex Warehousing, Tino says matter-of-factly, "He told me he needed a house for his wife and kiddies so I said, 'Tommy I'll give you the money for your house.'"

Tino's own taxable income amounted to $100,000 annually, although it is alleged that he withdrew three million dollars from Allied's "petty cash fund" over the years to meet "expenses." Even these sums were small, of course, compared with the torrent of borrowed funds now pouring through Allied, generated by the growing torrent of warehouse receipts. According to Tino's secretary, Josephine Salto, it got to the point where Tino would carry her typewriter into a private office, hand her a blank Amex Warehousing receipt and dictate a figure to be typed in—a figure apparently unrelated to anything except Allied's need for cash.

Despite all this, Allied's business began to run into trouble. Tino claims it began with the 1960 Justice Department suit over his disputed shipments to Spain, which he says eventually cost him orders for 150,000 tons of soybean oil he had lined up in Madrid. Later, he claims, Agriculture began pressuring exporters to stop giving Allied contracts. Whatever the case, while he had once borrowed heavily to build up volume in the oil business, it appears he was now borrowing even more heavily just to pay off debts already incurred.

While the financial details are still lost in the chaos of Allied's books, investigators have determined that by mid-1963 the company desperately needed cash and was in fact on the brink of disaster, with liabilities outweighing assets by $34 million. In June, Tino dispatched an aide, Gerald Gittleman, to look for loans in Switzerland. Gittleman located a wealthy Egyptian in Geneva named Aboud Pasha, and made a pitch for a loan of "one million to two million dollars." Aboud Pasha was not impressed by Allied's warehouse receipts, and turned the deal down.

By that time Tino had decided to try to recoup with a still wilder pyramiding scheme, this time in commodity "futures." These are contracts to buy or sell a given amount of commodities at a specified future date but at the price which now prevails on the exchanges. The man who buys one future contract on soybean oil commits himself to accept 60,000 pounds of oil on the delivery date, at today's prices. He is thus betting that the price

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rouble with sunflowers, and Tino saw the chance he was waiting for. He began the wild spree that destroyed him.

of oil will rise, and that he will be able to sell the oil at a profit. A man who sells a futures contract commits himself to deliver oil, and makes his profit only if the price drops in the meantime. Speculators buy and sell futures furiously on paper and seldom lay eyes on the warehoused goods involved. But grain dealers, soap companies and other firms also trade in futures as a part of their regular business, to hedge against price drops—or price increases—in the commodities they deal with. Tino De Angelis was such a trader—and one of the biggest.

Futures trading had one advantage over the ordinary cash oil business for Tino. Exchange rules permitted a member of the trade, such as himself, to buy contracts by putting up as little as five percent of the market value, far less than the cash requirements imposed on outsiders speculating in commodities.

All through last year, Tino bought oil futures, putting up little cash (and often none at all). He worked through a number of brokers to disguise his heavy purchases, and at one point was suspended briefly by the Chicago Board of Trade for trading with himself, through various dummy companies. Tino had reason to avoid attracting attention. He was committing himself to accept vast quantities of oil in the future—which was illogical trading behavior for a trader who was already presumably loaded with oil supplies.

In fact, Tino was abusing his trader's privileges to embark on what can only be explained as a rank speculation—a reckless gamble to monopolize the vegetable-oil supplies in the hope that some sudden upturn in the demand for oil would turn his hair-raising position into gold.

Despite his efforts at secrecy, his buying spree became common knowledge. Neither exchange officials nor the Commodity Exchange Authority, the government agency which regulates commodity trading, exhibited too much concern. "We're delighted," executive director C. Robert Berg of the New York Produce Exchange told a group of worried traders. "It's good business." CEA administrator Alex Caldwell claims he was worried about the De Angelis position but didn't have the authority to interfere. (Exchange officials say Caldwell never even informally notified them of his worries.)

Then in September, there came news of a big failure in the Soviet Union's sunflower crop, and many commodity traders believed the Russians would soon be in the market for huge quantities of cottonseed and soybean oil to make up their loss of sunflower-seed oil. Russia already was trying to buy American wheat—and there seemed a good chance that it would buy vegetable oil as well. Here was Tino's chance—it seemed. If he could get a stranglehold on oil futures, the Communists would have to come to him. All he needed was a broker willing to run the risk of increasing his already enormous futures position.

The firm of Ira Haupt, one of his four brokers at the time, had accepted the Allied account in May on the recommendation of a big New York bank. Haupt did have some misgivings; it limited Allied borrowings to $2.5 million, secured by warehouse receipts and evidence of contracts to export oil. Fred Barton, senior employee in the commodities department, maintained a clamp on Tino's buying through the firm at the level of 2,500 futures contracts.

Then, on September 27, Barton entered the hospital for a six-week stay; about the same time, Tino began switching Allied's futures contracts from his other brokers to Haupt. The clamps, for some reason, came off. Within the next six weeks, Tino increased his position with Haupt from 2,500 to 15,000 contracts with a paper value of $95 million. It was fairly easy for Tino to accomplish this, since Haupt now seemed willing to loan him all he needed to "pay" the five percent margins, as long as he could put up warehouse receipts as collateral. And by this time, according to the indictment, Miss Salto's typewriter was turning out receipts and export contracts with remarkable dispatch.

To finance Tino's trading, Haupt in turn used the receipts as security for bank loans and poured this money into Allied's oil buying. Prices rose fast, due as much to Tino's heavy buying as to the Russian rumors. Soybean oil went from 9.2 cents a pound to 10.3 cents between the first of October and mid-November, and cottonseed oil from 13.25 cents to 13.86 cents, both sizeable increases. By early November, Tino was obligated to accept delivery of 1.2 billion pounds of vegetable oil, or almost as much as the United States exports in a year.

Then, as Russia showed no sign of wanting to buy oil and some key U.S. senators opposed the wheat deal, the market began wavering. On November 15, the Senate suspended negotiations on the wheat deal. Panic swept the vegetable oil market, and prices fell; in two days, soybean oil dropped to 7.6 cents and cottonseed oil to 12.32 cents. As the value of his futures contracts dropped, Tino was automatically required to put up more cash to guarantee his ability to meet his commitments—and each one-cent drop in oil prices reduced the value of Allied's contracts by some $12 million.

Haupt called on Tino for $5.1 million. Tino failed to meet this "margin call." On Nov. 18 Haupt demanded an additional nine million dollars, and Tino again failed to produce. The exchanges were pressing Haupt for the money, and someone in the firm, without the knowledge of managing partner Morton Kamerman, began a frantic juggling act. A number of 24-hour "day loans" which brokers routinely get from banks to stabilize stock trading were used—or misused—to pay commodity debts. To pay these off, stock deposited with Haupt by its customers was pledged for $13.5 million in longer-term loans, in violation of New York Stock Exchange rules. On November 19, Haupt got more day loans and recovered its customers' stock—but it also paid out $11 million for Allied margin calls, which the banks never got back. Just who at Haupt was responsible for this the firm has declined to say.

The juggling could not keep up with plunging oil prices. On the night that Haupt officials finally faced their predicament, they decided to try to sell Tino's futures contracts to pay loans falling due next day and recoup as much as they could. Tino was wild when they told him. "Don't try to sell oil tonight—it will be a sign of weakness," he screamed. He promised them a warehouse receipt next day to cover part of his debt—failing to inform them that his lawyers were already preparing a bankruptcy petition for Allied that would leave Haupt holding a large, empty bag.

While Haupt tried to sell Tino's contracts, it sent a messenger to pick up an Allied receipt for $5.4 million the next day. It was a forged receipt, the U.S. attorney alleged later, but it came too late in any case. The firm's partners had failed to sell any oil despite a night of telephone calls offering it to traders, soap companies and margarine makers at a discount; by morning it was clear that Haupt's net assets were below the minimum required by the New York Stock Exchange. Even as Kamerman was reporting this to the exchange, he got the shocking news of Allied's bankruptcy.

Successive waves of panic then swept through Wall Street, in roughly this order:

- The banks, learning that Haupt had been misusing their loans, stopped payment on all Haupt's checks. The Produce Exchange finally took some firm action, closing down trading and settling all oil contracts at a compromise price.

A big man for bicycles, Tino poses with state championship team at Flushing Meadow, N.Y. He was judge and sponsor at the races.

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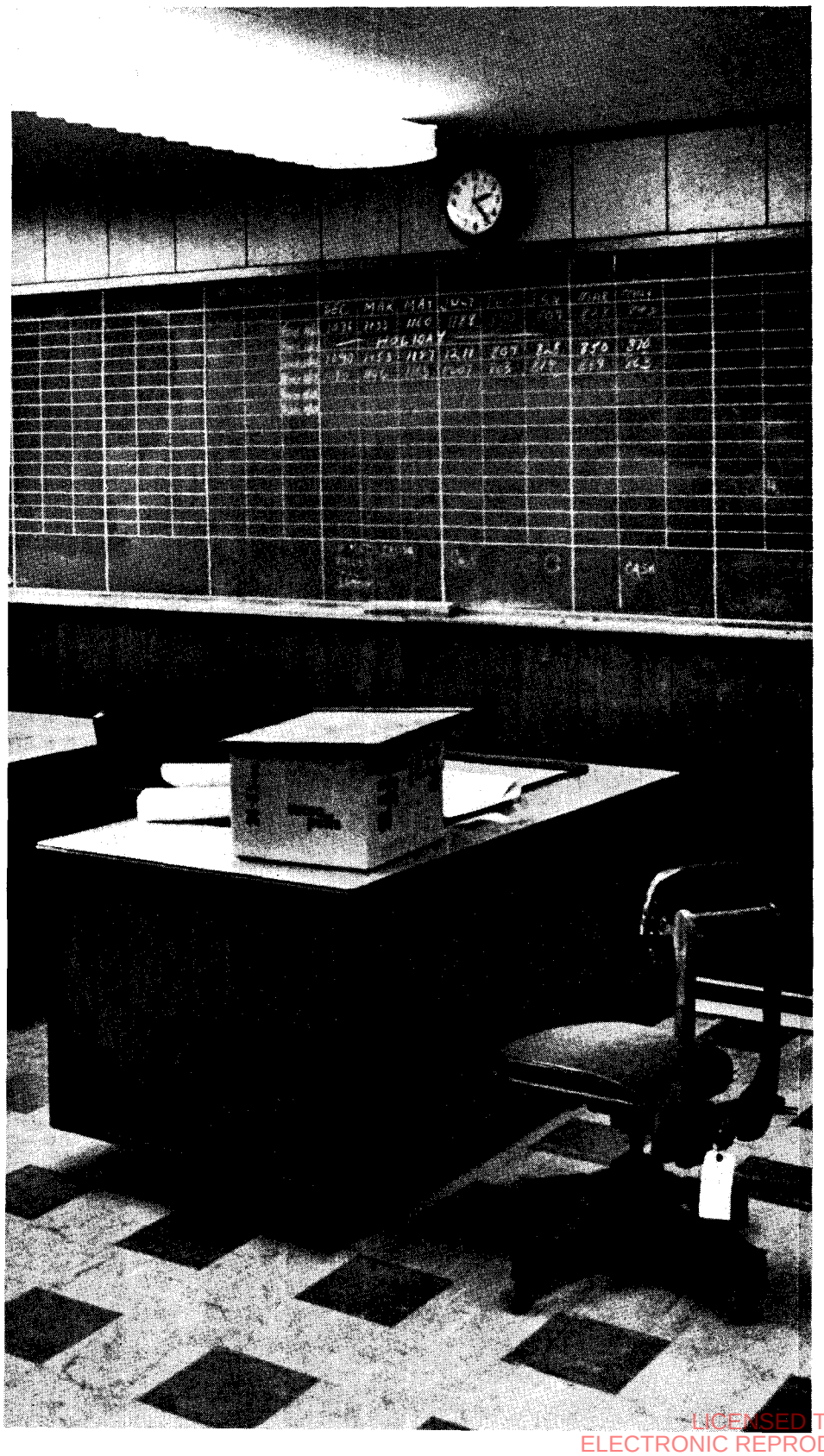
Pondering a question, Tino shows strain. He won't discuss the charges against him.

From Allied's modest office, a stream of fraudulent paper poured into Wall Street.



"An investigation would only increase the scandal," says an exporter. "We need to get back to business as usual."

Salad Oil Swindle

● Haupt and Williston & Beane—which was in the hole for a comparatively paltry $600,000—were both suspended from trading on the stock exchange, and were deluged with frantic phone calls from their customers whose stock and money on deposit were now frozen. In Haupt's case, there was a good chance that innocent customers would be wiped out, a development that would deal a devastating blow to investors' confidence in Wall Street. Over the weekend, stock exchange officials drafted a liquidation plan, and eventually made up the shortage in Haupt's accounts by raising the sum of $9.5 million among other Wall Street firms.

● A phalanx of anxious creditors descended on the Bayonne tank farm, seeking vegetable oil. Two Haupt attorneys went over, only to be turned back at the gatehouse by guards posted by the court-appointed bankruptcy trustee in charge of Allied affairs. Bunge Corp. announced that 161 million pounds of its soybean oil supposedly held by Amex Warehousing to secure an Allied debt, was "missing." A group of London merchant banks hired a surveying team to find 21 million pounds of fish oil held for them by Harbor Tank Storage, but the surveyors couldn't even find the tanks. The bankruptcy examiner, soon aware that he was over his depth, notified the FBI.

The legal tangle created by the collapse of Tino's empire has been monumental. Hundreds of lawyers and accountants have examined thousands of documents and asked thousands of questions. Tino himself has been on the stand a dozen times in bankruptcy hearings, sometimes taking the Fifth Amendment, sometimes acting as though the whole affair were caused by a misunderstanding. In all that time, none of the essential questions has been answered. The mysteries of (1) where the money went, (2) why Tino behaved the way he did and (3) how he got away with it for such a long time are as mysterious today as they were in November. Many of the victims, moreover, act as though they would like to keep it that way.

Take the missing money, too huge a sum for Tino to have squandered it all on operating expenses or in the futures market. (Tino may have even made money in his futures spree, since he was putting up hardly any cash and, according to testimony by one of his aides, was getting cash kickbacks on commissions from brokers.) Tino finally did admit to having $500,000 in a Swiss bank account after telling the court he was penniless, and was convicted of contempt as a result. Authorities also learned that a woman friend of Tino visited her safe-deposit box after the crack-up. But that is all they have learned. Accountants are now looking for clues in a mountain of Allied records in a Jersey City loft, but Allied's chaotic bookkeeping and Tino's propensity for distributing money in cash make it look hopeless.

The swarm of creditors are putting most of their hopes for recovery on American Express, waiting patiently for an offer to settle the $100 million in claims against its warehousing subsidiary. But no one is pressing, and things are proceeding with glacial deliberation. According to executives of export companies that passed the receipts along, the banks plan to let American Express off the hook by accepting compromise payments over a period of several years, and avoid a court contest that would further embarrass financiers. "An investigation would only increase the scandal," says the head of one export company. "What we need is a settlement so we can get back to business as usual."

The "business as usual" attitude explains the curious reluctance of any of the victims to explain *how* all this could have happened. Since the whole swindle depended on the tolerance of the victims, exploiting their desire for bigger commissions and more business on any terms, any probe that strikes too deep may upset things and even force some changes in procedure. Thus, the Chicago Board of Trade, which waited until mid-December before it bothered to suspend Tino as a "member in good standing," appointed a committee of its own members to look into the fiasco. The New York Produce Exchange conducted a similar investigation. Spokesmen for both exchanges have found no need to make any significant change in the rules governing the market. They blame the whole mess on the Government's failure to provide warning, but insist that there is no need for more government involvement in futures trading.

They may get a chance to explain this logic before congressional committees later this year. The Agriculture Department intends to ask Congress for power to set high margins on commodity trading and injunction powers to stop anyone from dominating the market as Tino did.

Today Tino seriously seems to believe that his biggest days are still ahead of him. He strides cockily from courtroom to courtroom, acting as if his only worry were his publicity image. He sucks in his paunch at the sight of a TV camera and keeps close track of reporters following him on his rounds. He still talks eagerly of his vast plans in the commodities business. "If I had anything to do with it," he tells anyone who'll listen, "you wouldn't have a surplus of anything. I'd sell it. I'd take the surplus of oil in this country and make particular products. I'd make ghee—that's spelled g-h-e-e—for the Pakistanis."

Tino even has a solution for his creditors. "It's not beyond the realm of possibility for me to make up these losses," he declares. "If given the opportunity, I could make a million or five million dollars a year, simple as anything."

THE END

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Selling out Tino's bankrupt company, auctioneer A. C. Willner asks for bids on pumps, valves, office furniture and what few other assets remain.

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Schroeder *Patty* *Lucy* *Linus* *Violet* *Charlie Brown* *Pig-Pen, Shermy, Snoopy*

Good grief, Charlie Schulz!

For the fabulously successful creator of Peanuts, happiness is an agony of self-doubt.

In Los Angeles a patient shoved the comic strip under his psychiatrist's door with this message: "Dear Doctor, I have discovered what is wrong with me, and there is no need to continue treatment." In Scandinavia the publisher of an esoteric work on child psychology reproduced the cartoon on the book's jacket. An Italian Communist paper branded one of its characters "a fascist," but the wry wisdom of the cartoon appeals to such diverse admirers as Carl Sandburg and Frank Sinatra. And Dr. Benjamin Spock, who cares mostly about babies, confesses his concern for *Peanuts*' put-upon nonhero: "I care about Charlie Brown very much."

Because of all this admiration for the unworldly Charlie Brown and his friends, *Peanuts* brings its creator, Charles Monroe Schulz, worldly rewards of about $250,000 a year. The cartoon has appeared in 18 floppy paper-backed volumes which have so far sold 3 million copies. The characters of *Peanuts* have also populated two hard-cover books. The first, *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy*, is nearing one million sales in three languages. The second, *Security Is a Thumb and a Blanket*, has sold over 500,000 copies in less than a year. And the cartoon has inspired the production of dolls, records, calendars, pajamas, children's T-shirts, adult sweatshirts, and toy pianos.

At the center of this furor, the unassuming and bewildered Charles Schulz can only exclaim with Good Ol' Charlie Brown, "Good grief!" It is the second raciest expletive ever used by Schulz, who neither drinks, smokes nor curses. His most violent exclamation is reserved for events like the one that occurred 14 years ago when a cartoon syndicate named his disingenuous moppets *Peanuts*. Shocked at the "terrible insignificance" of the name, Schulz exclaimed: "Rats!" The insignificance still overwhelms him. When people ask what he does, he answers, "I draw a little comic strip about a little guy called Charlie Brown."

Schulz's little guy offers laughter to 100 million people each morning. He also provides his creator with a daily personal catharsis. For the chief character in *Peanuts*, dumpling-faced Charlie Brown, bumbled into fictional life to serve as the alter ego of Charles Monroe Schulz.

Son of a barber in St. Paul, Minn., Schulz had the initial handicap of being nicknamed "Sparky" at birth, after Spark Plug, the shapeless horse in *Barney Google*. He spent two years in the eighth grade and managed to graduate from high school after flunking Latin, English, algebra, physics and, he adds plaintively, "dating." He liked golf, but lost even the consolation rounds. And the school rejected the cartoons he prepared for its graduation yearbook. "I wasn't disliked," says Schulz, "I just wasn't noticed. I really couldn't do anything very well." But as one of the shrews in his strip says, "When you're a Charlie Brown, you really don't expect too much."

Schulz didn't. An only child, he withdrew into a fantasy world. He copied some of the characters out of *Popeye* and *Captain Easy* and appended his own ideas to them. But he was so "ashamed" of his doodles he could not bring himself to visit the commercial-art school he wanted to attend across the river in Minneapolis. Instead, he mailed his drawings with his little checks, and the school sent them back with middling grades and plenty of suggestions. Drafted into World War II in 1943, he didn't get overseas until just a few days before the war ended. "After the war," he recalls, "I couldn't get a job in commercial art. I hadn't done any drawing in the service." Eventually he landed a free-lance job doing lettering for a Catholic comic magazine. One day the magazine bought a piece of his work, a cartoon with a little boy saying, "Y'know, Judy, I think I could learn to love you if your batting average was just a little higher." And so, adds Schulz, "I just kept on drawing kids."

Calling them *Li'l Folks*, he trundled them over to his old art school across the river "to have them criticized," and he was taken on as a temporary helper. "I could do Speedball lettering pretty well, and they let me correct the basic lesson—like drawings of a barrel." Schulz was now earning $32 a week.

To his amazement the school soon offered him a full-time staff job, and during the five years he was there he struck up an interest in classical music and girls. In 1949 he married the sister of one of his fellow instructors, a blond, blue-eyed Norwegian named Joyce Halverson. He also collected a great many rejection slips from the national magazines and failed to interest the cartoon syndicates.

Finally Schulz sold a small weekly cartoon panel to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which buried it in the women's section. Then, when his editor rejected his request for more space and money, he gathered up all his best things and mailed them to New York's United Feature Syndicate. Again to his surprise, United Feature agreed to take him on.

By the fall of 1950, one month before Schulz's 28th birthday, eight daily newspapers decided to take a chance on *Peanuts*—mostly as a space-filler in the Want Ad section. "The syndicate," he claims, "didn't really understand the strip at all." Peanuts finally appeared in its first Sunday comic section in 1952, by which time it could be seen in 45 dailies. It had acquired something of a cult. From then on, there was no stopping Charlie Brown.

70,000 trading stamps

Schulz has always had two dreams: one to play left field for the San Francisco Giants and the other to "make $1,000 a week from a comic strip, because I read once that the man who drew Skeezix did." Today, with a graying crew-cut at 41, he has about given up hope of playing alongside Willie Mays, but he has far surpassed the creator of Skeezix, with a cartoon that appears in over 800 papers in 40 countries and nine languages—including Finnish and Afrikaans. Unmoved by *Peanuts*' popularity, Schulz still lives without fuss. He splurged on a Lincoln Continental this year, but insisted on using a dealer who gave trading stamps. He then promptly traded some of them for a TV set for his five children. "Have you ever seen 70,000 Blue Chip stamps?" he asks with wonder.

Like Lucy in the cartoon, his wife Joyce is the endearingly shrill, no-nonsense boss of the clan. This matriarchy currently consists of two sons, three daughters, three horses, three dogs, three cats, a rabbit and assorted gardeners, aunts and in-laws.

Located on Coffee Lane and known as the Coffee Grounds, the Schulzes' rolling 28-acre estate was hacked out of the gorgeous coastal range north of San Francisco. Coffee Grounds boasts a baseball diamond, riding stables, a tennis court and a swimming pool. Says Schulz, still awed with it all, "I taught myself to swim here. I can even dive for pennies now. It makes me feel so good."

With timid pride he shows visitors his spacious but spare studio where he works from his original $24 drawing board, and the 14-room main house, designed by Joyce. It contains seven bedrooms, a simple game room, a movie-projection room, and a concert grand topped by a bust of Beethoven in the living room. Like Schroeder, the piano prodigy in the cartoon strip, the Schulzes celebrate the great composer's birthday, although Schulz plays no musical instrument himself. As Schroeder once told Charlie Brown when he tried to take up music, "Beethoven never wrote anything for the piano and cigar-box banjo."

An average day for Good Ol' Charlie Schulz is roughly as stimulating as an Elks Club investiture. First Joyce, who is studying to be an architect, gets up and goes off to school—"That wakes me up," says Schulz. "She's made up the batter and I make pancakes for the kids and pack their lunches and take them to school." Once at his desk, he works with the speed of a buzz saw, turning out an entire strip in as little as half an hour—"provided I've already got the idea."

By Tuesday afternoon he has polished off all six daily strips and devotes Wednesdays to the crucial Sunday one, which is often colored by his 10-year-old son Craig. Thursdays are given over wholly to golf and "Friday I start all over again, trying to lap myself so that someday I can take a vacation." A proper pause. then: "I really have nothing to take a vacation *from*. Rats!"

Nights are reserved for such heady activities as bridge and bowling, weekends for teaching an adult class at the Methodist Sunday school and "fiddling around the place with the kids."

But the strip is the thing, says Schulz, "and I'm proud that we haven't let it go because of success and side products, as some cartoonists have. Basically I'm still in the business of trying to draw funny pictures for tomorrow's paper."

Painfully, and only if pushed, Schulz scrutinizes his gifts. "I'm not a genius but I'm not dumb either. It's having a certain sharpness, I guess, and common sense, about humor. It takes the right combination of being kind of smart without being too well educated."

For ideas, Schulz culls everything from weekly newsmagazines to medical journals. "Everyone is a lay psychiatrist, so I keep up with the latest on neuroses and phobias. This spring Charlie Brown got

By C. Robert Jennings

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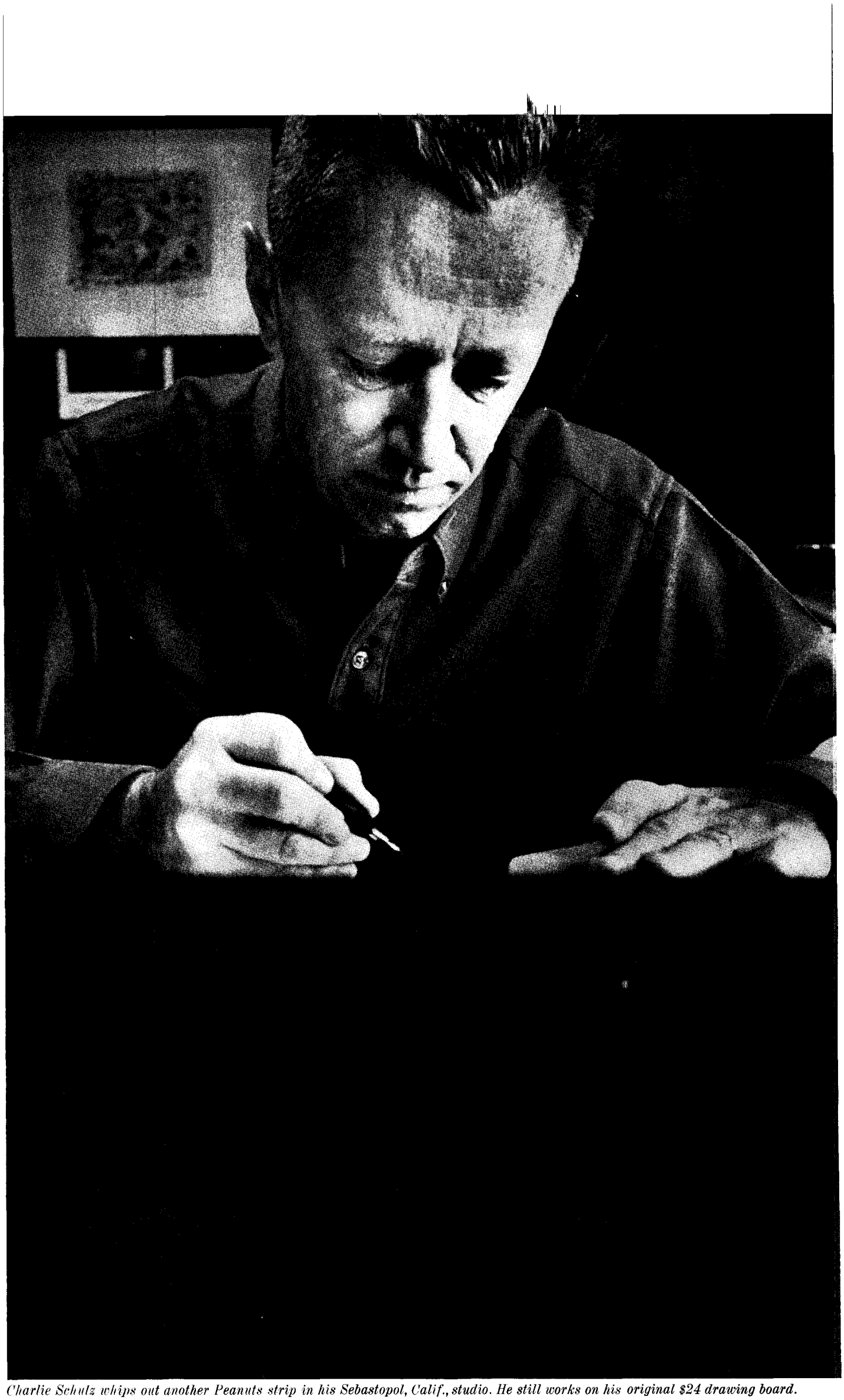
Little League Elbow—I read up on that last winter. Common sense comes in knowing where to draw the line. If you draw something *everyone* understands, it's too weak."

The personalities of each of his characters is as clear to Schulz as the lines with which they are drawn. "Charlie Brown never does anything mean, but he is weak, vain and very vulnerable. Linus is the smartest one, but very innocent and not too well informed. Snoopy is one of the meanest—he pushed Linus off the doghouse to save himself from Lucy's wrath. He steals Linus's blanket, and after a ball game he spurned an invitation from Linus with, 'Off the field I make my own friends.' And I guess Lucy *is* a fascist. She is inflicting permanent damage upon Charlie Brown. She has suicidal tendencies. But she's an individualist—that's very important these days."

Indeed, all the Peanuts are shameless egotists, relentlessly concerned with their own destinies. But even in this happy-ending nation, Schulz's strip rarely ends happily, if at all. "Nothing in life ends with a *pow!* And aren't all kids egotists?" he asks. "And brutal? Children are caricatures of adults. We grown-ups don't change so much, except on the surface, because we get along better that way. Maybe I have the cruelest strip going."

And sometimes the readers rebel and write angry letters. The strip that "made them the maddest," says Schulz, had Lucy drooling over a picture of a horse drawn by Charlie Brown, who is rhapsodic over her attentions. Lucy even asks him to autograph it for her. He is ecstatic. Then, she explodes with cynical laughter, for Lucy is a sophisticate, having been educated at picnic school and having read a book called *I Was A Fussbudget for the FBI*. She brays, "You were going to sign it! You really thought I wanted a stupid drawing of a horse!"

Despite *Peanuts*' extraordinary success, Schulz has frequent moments of agonizing self-doubt. "Who *are* all these little people?" he says. "They have become so real to so many people it's frightening. Am I controlling them or are they controlling *me?* Here I am playing king of the hill with them, and there's no place to go but down. I *wish* I could do better. Someone is coming along to knock me off. Oh, I dread that day. Well, I'm sure I could play left field for the Giants if they'd let me. Because what I'm doing now is so miserable." THE END



Charlie Schulz whips out another Peanuts strip in his Sebastopol, Calif., studio. He still works on his original $24 drawing board.

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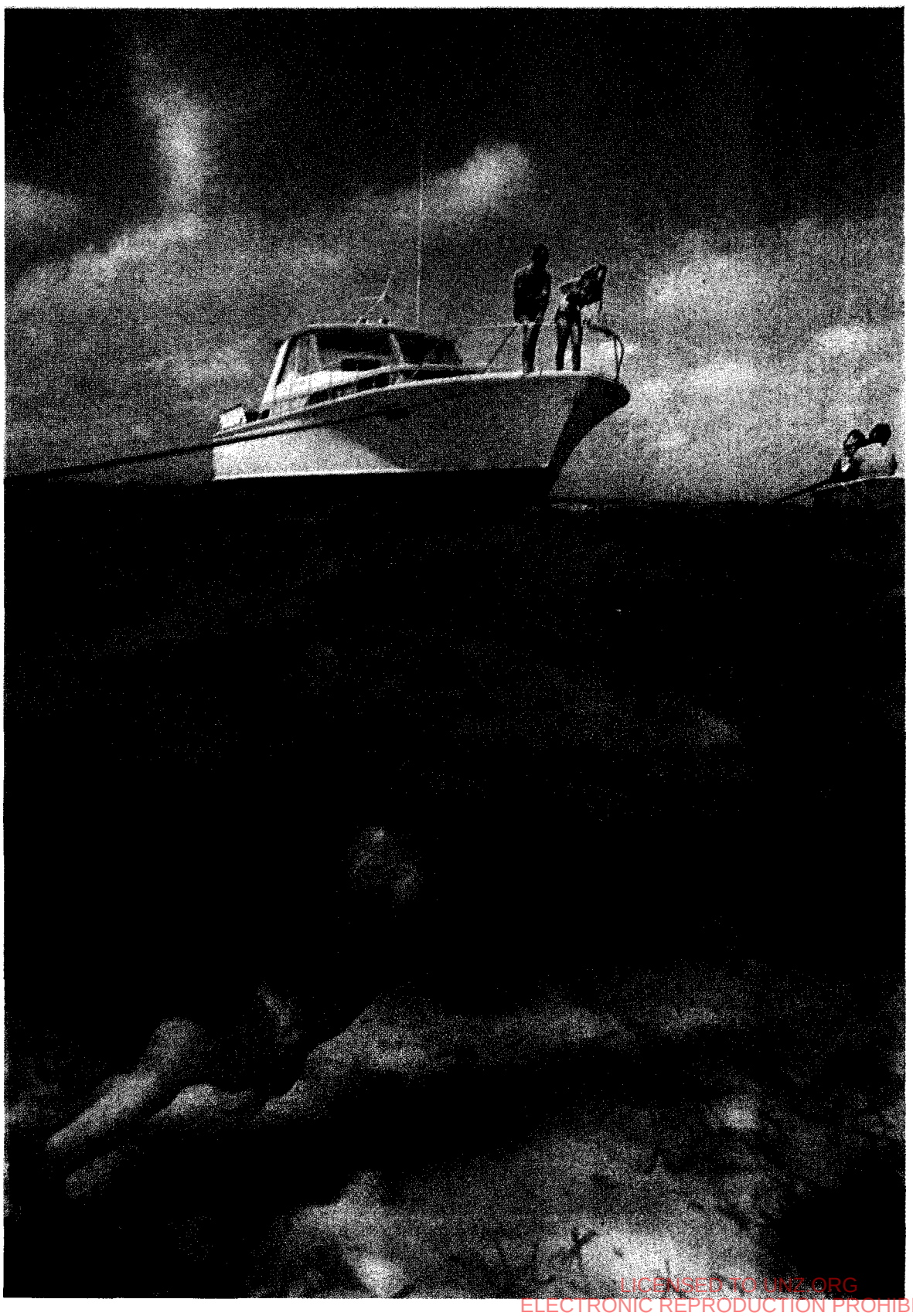
For millions of boatmen and a sparkling new fleet of water craft, the season is at hand to go . . .

DOWN TO THE SEA FOR FUN

Photographs by JOHN ZIMMERMAN



Whether he is a man who knows the pitch and roll of open ocean or one who prefers trolling a tranquil backwater, a boatman's pleasures begin anew each spring, and his plans reach over summer's horizon. For the northern skipper, boating is an April day, bright and clear but with not so much breeze that boatyard dust will be blown onto fresh varnish. It is friends from a nearby mooring coming by to look at improvements, and charts being rolled out for August's imagined cruises.

Each spring Americans head for the water in ever greater numbers. The boating industry says 38 million amateur skippers took to fresh and salt water last year, and more will try the tiller in 1964. The growth of both leisure and paychecks is an underlying factor in all this nautical activity. So is the continuing creation of new inland waterways and the new accessibility of old cruising grounds.

Boating has also gone mobile. Over three and a quarter million trailers are in use. Carrying all sizes of boats, they pass in the night like ghostly ships on the Mohave Desert heading for the Salton Sea; they wheel west out of St. Louis toward the Lake of the Ozarks; they climb up and over the Great Smokies to reach the watery miles of TVA. They have put boating's biggest show on the road.

But the clearest siren of all for Americans is simply the lure of boats themselves—all sizes, all shapes, waiting to be steered toward big adventures and small.

Never in the long, tradition-burdened history of boats has there been such a selection of specialized, novel and unconventional craft in U.S. boatyards. Never have boat-building techniques been updated so widely with new uses of wood, fiberglass, steel, aluminum, foam flotation, synthetic sealants and weather-resistant finishes. Because the variety of designs is so great, buyers in all price classes are finding they can afford some form of fun afloat. While rich men's yachts get smaller, the family man moves up to larger dreamboats. He prowls the boat shows looking for a craft to fit his fancy—for cruising, racing, fishing, day sailing, rowing or just paddling.

In all, some eight million craft—from America's Cup defenders to cockleshells—will take to the water for fun in 1964.

◀ *Chris-Craft 38-foot Commander has fiberglass hull.*

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Driving through seas off Miami, a 28-foot Pearson Triton makes good time close hauled. This boat sleeps 4 to 6, costs $9,500.

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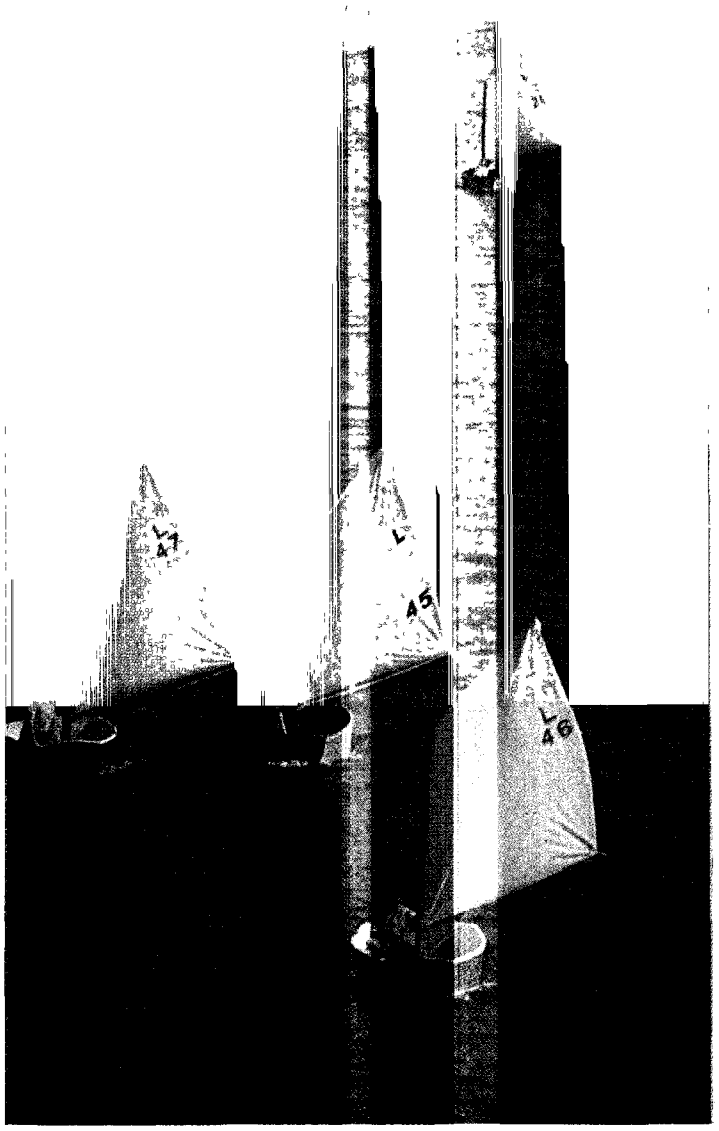
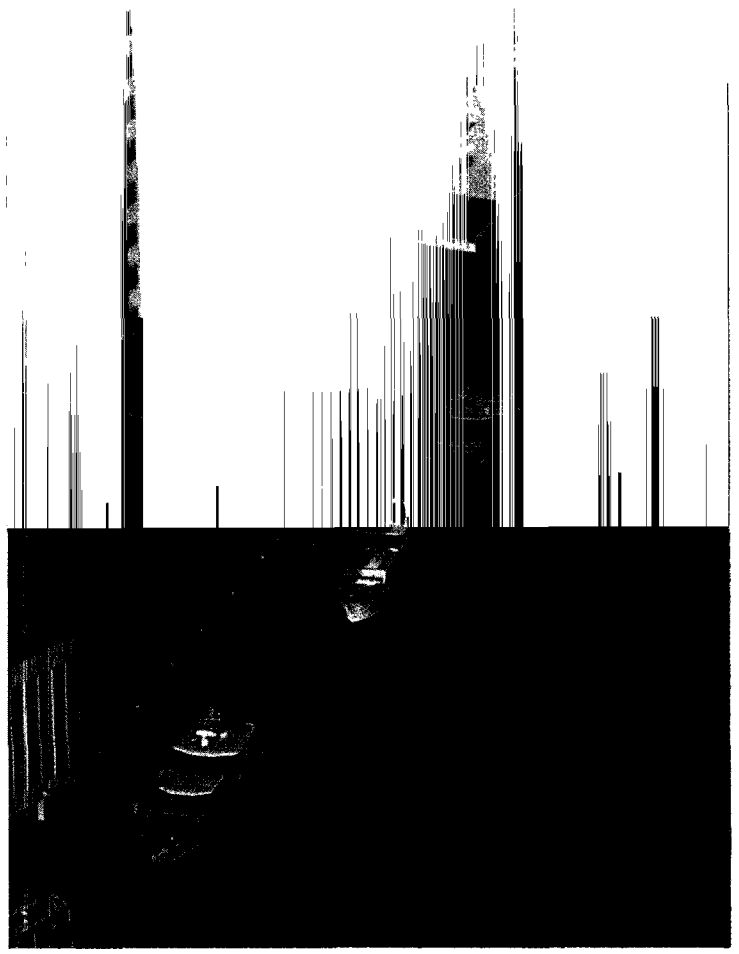


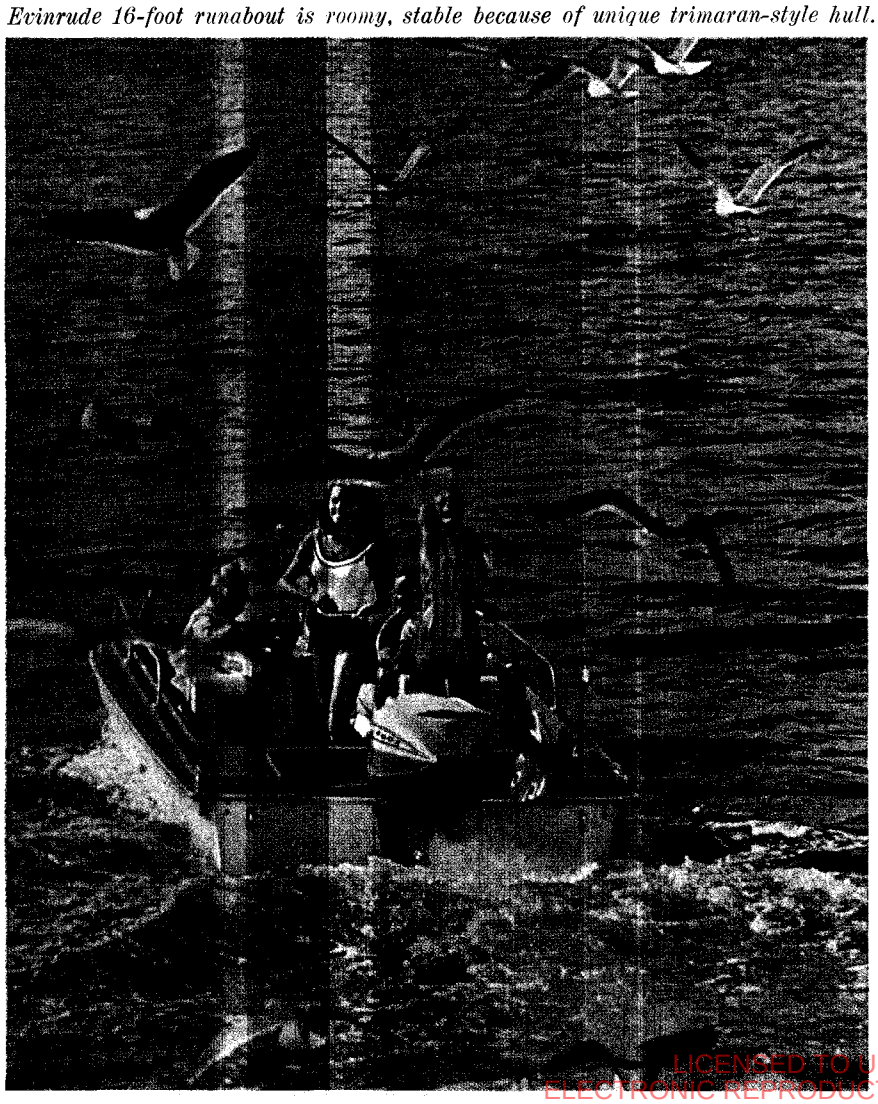
Prams are ideal for teaching kids rudiments of sailing.



Miami's Dupont Plaza Hotel provides guests with dockside parking.

A BOAT MAY BE A PRAM OR A PALACE, BUT IT'S ALWAYS A SKIPPER'S PRIDE.

Evinrude 16-foot runabout is roomy, stable because of unique trimaran-style hull.



A notable new development in powerboat hulls is the deep-V. A compromise between the bottom that displaces water while pushing slowly through it and the flat bottom which planes or skips on the surface, the deep-V has small longitudinal ridges running the length of the bottom. These lift the boat when it is moving at speed without producing a pounding, porpoising ride in rough water.

Another new hull design uses a "gull wing" bottom to achieve a dry, soft, yet stable ride. Made by Evinrude in 16-foot length (see cover), the gull-wing hull is basically a deep-V with two smaller, parallel V's which hold a cushion of water under the boat and act as stabilizers.

But there's more to water sport than gulls and hulls—and more to boating than boats. A growing class of nonboats represent the liveliest things afloat (and aloft) these days. Some of these adult water toys are cousins to long-popular water skis—such as giant kites which hoist a towed skier out of the water and into the blue where he may sail along at up to 100-foot altitudes, or a similarly towed helicopter, or hydrofoil-equipped skis which jack their passenger neatly above the water's surface like some long-legged sea bird. There are also the playthings inspired by the automobile—waterborne hot rods and amphibious, two-door convertibles.

Whatever form it takes, deep-V, gull wing or low altitude, boating is no longer just transportation: It's entertainment.

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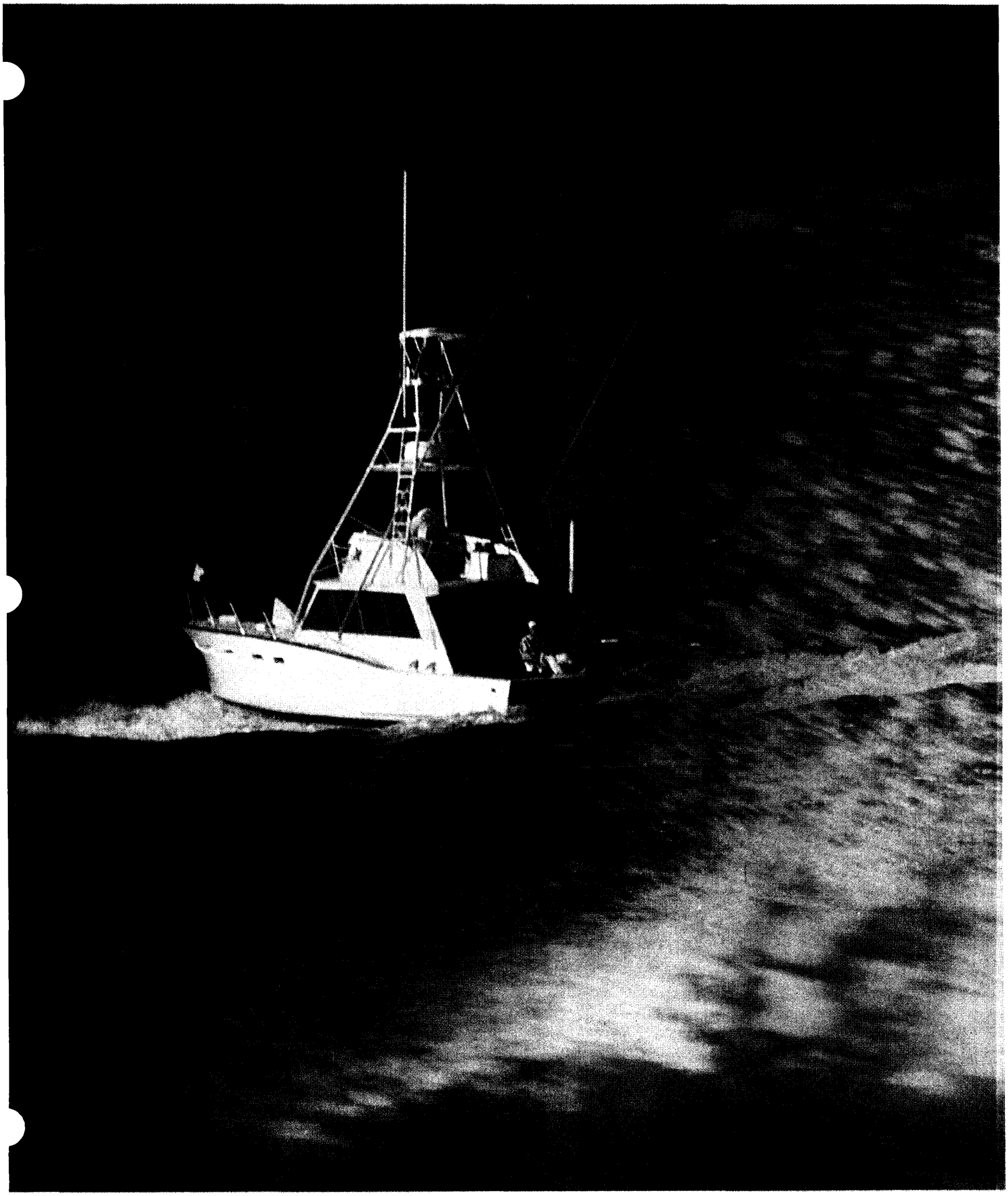

Looking as purposeful as a man-o'-war, a 43-foot Pacemaker Sport Fisherman is homeward bound after a day of fish hunting.

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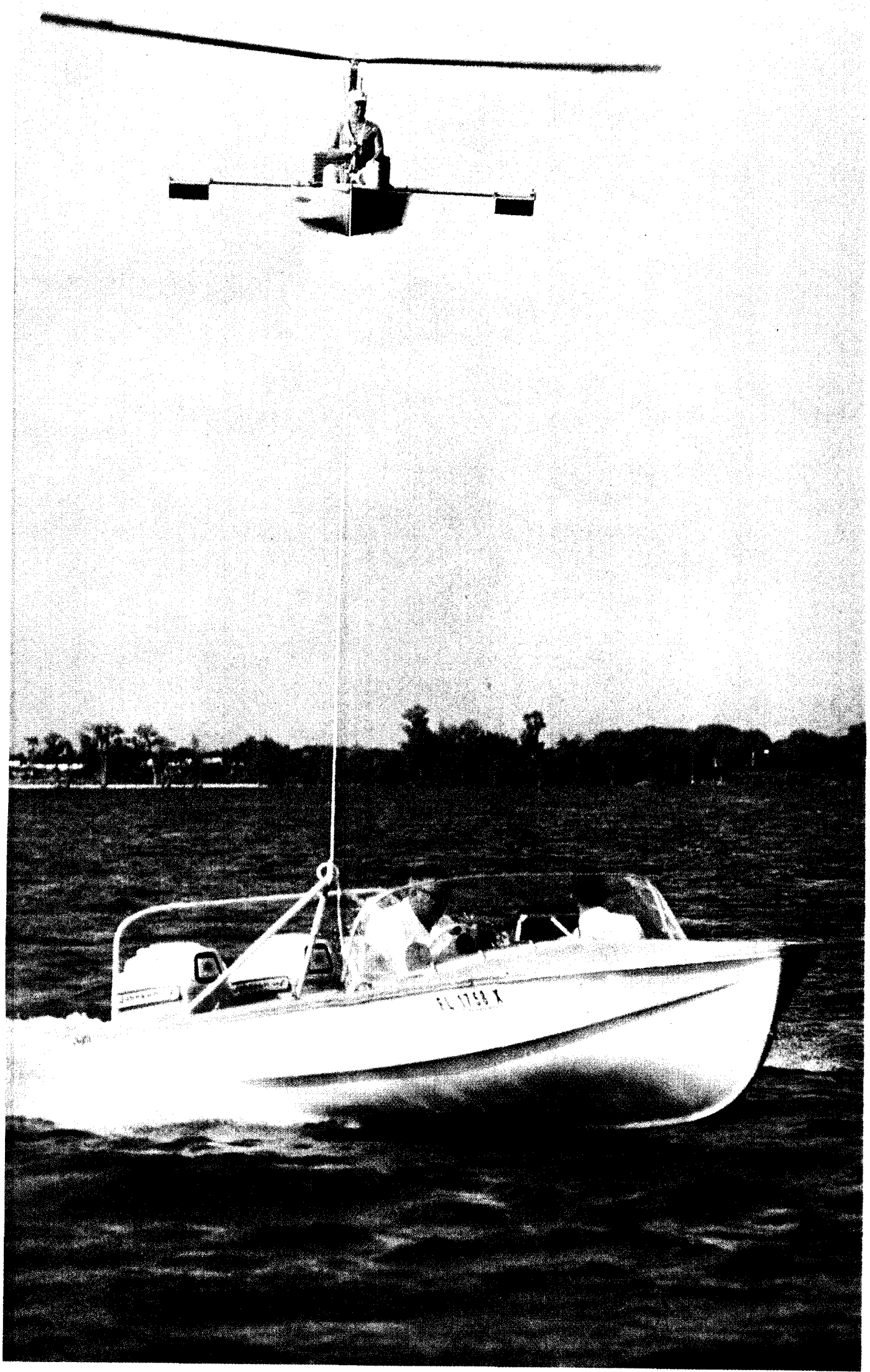
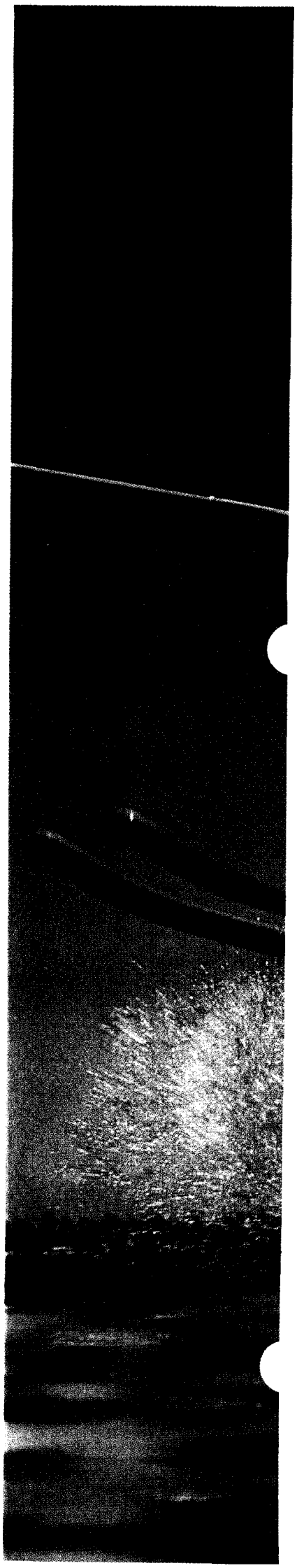
BOATS THAT CAN FLY AI

V-shape hydrofoil attachment u



Twin 90-horsepower Johnson motors provide 45-mile-per-hour speed to lift powerless Gyro Boat into flight.



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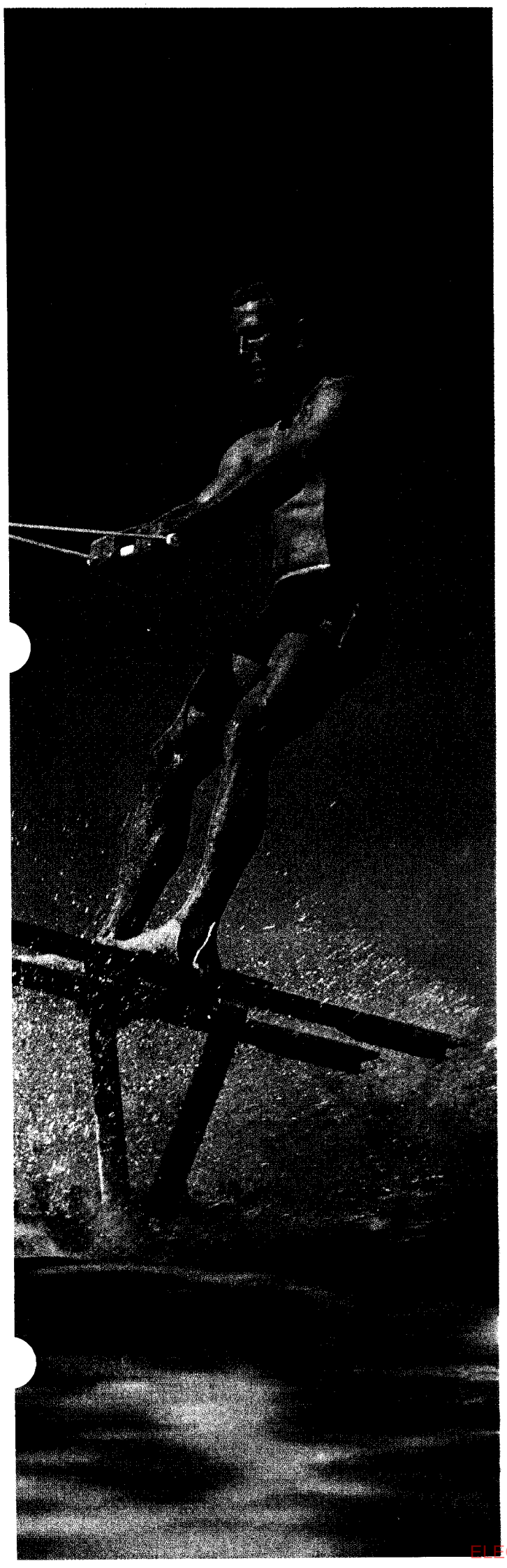
CARS THAT FLOAT ADD SPICE TO SPORT.

ver above water at about 10 mph, requires skill, balance.



Amphi Car from West Germany, goes 10 mph in water, 50 mph on land, costs $2,700.

Aqua-Karts are 8-feet long, 5-feet wide, can do an easy 50 mph and cost about $600.

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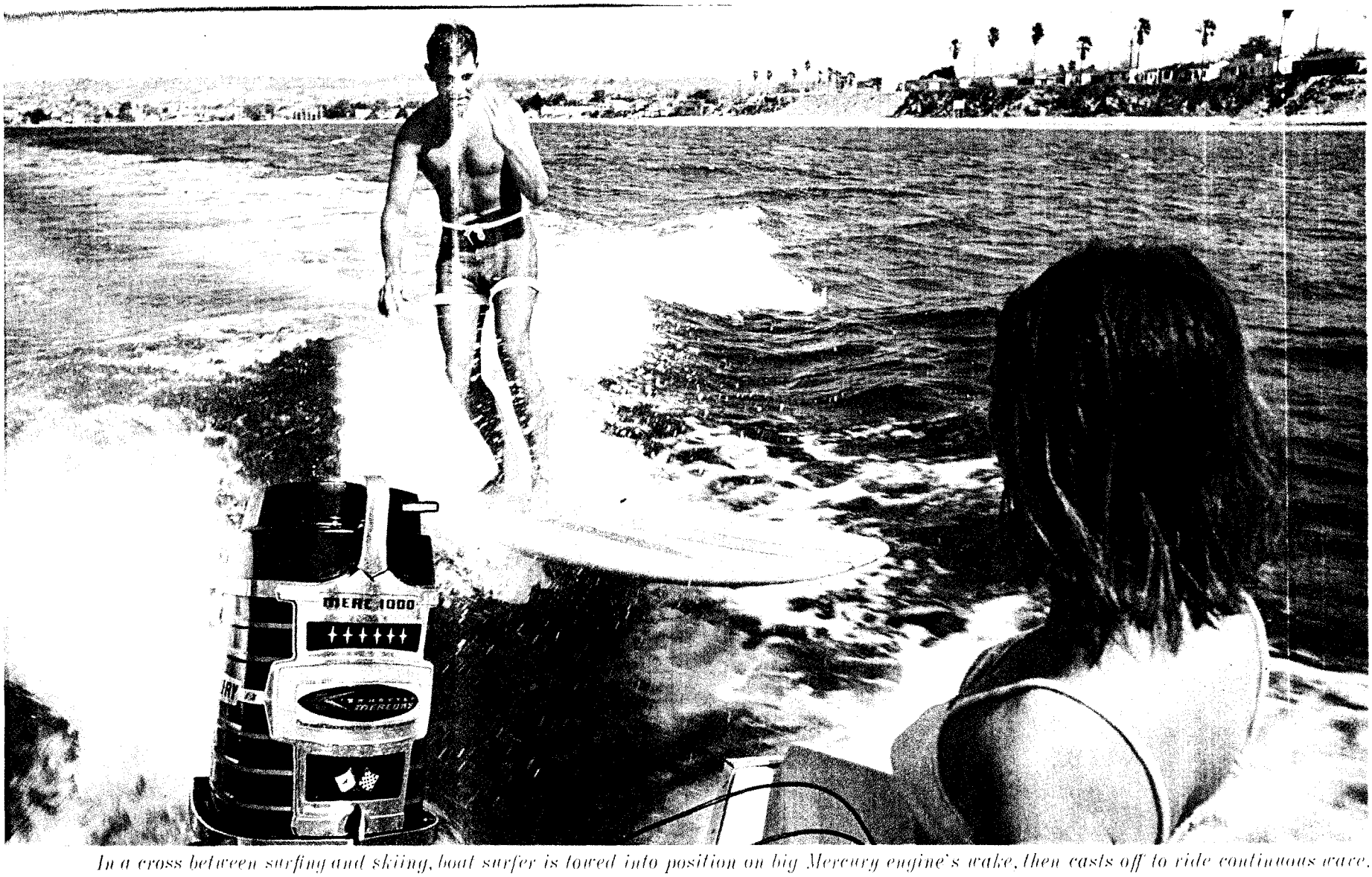
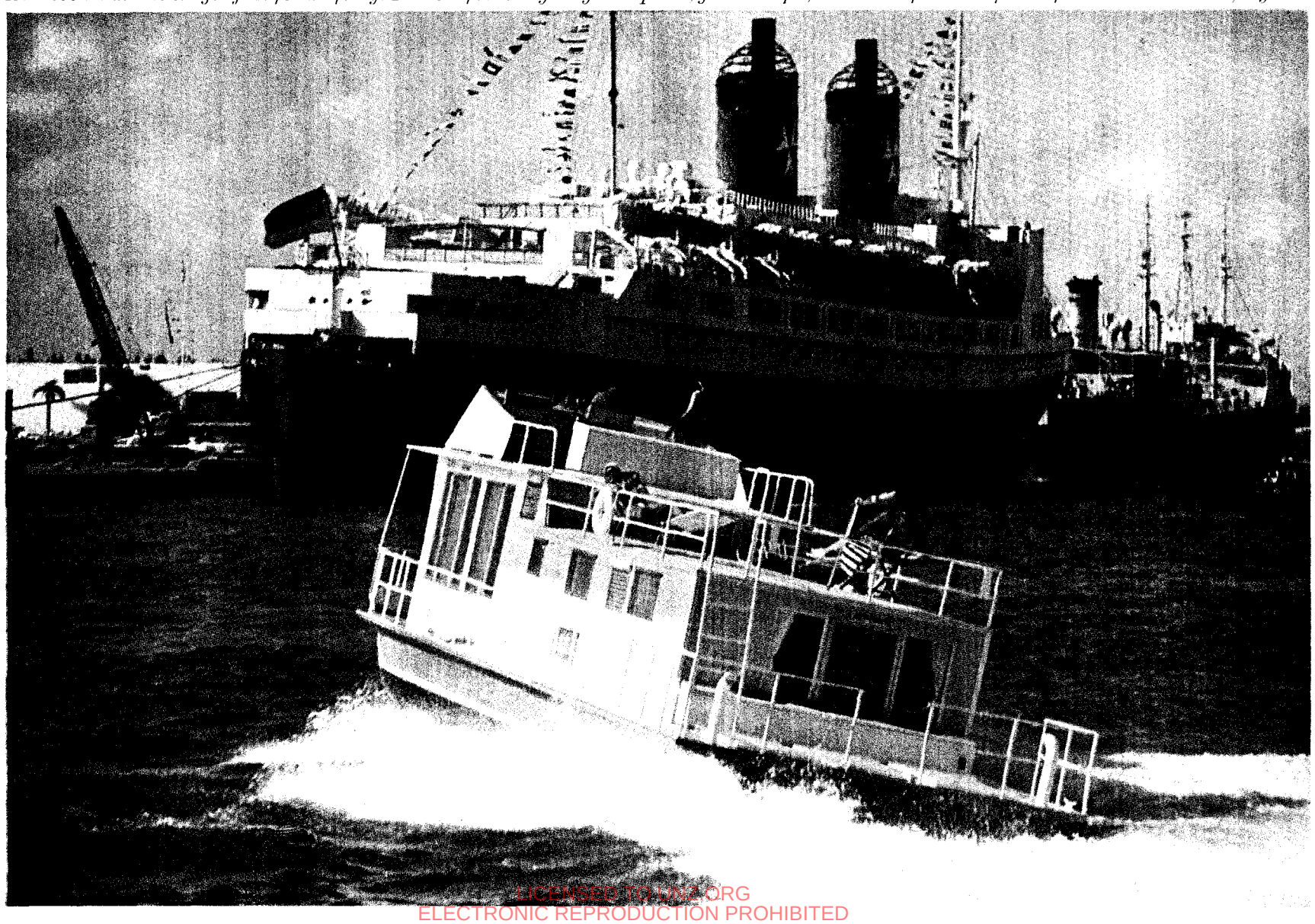


In a cross between surfing and skiing, boat surfer is towed into position on big Mercury engine's wake, then casts off to ride continuous wave.

THE JOYS OF THE WATER COME IN MANY FORMS—FROM SUNDECK TO MASTHEAD.

Houseboats are no longer just for drifting. This 54-foot Lazy Days sleeps 10, goes 30 mph, has most of the comforts of the S. S. Hanseatic, *beyond.*



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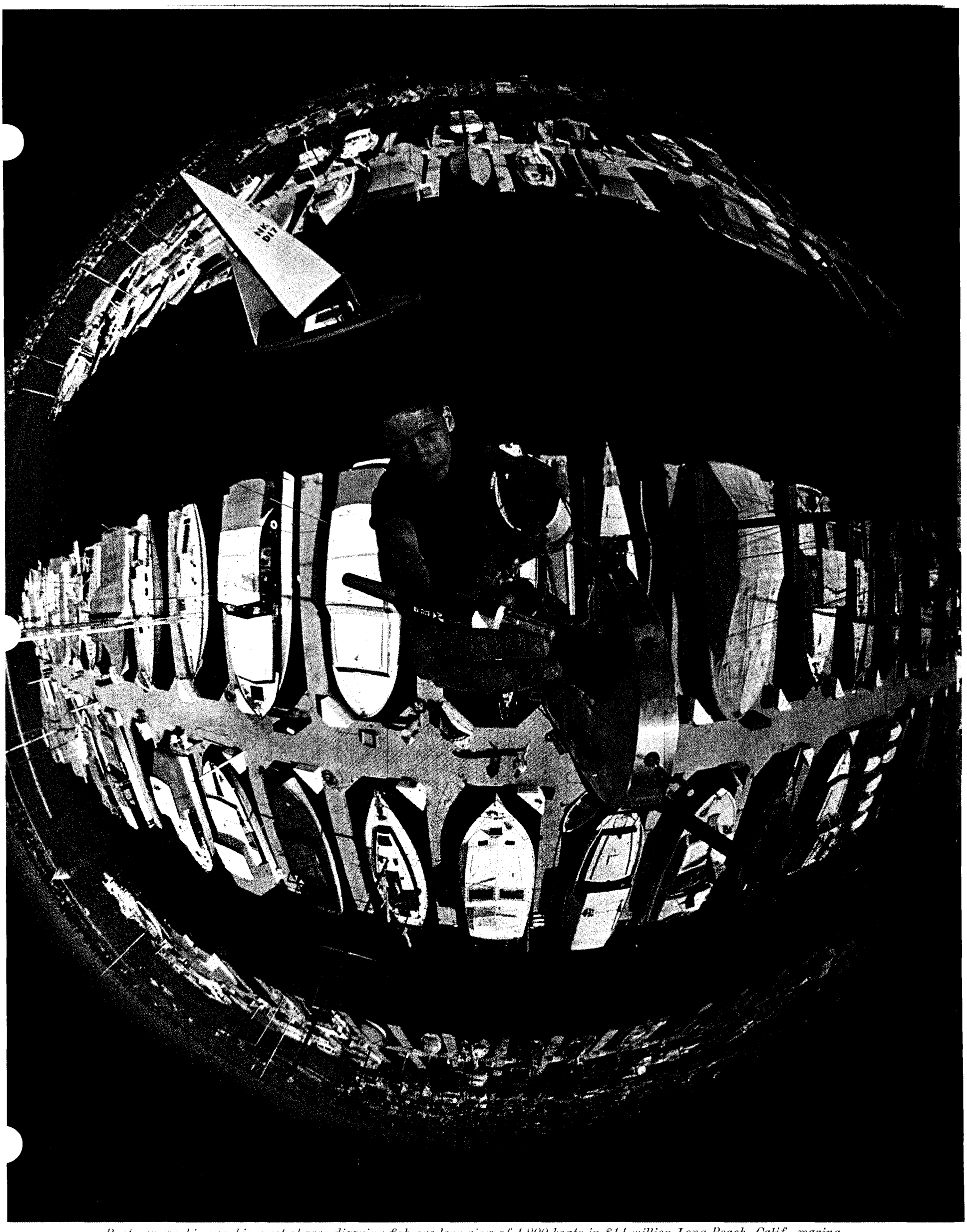

Boatman working on his mast shares dizzying fish-eye-lens view of 1,800 boats in $14 million Long Beach, Calif., marina.

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Home comforts afloat: Soft lights and television illuminate the elegant cabin of a cruiser at Bahia-Mar Marina, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

BOATS THAT BATTLE WIND AND WAVE BECOME TRANQUIL RETREATS AT DAY'S END.

As day ends and sun sets at Bahia-Mar, cruiser lights wink on like friendly invitations.

Speed, seaworthiness, maneuverability—these are qualities much sought in boats of all sizes, but so are creature comforts and all the appointments of a home afloat. The veteran boatman knows that boating's joys are not all in the action and excitement of being under way, that they also can be found in shipkeeping chores, dockside relaxation and hospitality. Today's boats are designed to provide as much of the good life as the skipper wants to buy. Whether he is tied up to the slip at a big mid-city marina or off gunkholing on a wilderness stream, today's boatman can enjoy such refinements as good telephone communications, air conditioning, television, elegant master stateroom *décor*, radar and ice cubes.

For many, a boat is also a pleasant place to polish brass and sandpaper mahogany. Large or small, boats are traditionally a do-it-yourselfer's delight. Boatmen, almost by definition, are a self-sufficient lot. (Skippering almost any craft offshore may be one of the last remaining declarations of independence available to the 20th-century man.)

But the most important ingredient in boating fun is not for sale. It isn't a gleaming hull or elaborate electronics or cabin carpeting or a galley fit for Escoffier—it is the magic carpet of the water itself. —WM. TAYLOR McKEOWN

Homeward bound on the painted waters of Bimini. ▶

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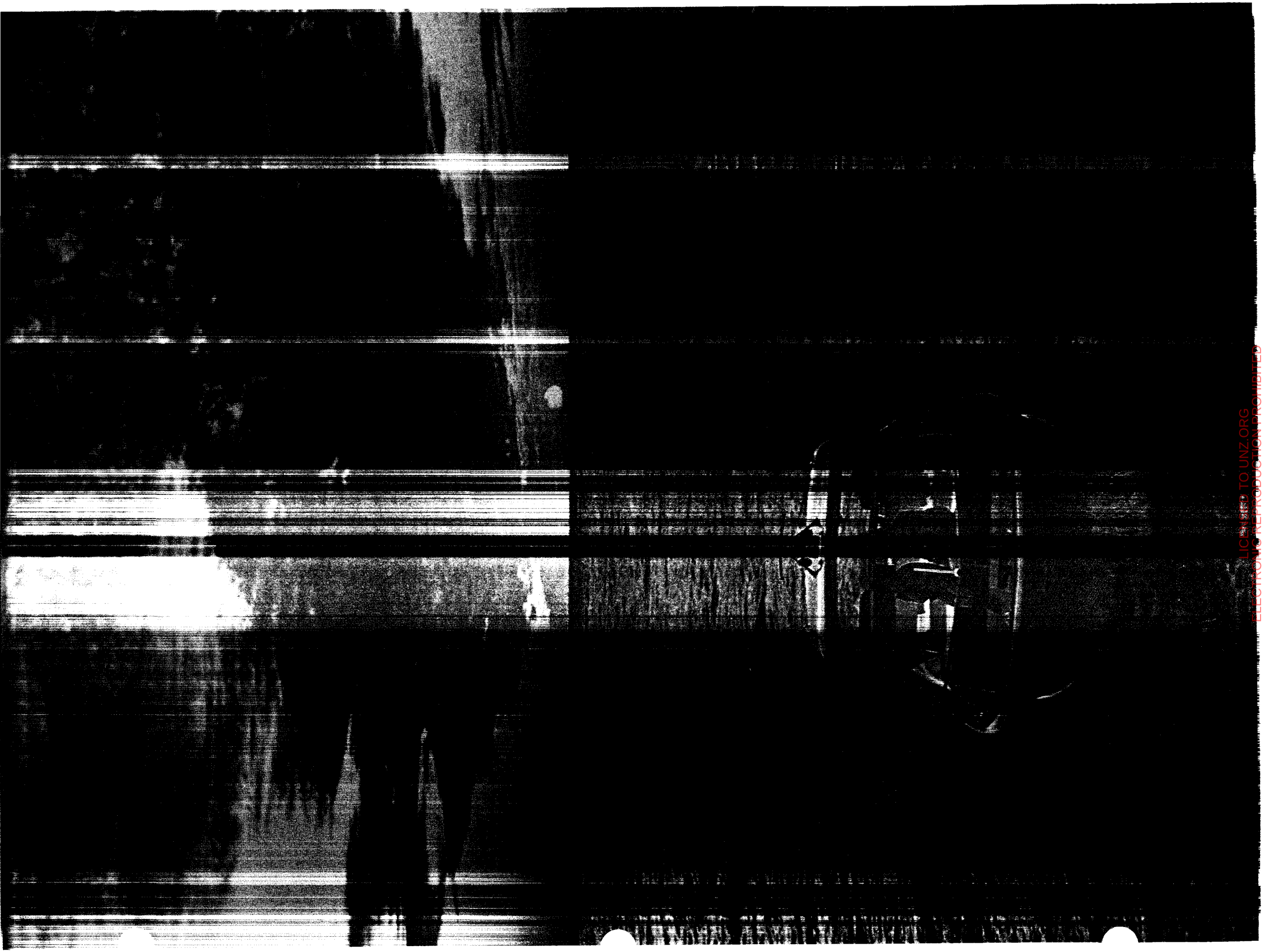

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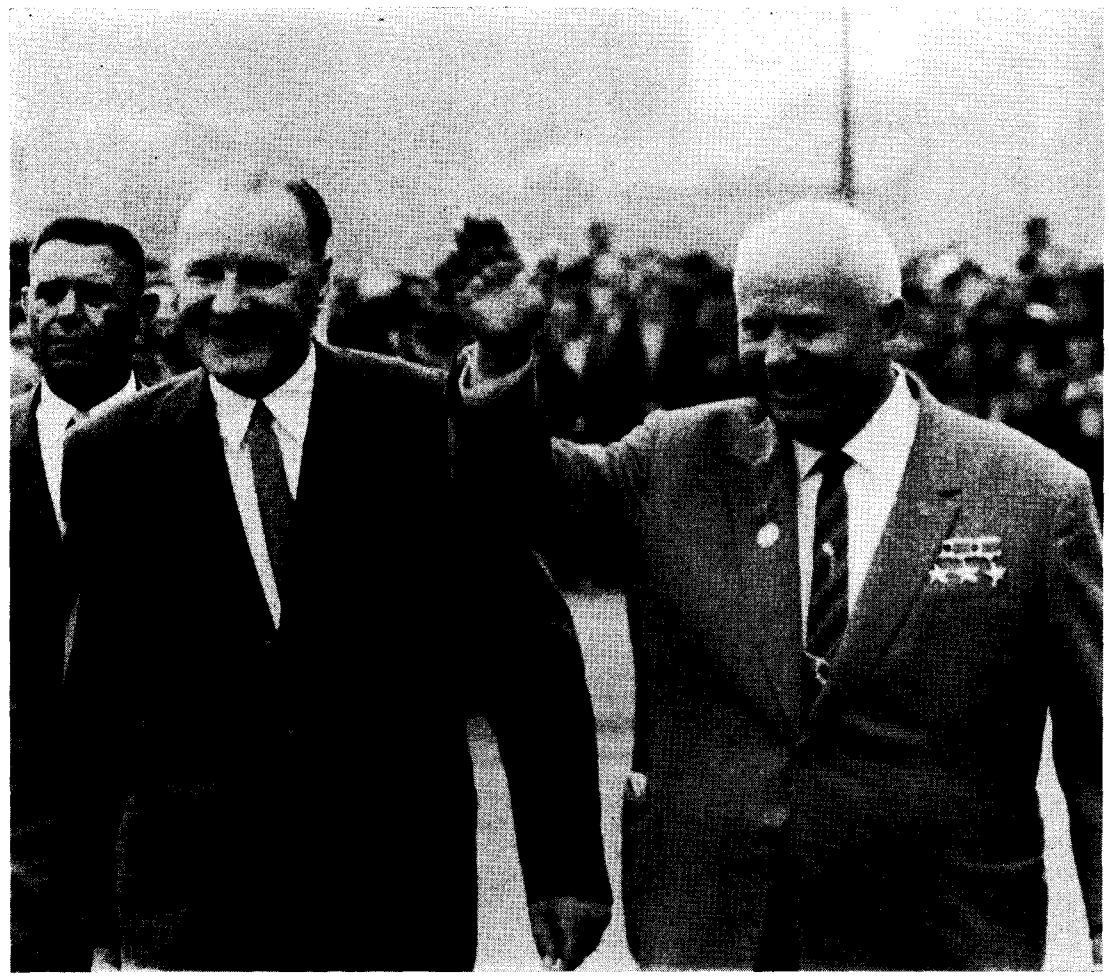
HUNGARY: RENAISSANCE AFTER REVOLT

Almost eight years have passed since Soviet troops overwhelmed the Hungarian people's brave bid for freedom. The Red Army is still in Budapest, but fear has left, and couples stroll along the Danube.

BY DAVID HOLDEN



Comrades in collaboration, Hungary's János Kádár and Khrushchev share political limelight.

The train from Vienna to Budapest was packed with Hungarians going home. As it rolled out of the Ostbahnhof, past the prosperous apartment blocks of postwar Austria, the passengers fell silent, gazing through their own flickering reflections at the last of the Western world rushing by them. This was the moment for remembering.

For all of them there were pictures to recall of the trip to the West—of tearful family reunions and nights out in London or Paris. For many there must have been older memories, scars that would never be erased but could now at last be contemplated without anguish. Memories of sons and brothers, friends and neighbors who had fled the other way to freedom almost eight years ago. Men and women who had dragged themselves through the winter mud of the Danube plain, sneaked past the guards and the wire, huddled in the ditches as the bullets whipped overhead. Memories perhaps of some who never made it, shot down at the last stride—and of 200,000 compatriots who did, scrambling frightened, bitter and exhausted across the Iron Curtain, leaving a prison behind.

They have scattered now, those refugees of 1956. In the United States and Canada, in Britain and France, Australia and South America, they have joined the great ranks of the displaced, the victims of persecution and oppression who have escaped to fight again elsewhere. But the Iron Curtain remains. You can see it, in all its old symbolic menace, from a corner of the Austro-Hungarian frontier near the Danube, just 45 minutes' drive eastward from Vienna. The watchtowers straggle up the hills from the river like spidery, immobile visitors from outer space, as if ready to pounce on any human movement. The barbed wire threads a black web between them, and from a distance you may hear the bark of kenneled guard dogs impatient for action.

This was the scene of the great flight, as the Russian army with brutal efficiency suppressed the rebellion of the late Imre Nagy and the workers and students of Budapest. Nothing, probably not even the Berlin Wall, has so colored our Western vision of Eastern Europe as the events of that grim October, 1956. And it is still temptingly easy, as you stand at this corner of a divided world, to imagine what bitter depression must lie now beyond the wire, what disillusionment and hopelessness for 10 million Hungarians who, by force or choice, stayed in the prison they must call home.

Such an exercise is two years out of date. All over Eastern Europe now a liberating nationalism is cracking the shell of Russian domination and Communist theory. Romania rejects Soviet control of its economy; Czechoslovakia experiments with new cultural freedom; Yugoslavia, once bitterly condemned for being the first Soviet satellite to break away, has won Moscow's acceptance of its maverick role; and in Hungary the frontier is open to the West at last, and a nation is beginning to rediscover itself.

A hint of this new spirit emerged even as the train from Vienna crossed the border the other day. On either side of the tracks the watchtowers and the wire marched straight across the plowed fields to infinity. The sight brought the passengers to their feet, nudging, chattering, pointing, searching the view for something else that would distinguish home. They found it in the border station at Hegyeshalom, a few miles on, in the Red Star over the stationmaster's office and the uniformed customs men who came aboard and began emptying suitcases from end to end of the train. This was a moment of silence again. A touch of resentment and fear hung in the air as new German transistor radios were ferreted out and examined, and cartons of Western cigarettes were nervously declared. For the visitor, too, there was a tiny prickle of alarm at the thought of the cameras in the rack and the notebooks in the briefcase. But in half an hour the customs men had gone off to the dining car for a beer, and one of the passengers turned to me with a smile of reassurance. "All is good," he remarked in English. "We think now where do we go for our holiday next year. You see, is very different in Hungary now."

And indeed it is. The government of Premier János Kádár, whose supposed pleas for help supposedly brought in the Russian troops to suppress the rising in 1956, has at last opened the prison gates of Hungary, and he has been repaid, if not with popularity then certainly with toleration, if not with loyalty then at least with amiable indifference. Last year, for the first time in a quarter of a century, half a million Hungarians went abroad and voluntarily returned again. And although most of them only visited other Communist countries, at least 40,000 traveled to the West.

But the traffic is not only one-way. Last year

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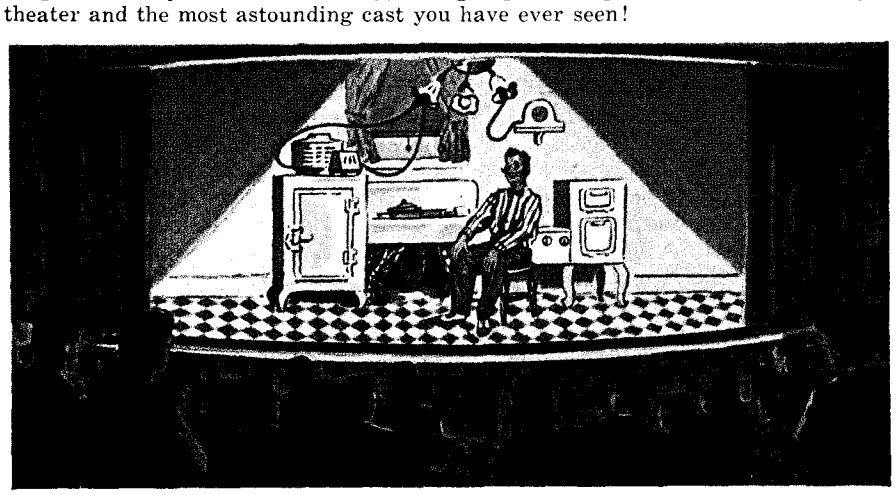

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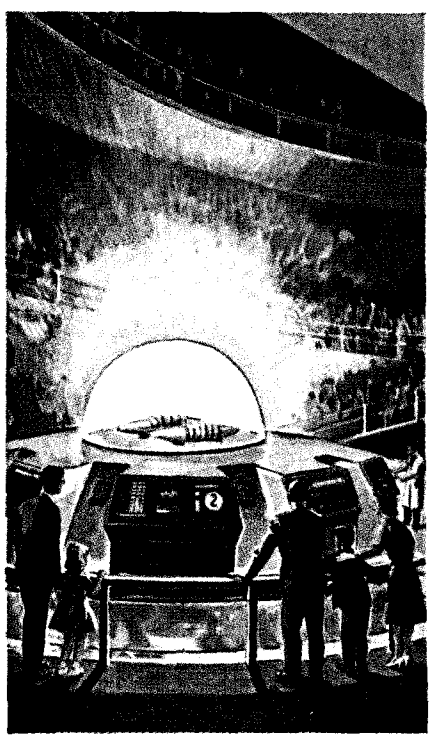

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"HE WHO IS NOT AGAINST US IS WITH US"—BUT ANYONE WHO IS OPENLY AGAINST THE REGIME HAD BETTER WATCH OUT.

Hungarian Renaissance

15,000 tourists visited Hungary from the United States alone. And by Kádár's decree it has been possible since last August for political refugees of 1956 to return as temporary visitors. The response to this offer has been understandably small and cautious so far, but refugees who do return find a country very different from the austere, tyrannical place they knew. The 1956 rising has won a posthumous reward.

Officially the rising has remained what it was christened, the "reactionary Fascist counterrevolution." But unofficially some of its aims have been quietly adopted. The rebellion's leader, Imre Nagy, was executed in 1958 in a last effort by Kádár to suppress the demons of revolt. But ever since, although nobody mentions Nagy's name and few speak of the revolt if they can help it, the ghosts of the dead—like that of Hamlet's father—have worked upon everyone's conscience. Especially since Khrushchev's famous denunciation of Stalinism, economic improvements and political relaxation have gone hand in hand in Hungary.

Symbolic of his new tolerance, for example, is the slogan that Kádár coined a year ago for a Budapest factory audience: "He who is not against us is with us." In Kádár's earlier years—not to mention those of his hated Stalinist predecessor, Mátyás Rákosi—anyone who was not actively with the regime was assumed to be against it, and soon found himself in jail. But Rákosi, after years of exile in the Soviet Union, was formally expelled from the Hungarian Communist Party in 1962 in one of Kádár's gestures of de-Stalinization. And last spring under a general amnesty, nearly 3,000 political prisoners were released to prepare the way for a visit by U Thant that marked the official return of Hungary to the United Nations after six years in international limbo.

The most famous victim of the suppression of the 1956 rebellion, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, is still a prisoner in the American Legation, where he took refuge more than seven years ago. Negotiations between the Vatican and the Hungarian government for the cardinal's discreet removal seem to have been frustrated so far chiefly by the cardinal's pride. The Vatican would have removed him from the country to another post. The government, it is said, would even allow him to remain at liberty in Hungary provided he were no longer head of the country's Roman Catholic Church. But the cardinal will have none of it, insisting on the regime's capitulation to his demand that he resume his old authority. With the possible exception of the now departed Rákosi, the cardinal is perhaps the only prominent figure on either side in Hungary to have made no concessions.

The church itself, however, has benefited from the new tolerance. Although many of its older and more militant priests are still not allowed to minister at all, religious instruction is permitted again after years of enforced suspension, and the church receives a state subsidy.

By Western standards public criticism of the regime is muffled, restricted to officials rather than the party, to means rather than ends. But within these limits it can be sharp. Some of the complaints seem rather minuscule: ". . . the people in Hajdu need about 60 more vehicles than they have at their disposal," says a typical report. But a new press law requiring all government departments to reply to public criticism within two weeks has encouraged readers to deluge the newspapers with letters of complaint, sometimes uncovering sizable scandals of maladministration. "Formalism," "incompetence" and "bureaucratic action" are favorite words of editorial abuse, and party workers are constantly urged to become technically proficient instead of resorting to "slogans and appeals which, after all, cannot do the job."

Political jokes and satire are flowering too. "What's the definition of perfect peace?" is the opening of one popular story. "When Khrushchev telephones the pope," comes the answer, "and asks the holy father to hear his confession, but the pope says he can't because he's going to a party meeting."

Translations of Western writers are commonplace items in the Budapest bookshops. Hemingway, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams from America; C. P. Snow, John Osborne and William Golding from Britain, stand side by side with the rebellious Russian poet Yevtushenko and the ex-prisoner Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose bleak account of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* shocked Moscow with the horror of Stalin's concentration camps. In the Budapest theaters Western plays seem as common as the native product. In one recent week local companies presented Shaw's *Man and Superman*, Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*, Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear and The Public Eye* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, while movie theaters offered Antonioni's *La Notte* and a Peter Sellers comedy. If you are a foreigner you may even obtain a Western newspaper, for the government recently authorized the porters at six of Budapest's biggest hotels to distribute on demand six papers each from six Western countries, a total daily import of just 216 copies.

Off with the muzzle

If ordinary Hungarians are not yet trusted with foreign news, their native writers, muzzled and bullied until a year or two ago, are now less restricted than they have been since before World War II. In a country where the poets have always been rebels, this has a particular significance. Writers become barometers of the political climate, and the works issued by the state publishing house are studied eagerly for signs of a "hard" or "soft" line in state censorship. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of the new "soft" line is the rehabilitation of Tibo Dery, one of the elder statesmen of Hungarian letters. Dery was a close personal friend of Imre Nagy and was imprisoned for five years for his part in the 1956 uprising. But last year he was not only allowed to visit Britain as a guest of the British Council but was also appointed

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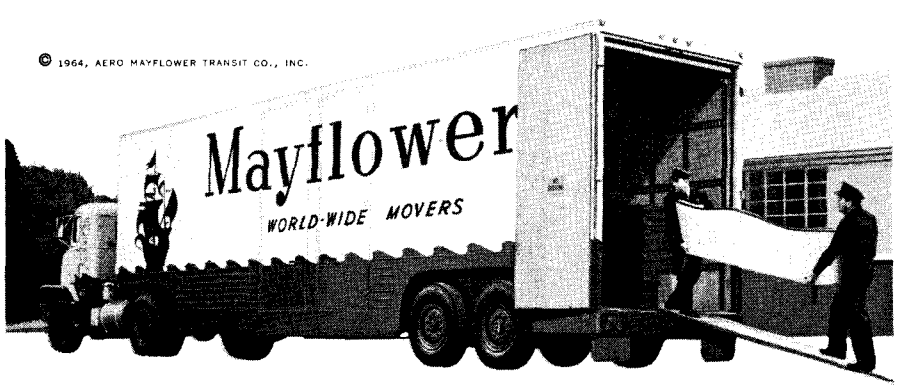

America's Most Recommended Mover

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A Budapest photographer poses model in clothes created by state designers.

an official representative of Hungarian writers at a Moscow conference.

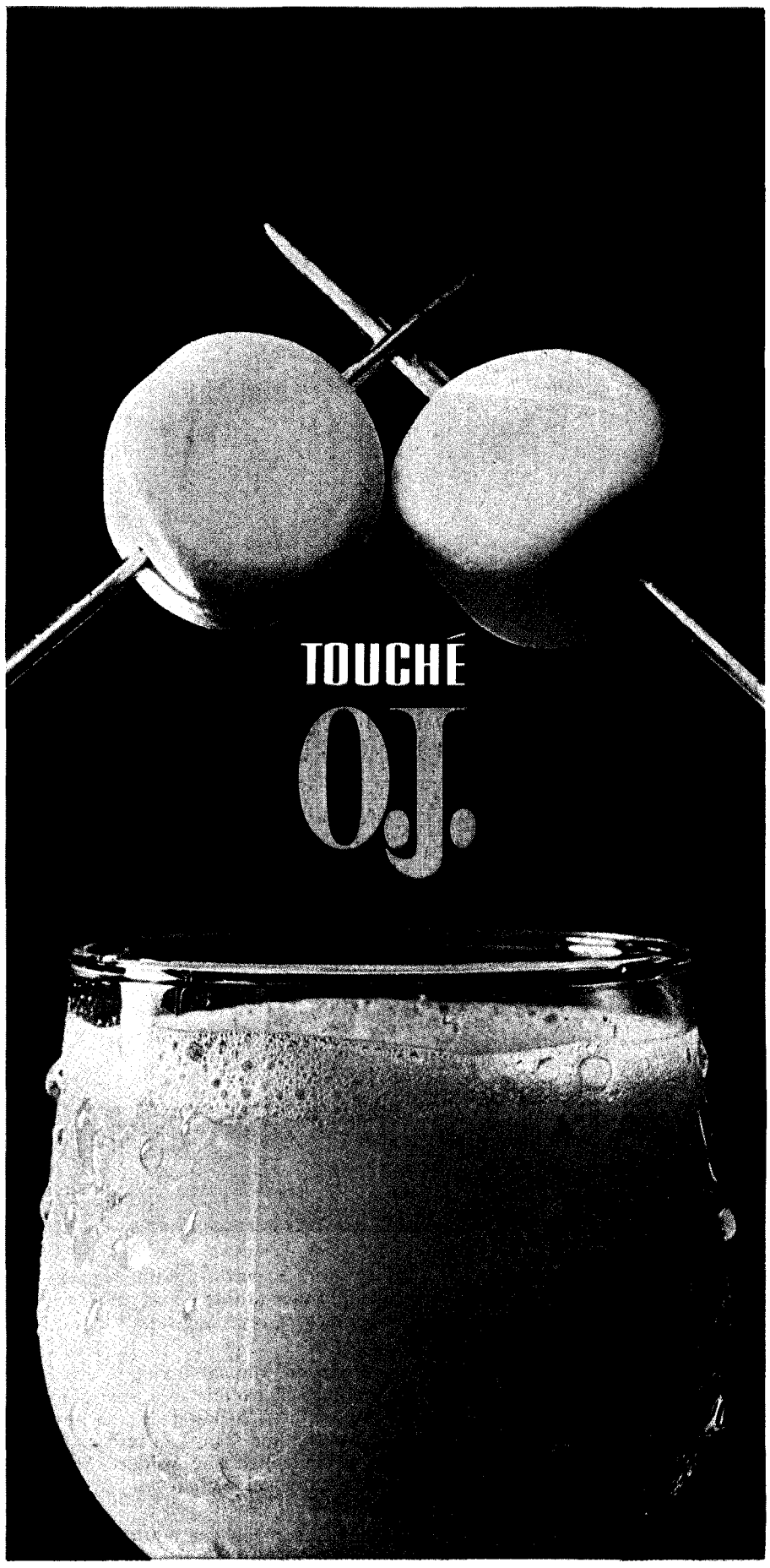
Still, there are restrictions at every turn. "He who is not against us is with us" is all very well, but it implies all too clearly that anyone who *is* openly against the regime had better watch out.

The security police are still powerful, although far from the ubiquitous torturers and dictators they used to be. Only since the start of this year have tenants of apartment houses been allowed to own a key to the street entrance. This enables them for the first time to let themselves in or out at night without the aid of the concierge, who has always been required in the past to report on the movements of tenants. The habits of suspicion go deep, and criticism of the regime still tends to be by innuendo and implication. Those who would like to be utterly outspoken keep their mouths shut. A young man began to talk politics with a foreign journalist one night. As soon as his cynicism began to show, his girl friend told him to shut up and dragged him away to the safety of the dance floor. A girl behind a counter wanted to live in the West where, she said, "I could make my own life, instead of having other people make it for me," but she was careful to speak only under cover of the noise of her espresso machine. She was scathing about the attitude of many of her customers. "They don't care and don't think about anything," she said. "The men are not gentlemen, and the girls just go with anybody. We're not nice here anymore, because we're not ourselves."

Most Hungarians probably would think these words exaggerated. Certainly to a foreign visitor Budapest gives the impression of being more like its historical self than it has been for a long time, relishing again a breath of freedom and a dash of style. Unlike many people elsewhere in Eastern Europe, most citizens of Budapest rarely engage in fusty proletarianism for its own sake, all open-necked shirts and dowdy print dresses. From the girl in jeans at the little café, to the elderly servant in a frayed red mess jacket who bows you into the elevator as if either he or you were the last of the Esterházys, there is a touch of pride and panache about Budapest that is lacking in other East European capitals.

In spite of nearly 20 years of Communism, four years of German occupation and a quarter of a century of political unrest before that, its people have not forgotten their inheritance. Budapest's café life, almost completely suppressed 10 years ago by Rákosi, is back in full swing. Coffee and cream cakes for the ladies in the morning in Vörösmarty Square, just where the subway passengers emerge and the lottery-ticket sellers keep their sidewalk tables. Coffee and ice cream in the afternoon for the writers and artists in the ornate old Hungária Café, among the mirrors and memories of yesterday. Snacks and chatter for students at any time in the cafés of what might be Budapest's Left Bank—but is in fact on the Danube's right bank—in the narrow alleys and sudden squares of old Buda, high above the river.

Then every night at most of the city's big restaurants there is what a visitor may regard as period musical comedy, with loving couples and happy family parties munching tirelessly through goulash, fish stew and chicken paprika, while gypsy violins screech tirelessly in their ears. For more sophisticated music lovers there is the Budapest Opera, where a sprinkling of black ties and long dresses on Saturday nights has begun this season to recall for the first time the more opulent and aristocratic days before the war. For children, simpletons or country bumpkins the haunted house, the water slide and the roller coaster still provide their venerable thrills in the Vidám Fun Park. And for the teen-agers, the frugal or the poor, there are snack bars with spaghetti and red wine at 60 cents a throw, coffee bars with juke boxes, dancing and pick-up girls, or the Communist "youth park" on the terrace of



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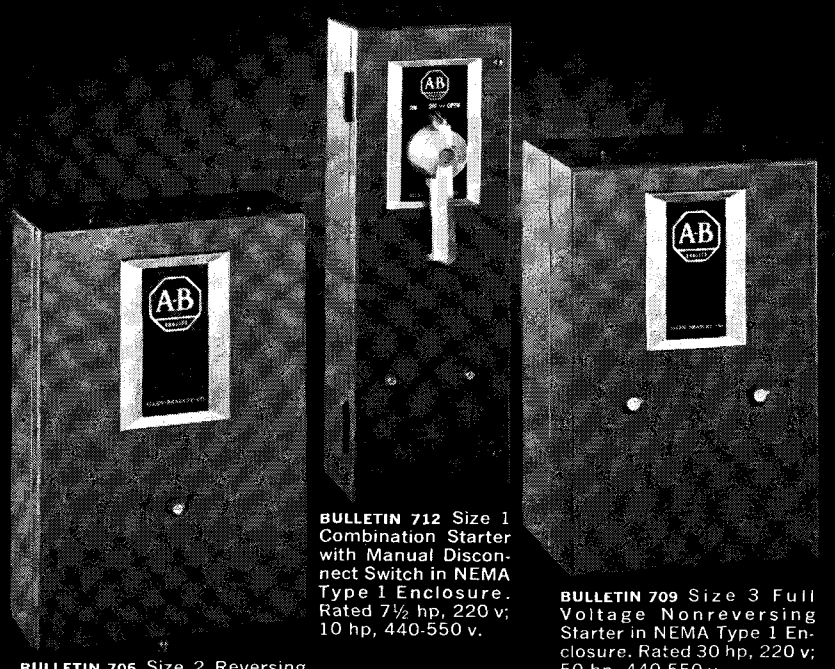

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Hungarian Renaissance

the old royal palace above the Danube, where the band plays staid old fox trots, and the hot dogs cost only a nickel.

The royal palace itself still dominates the city, gazing down from the summit of Buda as aloof and immensely majestic as the Empress Maria Theresa who built it 200 years ago. Beside it are the spires of the Coronation Church of King Mátyás, where the rulers of Hungary were crowned for 600 years and where country visitors, wandering up the dark Gothic aisles on weekend jaunts, still cross themselves before the disused altar. Below and beyond are the wide, curling Danube and the geometrical 19th-century boulevards of Pest, with the baroque pinnacles of the Parliament House to remind everyone of the democracy that failed. And behind those again, leading eastward to the fun park, is the wide Avenue of the People's Republic that used to be called Stalin Avenue—until he failed too.

Often you can still see the marks of war and insurrection in bullet-pocked walls and in heavy timbers that buttress sagging gables. But much has been or is being rebuilt, including even Maria Theresa's palace, until lately so much the symbol of a reactionary past that the government refused to repair the wreckage left when the Germans made their last stand against the Russians there in 1945. For the last eight years the palace has been haunted by the ghosts of the rebels who died among its ruins after their rising failed in 1956. But now its 860 rooms are being rebuilt by the state at great cost. And as the refurbished ruins emerge, stone by glistening stone, from behind their veil of scaffolding, it is as if Hungary, too, were transforming her recent ruinous past into something more suited to her distinguished history.

Bikinis go on parade

It is no use pretending, however, that Budapest is some resurgent Paris of the East. It is rather more like London in 1950, just struggling out of postwar austerity, when ration books were slowly disappearing, the shop windows had begun to fill with imported luxuries, and the British for the first time in a decade glimpsed a distant prospect of prosperity. There are French perfumes and Western canned foods, cars from Poland, Russia and East Germany, and refrigerators and television sets made in Hungary. There are state hairdressing salons all over the city offering the latest thing in *bouffants* for 50 cents, and fashion shows of clothes from the State Design Laboratory are a daily event at the city's department stores. Boots and bikinis, ski and *après-ski* outfits, cocktail, dinner and long evening dresses all go down the runway.

To party diehards of the Stalinist school such prosperous frivolity seems deplorable. They prefer self-denial for its own sake, fearing that affluence will corrupt the workers, and frequent articles in the party press are devoted to dispelling their anxiety. "Today it is abundantly clear," said a characteristic piece in the chief party paper, *Népszabadsag*, "that the raising of living standards is as much a principal process in socialist building as the consolidation of class consciousness of the masses. Motor bicycles, TV sets, refrigerators, modern furniture, household machines, decent clothes, have become the requirements of average workers. Our prosperity is the most marked expression of socialism."

While the average Hungarian income remains only about $70 a month, and a small Russian *Moskvitch* automobile costs $2,800—payable in cash—there cannot be many Sunday drivers among the masses. There are still only 45,000 privately owned cars in the country (less than one for 200 people), but this is nearly double the car ownership of two years ago and 17 times the figure for 1957. The regime is proud of this improvement. GAZDAGODUNK! said one sign on a factory notice board—meaning, more or less, "We've never had it so good!" And beneath was a chart showing the number of washing machines, television sets, cars, motor bicycles and radios owned by the 2,000 workers in the factory. In 1958 only two workers had owned cars and in 1960 only three. By 1962 the figure had risen to 11, last year it soared to 62, and this year according to all projections the curve of car ownership will climb off the chart.

For the first time Hungarians are enjoying the luxury of choice. It is no longer possible to sell any old rubbish just because there is nothing else. Hungarians can now buy television sets, radios and refrigerators on credit, just like their exiled cousins in the West. This practice is not yet widespread, and prices are still high for local wage earners. A 21-inch television set costs more than $300, and a small refrigerator not much less. But Hungarians are helped by the fact that both men and women normally hold jobs—children are left in state nurseries every morning—and by food-price controls and state rent subsidies.

Despite all the new apartments that surround every Hungarian town, the housing shortage is acute. Families commonly live in a single room, and share a bathroom and kitchen with another family. But the state keeps rents fixed at a few dollars a month, and now the government is cautiously experimenting with the sale of houses. Selected tenants are being offered long-term mortgages as a means of spreading some of the vast burden of capitalizing construction that until now the state has shouldered alone. "If they keep this up," said an elderly skeptic in a café, "my son may live long enough to get the family properties back again."

The entrenched power of the old Communist Party diehards has been whittled away not only by wider public criticism but also by the appointment of increasing numbers of young technicians and managers qualified for their jobs by ability and training instead of by party membership. All these younger men have a pragmatic outlook that seems heretical to the suspicious old party *apparatchiks* they have succeeded. The new breed explains that the Communist Party was originally a conspiracy, and its members were isolated from everyone but themselves. When at last they were victorious, they no longer knew much about ordinary life and ordinary people. "They lived in a dream

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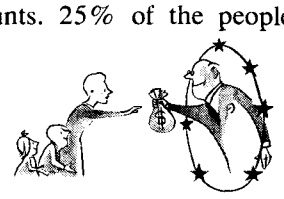
Recently, a team of researchers knocked on 1700 doors to ask people what they knew about banks. "Full Service" banks, to be exact. Although most of the people in this country use "Full Service" banks, only a small percentage realize the many advantages of "Full Service" banking. The survey turned up many surprising responses.

For example, 43% of the people interviewed did not understand that "Full Service" banks are the *only* places legally able to offer checking accounts. 25% of the people who



had checking accounts hadn't associated the name "Full Service" with their bank. And nearly 50% did not think first of a "Full Service" bank when they wanted a home loan, auto loan, business loan, personal loan or any of the other kinds of loans.

In short, many people don't realize that today's "Full Service" banks *delight* in making all kinds of loans—not to mention offering savings accounts and checking accounts and a host of other important services.

Money-wise families borrow from their "Full Service" bank

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ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

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COMMUNISM MAY NOT BE ON THE WAY OUT, BUT FLEXIBILITY APPEARS TO BE ON THE WAY IN.

Hungarian Renaissance

world," said one young official. "We have to live with reality."

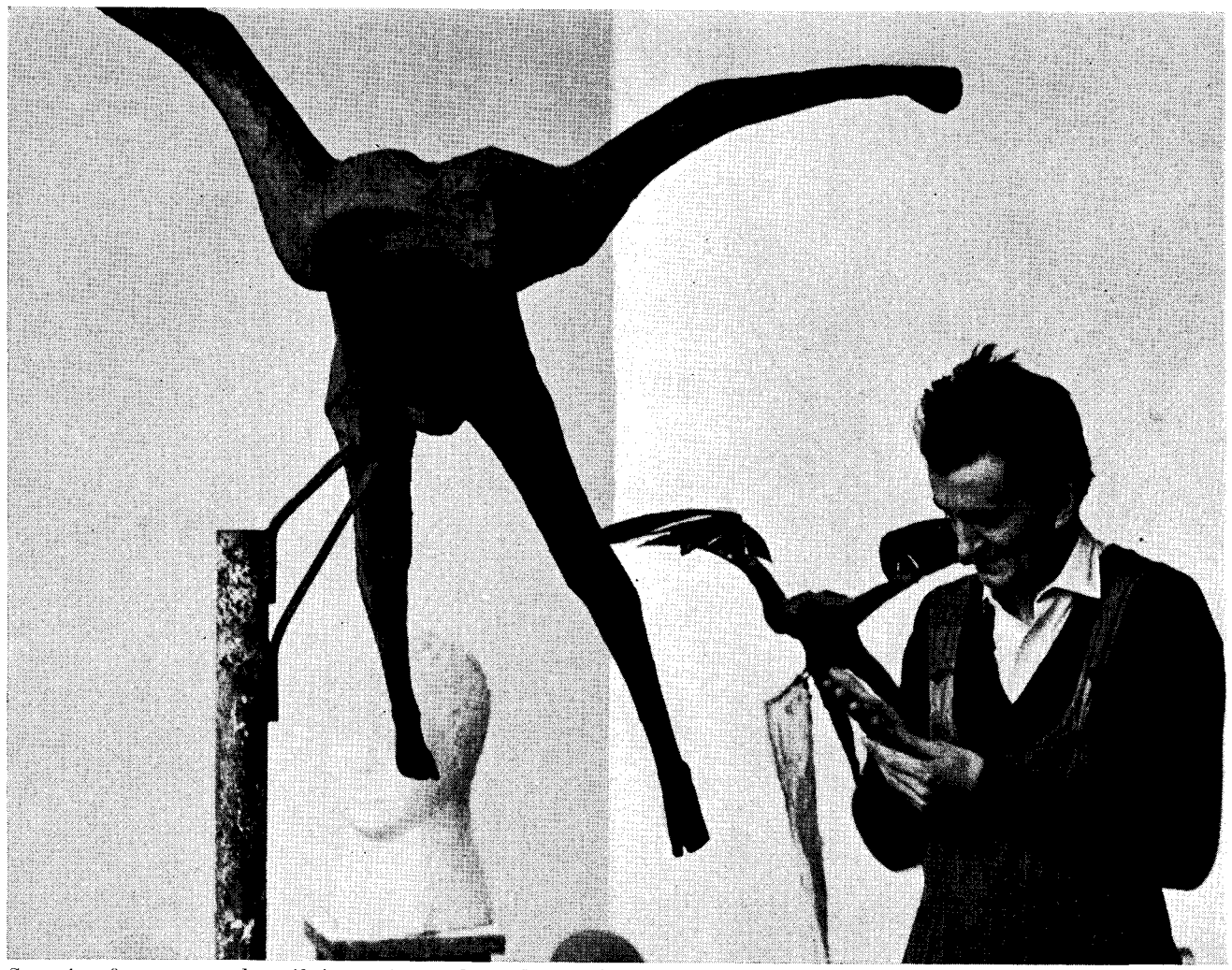
Repeatedly in Budapest offices a foreign visitor gets the impression that Hungary is seeking more room for maneuver both at the international and the individual level. Since Khrushchev's visit to Yugoslavia, when he asserted in front of a beaming Marshal Tito the validity of "different national roads to socialism," this search for more independence has acquired a new ideological respectability in the Communist world. Nobody now feels compelled to do exactly as Moscow does. But the process had begun long before, when Khrushchev first spoke favorably about different roads to socialism, and the Hungarian people tried to test his words in practice. Unhappily for them, they went too far too fast. Khrushchev, pressed by his own diehards and harried, as we now know, by the Chinese, responded by crushing the challenge from Budapest. No doubt, seen from Moscow, the situation offered him no choice.

But time has brought its own revenge. Kádár, whose appeal was made to justify the intervention of the Red Army, has adopted many of the ideas of the rebellion it so ruthlessly put down. Khrushchev has finally found the Chinese unappeasable, and is engaged now in public dispute with them. The Russian soldiers in Hungary, who once numbered a million, have been reduced to 50,000, and there are even rumors of their withdrawal if Moscow can secure some reciprocal reduction of NATO troops in the West. And throughout Eastern Europe the Communist parties are beginning, for the first time since 1945, to make significant concessions to nationalism. The old, monolithic eastern bloc is starting to crack before our eyes.

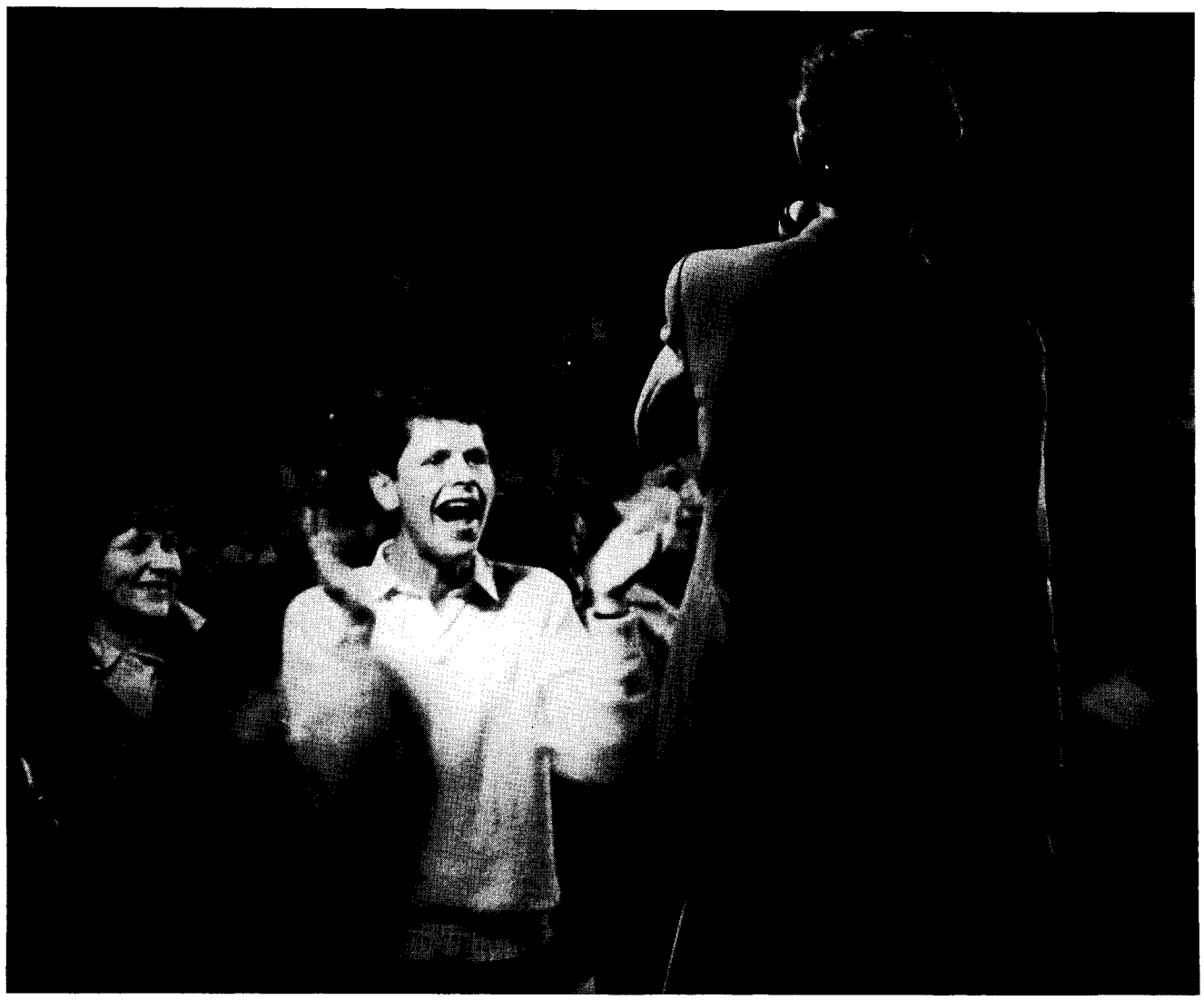
This does not mean that Communism is necessarily on the way out, but rather that flexibility is on the way in. Kádár himself is unlikely to gallop too enthusiastically in advance of Khrushchev. He is a shy, secretive sort of leader, utterly inaccessible to visitors and to most of his countrymen, and such adventuring is not in his nature. Nor would it be realistic for Hungarians to suppose that they could turn their backs upon the Soviet Union, with whom they share a 66-mile border and conduct 70 percent of their international trade.

But essentially the last eight years have forced Kádár to recognize the obvious: The majority of Hungarians are not Communists and probably never will be, and if he cannot bully them into submission, he must woo them into cooperation. "We have to work," he said a year ago, "as if there were twenty parties and secret balloting every day. That is the only way people will support us." There is, however, only one party, and there is no secret ballot. But it is a singular tribute to the tenacity and independent nature of the Hungarian people that Kádár should have made such a statement.

Ultimately this is the reward for the blood spilled eight years ago in Budapest. Not for the first time in their history, Hungarians have proved that you cannot, entirely and forever, suppress the liberties of ordinary men. THE END



Swooping figures soar above their creator, sculptor Gyorgy Segesdi, prominent among artists who enjoy new freedom.



"Yeah, yeah, yeah"—or the Hungarian equivalent—greets Western-style music at a Budapest dance for teen-agers.

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WIN A Norman Rockwell OIL

Enter Skippy's Family Portrait Sweepstakes

Well, sir, this time we've come up with a prize that's so fantastic, we can hardly believe it ourselves. But it's for real. If you win first prize in our Sweepstakes, you and your family will have a tax free portrait painted by Norman Rockwell himself.

Painter of Presidents

Norman Rockwell has painted the portraits of presidents, prime ministers, world dignitaries, and even movie stars—but this will be the first and only family portrait of its kind. And it could be yours!

Reach For Skippy

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PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAMILY

CONTEST RULES

.. Fill out the entry blank or print your name and address on a plain piece of ıaper. Send to: Family Portrait Sweepstakes, Box 631, New York, N.Y. 10046.

!. Entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1964, and received by July 6, 1964. :nter as many times as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately.

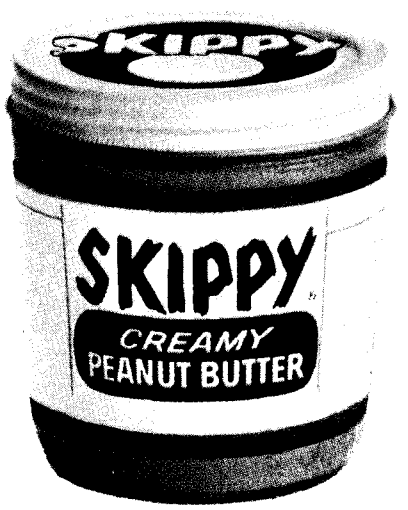
3. Entry must be accompanied by the words BEST FOODS *from any size jar of* Skippy. Or you can send us a 3″ x 5″ piece of paper on which you have written he words "BEST FOODS" in plain block letters.

4. Entrants must be at least 18 years of age and must be residents of the United States or Puerto Rico. Employees and their families of Corn Products Company, ts subsidiaries, its advertising agencies, the D. L. Blair Corporation or Doubleday & Company, Inc., are not eligible.

5. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Its decisions will be final. Winners will be notified by mail about 30 days after the drawing. Only one prize per family will be awarded.

6. First Prize will be awarded tax free to the winner. Sponsor reserves the right ıake a cash award in place of the prize; the amount of the award to be fixed ıe sponsor's cost for the portrait—otherwise no substitution will be made for ..ıy prize offered. Sweepstakes void in any locality or state where prohibited or estricted by law.

7. A complete list of winners will be sent to anyone who mails a stamped, self-ıddressed envelope to Skippy Winners List, Box 635, New York, N. Y. 10046. Do not send this request with Sweepstakes entry.



FAMILY PORTRAIT SWEEPSTAKES
Box 631, New York, N.Y. 10046

We're pretty busy here, getting everybody slicked up and clearing a place on the wall for our portrait. But we managed to find time to remove the words BEST FOODS from a Skippy Peanut Butter label, and here it is (or that substitute you mentioned in Rule 3). Please enter my name in *your* Sweepstakes.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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A tough nut

By *Alberto Moravia* *Translated by Angus Davidson*

No one with an old Army buddy like this

Summer came, and I took to lurking in the more frequented places such as Piazza San Silvestro in front of the central post office, in the arcade off Piazza Colonna, in Via del Gambero. I had a very light suit of brown cloth, and I had deliberately made a tear in it, in the shape of the number 7, below the jacket pocket, and the loose piece flapped up and down like a little door. In addition I wore my shirt unbuttoned at the neck, without a tie; and on my feet a pair of canvas shoes, all out of shape; for what I had to do, in fact, my appearance was natural, convincing, characteristic. I lay in wait, therefore, and when I saw the type of man I was after, I attacked him—that's the word—"Fancy meeting you! Don't you remember? We were in the Army together. Don't you remember? At Bressanone. . . . You were with me in the officers' mess. Don't you remember?"

In order to understand these words, you must know that what I had to do was to capture his attention in one minute, or two at most, or anyhow to arouse a suspicion of having known me in someone who actually did not know me at all. Now if I had said, "You remember that café?" or again, "You remember that family?" it would have been easy to reply, "No, we've never met. I don't remember anything." But everyone goes into the Army; and, as we all know, the years go by and it's easy to forget one among a thousand. And in fact, nine times out of ten, the person would look at me and remain in doubt; and then I would press my advantage. "They were good times, those. But alas, since then everything's gone wrong for me. If you knew what I've been through. . . . And now, here I am, as you see me, unemployed, jobless."

At this juncture—either because he feared he must have a bad memory, or because he was sorry for me, or perhaps, more simply, because he was in a hurry and did not want to make the effort of recollection—he would put his hand in his pocket and give me the 300 or 500 lire which were the whole object of the encounter. Oh yes, men are kindhearted; out of a hundred, there wasn't a single one who answered me, "Get out, I've never met you or even seen you."

And again, with regard to my story, it was lucky that it never occurred to anyone to check it, for I had never been in any officers' mess or indeed in the Army at all, being the son of a widowed mother. It was precisely for this reason that I used to mention Bressanone, which is a distant town where few people go; so that no one, even if he wanted to, would be likely to call my hand.

By employing this system and various other expedients, I managed to scrape along; and when I say "scrape along" I mean that I managed to get enough to eat and to pay for a bed in a hole under a staircase.

But talk of bad luck! One morning, toward midday, while as usual I was hanging about in Via del Gambero, I saw a man walking along very slowly, stopping at every shop window and closely considering each object displayed for sale. I at once made up my mind to accost him, possibly because he was the only person in that busy thoroughfare who did not appear to be in a hurry. No sooner said than done. I went up and stopped him with my usual rigmarole: "Fancy meeting you! . . . the officers' mess . . . Bressanone." Meanwhile, as I was speaking, I was able to observe him more closely and I realized my mistake; but now it was too late. He could have been of any age between thirty and fifty; he had a face like a weasel, narrow and pointed, all nose and cheekbones, of an ugly yellow color, with small, screwed-up eyes beneath a receding forehead and a big mouth with purplish lips. His ears stuck out like fans, and his close-cropped hair made his round head look like that of a young chicken that hasn't yet grown any feathers. He was thin, very thin, but he was wearing an enormous double-breasted coat, of a bristling, hairy winter tweed with big green checks. The shoulders were heavily padded.

Have you ever seen a lizard watching a fly, without moving, and then, in a flash, darting out its tongue and swallowing it? In the same way, and with the same briskness, did he turn at the sound of my voice. He let me recite my story and then exclaimed jovially, "But of course, of course I remember you. And how are you? How are you? Splendid, splendid!"

What it means to have presence of mind! If I had had any presence of mind, I should have at that precise moment drawn back with some excuse or other and melted away. It was the only thing to do. But, accustomed as I was to seeing other people perplexed, the last thing I had expected was that I in my turn should be beset by the same kind of perplexity. And so, like a fool, I mumbled, "Oh well, I'm not too bad." And then, more from habit than anything else, I added, "But if you knew what I've been through."

Jovial and brisk as a young cockerel, he answered quickly, "Let's hear all about it, then. I'm really curious to hear the whole story. But let's go into a bar; then we can celebrate our return home." Meanwhile he had grasped my arm with a clawlike hand that seemed to be made of steel, and, almost lifting me off the ground, propelled me toward a nearby bar, in Via della Vite.

As he dragged me along, he kept saying, "What a lucky coincidence! How pleased I am to see you!" He spoke in a cold, hurried, hissing voice. If a snake spoke, it would have a voice like that. I looked at him more closely. I have already mentioned his winter coat, on a day of full summer. Below this coat he had a pair of brown trousers, very carefully pressed but mended here and there. His shoes were black, polished to perfection, but worn—not in the soles which were extremely thick, but in the uppers, which were rubbed thin like threadbare velvet. And then I saw something that made me turn cold. As he moved, the coat with the green checks fell open and I noticed that he wore no shirt, merely a false front or dickey tied round his body by two laces. On each side of the dickey you could catch a glimpse of his bare flesh, yellowish, grublike. He was, in fact, a pauper actually more degraded than myself, but of a different type. I am cheerful and winning, and I have a kind face; he, on the other hand, was positively sinister.

We went into the bar, and he went straight over to the counter and ordered two vermouths; then, all in one breath, went on, "The officers' mess at Bressanone . . . how well I remember it. A fine town, Bressanone, with that fine river flowing through it and those fine streets with arcades. And moreover, only a short distance from Bolzano, another fine town. Bressanone—d'you remember the Cavallino Bianco Hotel, where there was that big café, and all the officers used to go there, and several little ladies in search of company used to turn up there too? Bressanone—with all those hills round it full of vineyards, and that good wine. What was it called, that wine? Ah yes, I remember—Terlano."

At this point the barman gave us our vermouths. He took his glass and raised it, saying, "To celebrate our return home." And I could not refrain from drinking, though I had little idea of what this "return home" might be. He emptied his glass and then, without a moment's pause, went off toward the door, saying, "Look, it's lunchtime, let's have lunch together. It's not every day that one has the luck to meet a friend like you."

"But I ——" I began, as I followed him. The barman, who had his eye on us, said, "Here, sir—the two vermouths." I wanted to call him back and make him pay, but he was already outside the door. So I took out the money, paid, and went out. Immediately he popped out from

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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

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POST FICTION: Alberto Moravia is the most popular and influential living Italian author. His first novel, Gli Indifferenti, *published in Italy in 1929 when he was 22 years old, brought him immediate fame. Variously translated in America as* The Indifferent One *or* The Time of Indifference, *it was remarkable for introducing an unflinching realism to the Italian novel at a time when romance and escapism still prevailed. Since then he has written many novels, among them:* The Fancy Dress Party, *a satire on Mussolini;* Woman of Rome, *an unsentimental story of a prostitute; and* Conjugal Love, *a story of an unhappy marriage. But he is equally well-known for his short tales and sketches:* Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories, Roman Tales, *and now* More Roman Tales, *which Farrar, Straus will publish this spring, and from which this story is taken. Moravia has also written a number of successful plays and movie scripts—his bitter though compassionate realism, in fact, has become the prevailing fashion of popular literature in Italy today.*

need ever fear an enemy.

somewhere or other and grabbed me by the arm again. "Come on, come on," he said. "There's a really good restaurant just close by. Come along."

In the restaurant, while I, in a dazed sort of way, sought to extricate myself by saying, "I'm not hungry, and besides, I have an appointment." He lolled back in his chair and, in an authoritative voice ordered a substantial lunch with noodles and roast lamb as the main dishes. Then he turned toward me. "The officers' mess," he said. "How well I recall it! Captain Moschitto—d'you remember him? And his habit, at any sort of party, of throwing himself at any sort of girl, pretty or ugly, and making love to her? That was what he called 'drawing a bow at a venture.' Well, well, Captain Moschitto was a real Don Juan; but love-making wasn't exactly a joking matter with you either, was it, my dear friend?"

I was dumbfounded. Not only, of all the towns in Italy, did he know Bressanone, with its hotels and cafés, its streets, its river, its women and its wine, but he also remembered Captain Moschitto and even that I was a Don Juan. I was very near, now, to a feeling of admiration for him: He was tough, extremely tough, far tougher than I would have imagined.

They brought our noodles. He swallowed a first, enormous forkful and then resumed his jovial, glib, hypocritical chatter, so that you might have thought he had a little machine inside his mouth. "Bressanone . . . those were good times. . . . But you, my dear friend, you did behave really badly to Nella. Allow me to say so—like a real Roman tough, which is what you are. Really very badly indeed."

My mouth full of noodles, I mumbled, "Nella? And who in the world is she?"

He guffawed. "No, my dear good man, don't pretend to be modest; that doesn't fool me. Anyhow you got off Scot free. But that girl was a dream—fair, with blue eyes and a magnificent figure. But you, after drawing your bow at a venture, as Moschitto used to say, and hitting her in the heart, you left her in the lurch. Even Modugno said you'd acted like a heel."

"Who's Modugno? And be careful what you say, too," I interrupted, hoping to start a quarrel. But he was too smart for that. "Oh yes, a big heel, that's what you are." He laughed, filled a glass to the brim, emptied it at one gulp and then attacked the roast lamb which the waiter, zealous as ever, had placed under his nose. "Of course you had Pina," he went on, "another splendid girl—she was dark—and goodness knows how many others as well. But really Nella didn't deserve to be insulted like that. She was so unhappy about it that she wanted actually to die, and she took sleeping pills. But she recovered, and then later she took up with—what was his name—you know—what was he called? Oh yes, Lieutenant Tessitore."

"Tessitore? Never heard of him."

"Yes, Tessitore; a strange sort of fellow, very strange indeed. You two, you and Tessitore, very nearly came to blows over Nella. One evening, along the river, there was a mist and it was drizzling. And I had to separate you. Yes indeed, Nella was pulling from one side and I from the other . . . and then in the end she went back home with you. Yes, you scoundrel, you were utterly in the wrong; you got jealous of Nella as soon as you saw she was going with someone else, and in spite of that you managed to take her away from Tessitore. You were a proper Don Juan, in fact. D'you know what Major Paternostro said when you left? 'It's a good thing he's gone; otherwise he'd have taken all the women here for himself.'" His roast lamb was finished, and he laughed again, boisterously, and, slapping me on the back, went on, "I should very much like to know what it was you did to women, eh?"

I too had finished my lamb. And perhaps because, after having had something to eat, I now felt more valiant, I decided to tell him the truth. I drew back, in such a way as to thrust aside the arm which he kept round my shoulders and, looking him straight in the eye, I began, "Now let's stop this nonsense. All good things come to an end. Anyhow I've never been to Bressanone."

"You've never been to Bressanone?"

"No, and I've never met either Moschitto or Modugno or Tessitore or Paternostro."

"But what do you mean?"

"It's the truth. And I'm not a Don Juan, though I like women as much as anyone. And I've never had a Nella or a Pina. And, what's more, I was never in the Army because I'm the son of a widowed mother, and so I got an exemption."

He looked at me with his snakelike eyes. And I thought again, he's tough, extremely tough, let's see what he'll invent now. He's like a cat; he'll manage to fall on his feet. And so, indeed, he did. Nor did he take a second to think it over.

All at once, in a hard, resentful, outraged voice, he cried, "Then you lied to me."

I was embarrassed. "No," I stammered, "I made a mistake, I thought ——"

"What d'you mean, made a mistake? The first thing you said was that you'd been to Bressanone, and now it turns out you've never been there. You lied to me; you're a fake and a bum and a swindler."

"Hey, you'd better watch what you say!"

"You're a swindler and you certainly intended to cheat me. Get out!"

"But I ——"

"That's enough! And to think that I allowed myself to associate with a swindler, a crook, a bum!" Still throwing insults at me, he rose to his feet and buttoned up his coat over his dickey. Finally he said, "Don't attempt to follow me, or I'll call the police." Then, swift as a deer, he slipped through the door of the restaurant and vanished.

To tell the truth, although I had been all the time expecting a trick to make me pay for the lunch, I had not expected it to be like this, so simple and so sudden. He had been tough, very tough indeed, much too tough for me. Sadly I took out what little change I had left and paid the bill. As I came out of the restaurant, someone stopped me. "Please, could you tell me . . ." Perhaps he wanted to know the time or to ask the way. But I immediately shouted, "I don't know you, I don't know anybody."

He stood there, stupefied. I ran away.

THE END

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What is life
but a death outstanding?
So then, what's living
but a lot of
installments due
on an increasingly
short-term basis?

The transient

By STANLEY ELKIN

Everybody dies. Everybody. But no one really believes it. They read the papers. They see the newsreels. They drive past the graveyards on the outskirts of town. Do you think that makes any difference? It does not! No one believes in death. Except me. Boswell. *I* believe in it. Listen, John Burgoyne was born in 1722 and died in 1792. The dates of Louis XVI were 1754 to 1793. (Do you suppose that Louis knew of Burgoyne's death? Do you suppose he said, "Ah, he's gone now, the old campaigner"? Do you suppose he suspected he'd be dead in a year himself?) More. Spenser: 1552(?)–1599. Caesar: 102 (or 100) to 44 B.C. Do you notice how as one goes back the birthdays become less certain while the year of death is always absolute, fixed? Do you think that's an accident? It's because death is realer than life. I saw a sign on U.S. 41 in Kentucky. It said REMEMBER YOU MUST DIE. I remember. But I never needed the sign. I had my own father. My father was a healthy man. Content. Vigorous. Powerful. Well. But when he died, he died of everything. The cancer. The blindness. The swollen heart. The failed markets. But even that, the death of one's father in a hospital room, the kiss goodbye inside the oxygen tent, isn't enough for some people. Even if they stretch a point and come to believe in the death of others, they refuse to believe in their own.

I remember reading in the newspaper an interview with the murderer, Braddock, when I was a kid. Braddock, waiting in the death house, told the reporter, "When they pull that switch they'll be pulling it on the whole world. Nobody will outlive me. The warden. The other cons. You. Nobody. Everybody dies when I die." He could believe in a fantastic short circuit that would end the world but not in his own lonely mortality. Do you suppose only a murderer thinks that way? Go on, when they pulled that switch Braddock knew for the first time what it was like to *be* a murderer. He murdered everybody. And don't you think he didn't close his eyes two seconds before he had to, just to make sure? Even my father, my own father, when I kneeled beside his bed in that white, white stinking room, looked at me and there was blood in his eyes. Why he's angry, I thought. He's mad at me.

I'm different. I remember I must die. It explains everything.

Once I wrestled. I was an athlete. (But I am no sportsman. Scores bore me.) To ward off death I built my body. A fortress, I hid in it. I laid low.

The locker room was my hometown, the gymnasium my university. There I moved for years with steamy abandon inside my glazy body, warm under the taped wrist, the hygienically bandaged knee joint, my muscles smoothly piling and meshing like tumblers in a lock. I was interested in a cautious, planned development of the body part, a sort of T.V.A. of the flesh, an aggrandizement of torso and limbs as real and grand as the cultivation of any hothouse bulb. I worked steadily, absently, without either sorrow or joy. Straining at the weights I developed everything, watching with a kind of pride the steady ballooning of my parts, growing taller, wider—expanding, blooming, becoming. For four years I weighed myself each night on the tall, free scale. For four years I sat naked and wet on the low, peeling bench by my locker, making with others the rude, brutal shoptalk of athletes or drying myself with the intense absorption of a soldier cleaning his weapon.

It was death I trained against, I tell you.

I moved out of my room and into the gym. There, lying on the tumblers' mats at night, my covers a half dozen volleyball nets, I wondered what I would do with my life.

What, I asked myself, were the purposes of strength?

Why to pull, to push, to raise, to squeeze, to win—*why to win!*

I answered an ad in a physical-culture magazine. Frank Alconi, the Jersey City manager of wrestlers, needed men. I sent photos, nine-by-eleven glossies of myself under the weights. He sent me fare. I went to Jersey City. I became a wrestler.

Alconi threw me into the ring at once. I was already strong, of course, and Alconi said I was a natural, but for a long time I didn't know what I was doing. I was supposed to lose anyway, so it didn't make much difference to the ring world, but I was traveling up and down the East Coast from Jersey City to Raleigh, North Carolina, in what might be described as a precariously ambulatory condition. My memories of those first weeks are chiefly memories of liniment. My body was like some great northern forest, one part of which was always on fire. The other wrestlers kept telling me what a good sport I was and visited me at the rubbing table afterward. Beating me up made them feel young again. They liked to feel my muscles. Often, lying on the rubbing table near unconsciousness and death in the unheated basement of a civic auditorium, I would look up into the gap-toothed smile of ancient apes. They would stand there for a while, lost in wonder, and then, tracing their prehensile fingers over the bumps and hollows of my flesh, point with an inverted pride at their own tough and lumpy bodies, which looked, from the angle at which I saw them, like great red hairy mounds of meat. Then these fellows would shrug, put on their pinstriped businessmen's suits, snap their *Wall Street Journals* smartly under their armpits, and go off with a wave to lose themselves among the traveling salesmen in the hotel lobby. In those days druggists went blind mixing special liniments to keep me alive.

When I got back to Jersey City I told Alconi I would have to have more training.

Alconi grinned. "Tough. I thought you was tough. Rough, huh? Trip's been rough?"

"A cob, Mr. Alconi."

"Sure. It's the gym does it. All the time developing yourself against instruments, against metal, when what you need's contact with human beings. Where's the fight in a barbell?"

"That must be it," I said.

"Sure," Alconi said. "You need the old smash." He ground his fist against his palm. "The old kaboom. The old grrr-rr-agh." He pulled some air down out of the sky, cradled it in the crook of his right elbow, and strangled it. "The old splat cratch." He kneed an invisible back. "The old fffapp!" He grabbed handfuls of invisible hair and gouged invisible holes in invisible eye sockets.

"With all due respect, Mr. Alconi, that's not what I need. That's what I've been getting. What I need is to learn to protect myself against that."

"Sure," he said. "I understand, kid. Only I'm not your trainer, you realize. As your manager I get thirty-four percent of your purses. As your trainer I'd be entitled to another"—he considered my bruises—"fifteen percent."

"Sure," I said.

"That would still leave you with fifty-one

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Post Fiction

Stanley Elkin writes: "You ask for biographical information. That's a little difficult. To know me is to know me. Well. Family consists of my wife Joan, my son Philip, and my novel Boswell, *which I wrote last year in Rome and London. I have a Ph.D. in English literature from the University of Illinois, earned from an unpublished—perhaps unpublishable—doctoral dissertation on William Faulkner. I am an assistant professor of English at Washington University in St. Louis. However next year I have a year's leave of absence and will be a visiting lecturer at Smith College in Northampton, Mass. In 1961 I received a Longview Foundation Award for two short stories; two other stories, one from* Perspective *and the other from* Esquire, *have been reprinted in Martha Foley's* Best American Short Stories, *1962-63 short-story annuals. I'm thirty-three but if* Boswell *doesn't come out soon, I'll never make thirty-four." "The Transient" is an entirely self-contained section of* Boswell*—the novel itself deals with a man destined to be a friend to all the great men of his time. Other sections are to be published by* Esquire *and* The Paris Review; *the novel will be published by Random House this spring. Judging by prepublication enthusiasm* Boswell *promises to be one of those startlingly original first novels—like* Catch 22*—that engross both literary critic and ordinary reader alike.*

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percent of yourself. You'd be in command."

"Chairman of the Board, as it were," I said.

"Yeah." Alconi laughed. "That's right. Chairman of the Board."

I slept on it. The next day I went up to Alconi again. "Who'd pay expenses?" I asked. I had been paying my own.

Alconi frowned. "What the hell," he said, "we'll take the railroad expenses off the top, the gross. We'll split."

"OK," I said.

We signed a new contract and I went back to my hotel and renewed auld lang syne with a pharmacist I'd been keeping.

In the morning Alconi called me over to his office in the gym. "Boswell," he said, "you lucked out. I got a class of ladies starting Monday and I'm registering you."

"Ladies?"

"*Girls. Fe*male wrestlers."

"You want me to train with girls?" I said.

"Boswell," he said, winking evilly, "it's better than barbells."

"Sure," I said.

"The coming thing," he said. "Lady wrestlers. The wave of the future. I can foresee the time when there'll be girl tag teams, girl midgets, interracial girl wrestling, mixed matches with men."

"Interracial mixed matches with men?" I asked.

"Let's go slow," he said.

So I trained with ladies. At first I was shy. After all, it's an odd feeling to see the world strapped across the thick, broad shoulders of some nubile young lady, an extraordinary concept to be struggling for air nuzzled against the breast of some matronly female giant. But I got used to it and even began to enjoy it. Ultimately, for everyone's protection, Alconi's male instructor had to put me on a private crash program. It wasn't the same. I emerged from my training somewhat better prepared for the professional knockabout I had engaged for. I had learned, as Alconi put it, to fall. This is useful knowledge.

I went forth.

I was small time. I started the evening, or ended it, or filled in on tag teams, but for a year I wrestled everywhere, earning, curiously, different reputations in different parts of the country. In the South, for example, I nearly always won. (Alconi explained why. I was, as Bogolub, the big promoter in Los Angeles, was also to tell me later, clean-cut, a Protestant, Mr. Universe type, Anglo-Saxon all the way up.) But in the coal-mining Middle Atlantic States, and for the same reasons that I was let to win in the South, I always lost. Elsewhere it was the same pattern. Here a winner. There a loser. Only in the democratic racially indifferent West did I win and lose. I was earning a little more money now, though the fact that the instructor had to give me private lessons upped Alconi's take a couple of percent and I was no longer Chairman of the Board.

It went like that, as I say, for about a year. Then, just after Alconi died, I had a row with Bogolub in Los Angeles.

Bogolub insisted his wrestlers have at least three sessions in the gym before they went on. I had complained to him that I thought the act got stale if it was rehearsed too often. "I don't think so," Bogolub said. He's a tiny man, white-faced, like someone with a heart condition. He goes in a limousine which he drives himself to all the gyms in the city to watch his wrestlers. "I don't think so," he said. "I think practice makes perfect."

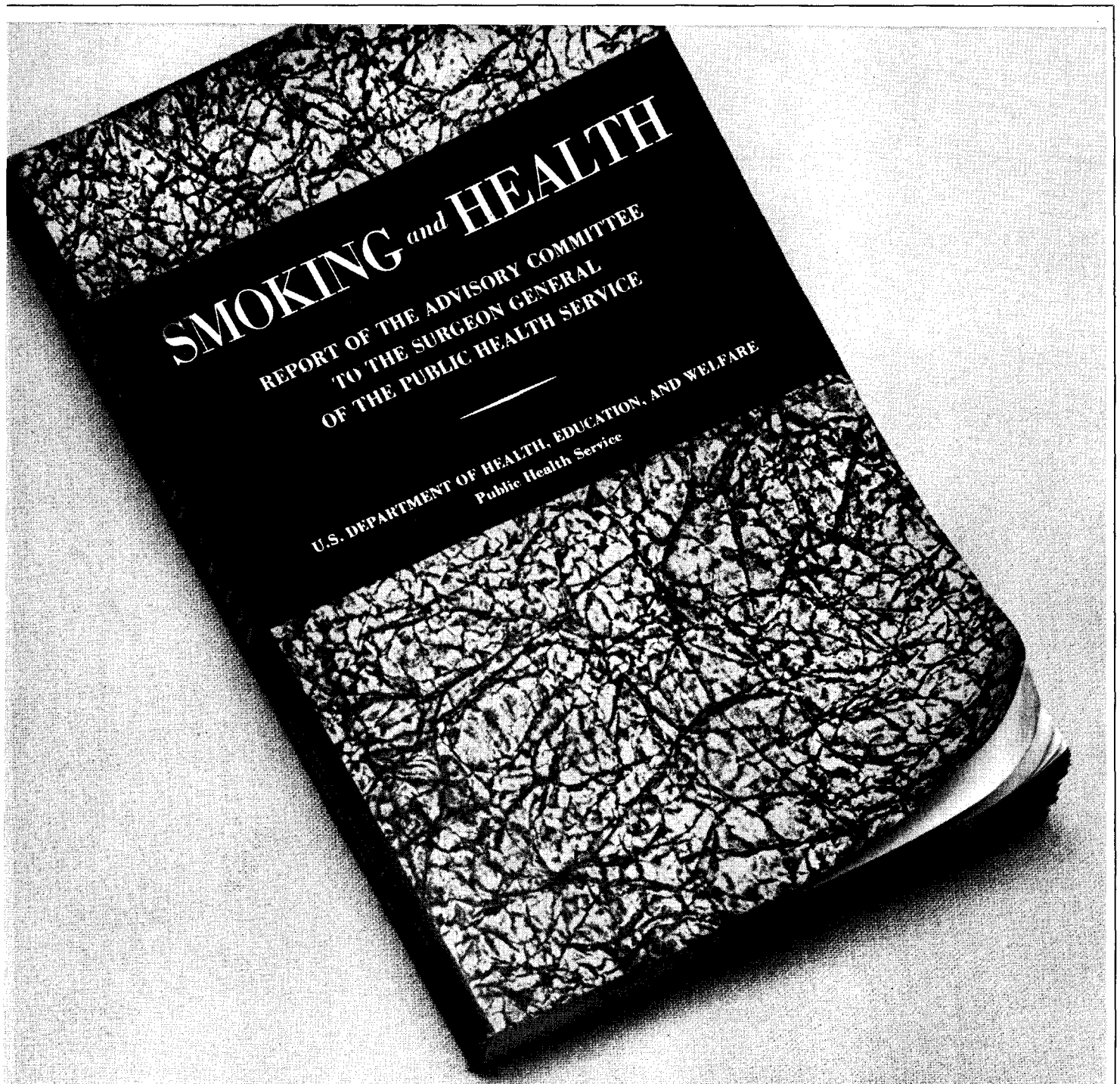
"I can't agree," I told him. "That's what makes horse racing," he said, pointing vaguely toward the ring. I shrugged and went off with Felix Bush, the Schenectady Stalwart, to work out on the mat. (My kind doesn't even get to use the practice ring.) Bogolub watched me carefully. It was almost half an hour after our talk, but he continued as if there had been no interruption. "In addition," he said, "you are just a tanker. The biggest men, the *biggest*, work out the routine in the gym before a match."

To prove to Bogolub that practice did not make perfect—*to prove nothing of the sort: to reserve to my life a certain limited spontaneity*—I let Felix Bush beat me the next night in a match I was supposed to win.

Bogolub came into the locker room. I was still in the shower.

"*BOSWELL!*"

"*Boswell?*" I pretended not to hear him.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TO THE SURGEON GENERAL
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"Boswell, you in there? You hear me? You in there? Well I hope you're in there because that's where you wash up and that's what you are, you understand? Washed up! No more in L.A. do you wrestle for me in my gardens with the television and the hookups to San Francisco and all the way up to Portland, Oregon. That's all finished, tanker. A guy that can't win a fixed fight! Wash up good, you hear me? I'm paying for the soap and I say to you you are welcome because you are washed up in Los Angeles, do you understand me?"

"Yes. Beat it."

"Beat it? Beat it? Do you threaten me, phony? I better not understand you to threaten me because I got guys who sell popcorn for me in this place who can whip you. You're finished."

I came out of the shower and went over to my locker. Bogolub followed and stared at me while I dried myself. It always makes me nervous when people look at me when I'm naked. Even girls. I turned my back.

"Dry up good, do you understand me?" Bogolub said.

"Please," I said wearily. "Mr. Bogolub."

"No no, my boy," Bogolub said gently, "you miss my meaning. You shouldn't catch cold. You missed a spot on your back. Where the yellow streak is, *that's still wet!*"

I turned to face him. "Look," I said.

"Show me your behind again. I can't stand to look at your face," Bogolub said.

I shrugged.

"Why did Felix Bush beat you?" Bogolub demanded.

"I was Bushed," I said.

"Pig stink," he said.

"Get out of here, Mr. Bogolub."

"Get out of here, Mr. Bogolub," he mimicked. "Get out of here, Mr. Bogolub." And then, in his own voice, "No tanker tells me to get out of my own place. *You* get out. You get dressed and get out. And that reminds me, I meant to tell you before. Why do you wear those crummy clothes? You look like something in a playground. I pay you. Wrestlers make good money. Ain't you proud of your profession?"

"Wrestling is not my profession."

"That's right. Not anymore. Not in Los Angeles it ain't."

"OK."

"OK! You *bet* OK! A tanker who can't win a fight that I go to the trouble to fix it for him. With rehearsals yet. Let me tell you something, Mr. America, let me tell you something about the economics of this profession."

Despite myself I was instantly alert. All shoptalk excites me, everybody's trade secrets are important to me. I can't help it. Men die. Knowledge is power. Power is a sort of health too. It was all I could do to keep from putting my arm around Bogolub, from offering him a swallow of my mineral water.

"You don't know yet the damage you done tonight, do you, tanker? Contracts have been made, do you understand that? How am I going to juggle all those contracts? Bush was supposed to fight Fat Smith here next month. Maybe he won't. Maybe you ruined it for him too. It's something I got to figure it out. How can Smith go against him now? He was on the card last week and lost to the Chink. Maybe you don't remember the terrific beating you give to the Chink yourself last time you was here, but the public remembers. So right away it's an overmatch. A winner against a loser. It's inconsistent. Where's the interest? A guy like Bush is supposed to lose in Los Angeles. All of a sudden he beats a contender."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. In the long-range geometry. I had plans for you. Clean cut. A Mr. Universe type."

"I didn't know about that," I said.

"Big shot. Vigilante. Takes things into his own hands and doesn't know what he's doing."

"What difference does it make? So Bush wins one fight. Who's going to think about it that way?"

"*Think* about it? *Think* about it? Who said anything about anyone thinking about it? It's the *feeling* of the thing. The balance. That's what makes a good card. You queered that. Now I'll have to readjust outcomes all the way up the line to get the balance back. And who pays for all that? You? *I* pay for it. It means new routines, new choreography, new identities, new costumes."

"I'm sorry," I said.

Bogolub wasn't listening. He wasn't even mad anymore. He was just thinking out loud. "Maybe I could mask somebody. Maybe some old tanker could come in masked. A new personality. That might fix things."

"I could go against Fat Smith if I wore a mask," I said. "Bush could fight my man."

Bogolub was silent.

"That would restore the balance," I said.

"Who you supposed to be fighting?" he asked finally. "The Grim Reaper, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"We'll see. I won't make promises."

"I'm really sorry about tonight," I said. "I was sick."

Look, Alconi had just died. He left no heirs, no survivors (there *are* no survivors), and my contract had reverted back to myself. It was like having my salary suddenly doubled, and with Bogolub sore at me I stood to lose something for the first time in my life. *That's* why I apologized.

He looked at me. He didn't believe my excuse, but he was grateful that I had made one. "You'd have to change your style," he said.

"Yes," I said. "I'd *have* to change my style."

When I saw him the next day Bogolub explained that if I assumed a new identity I could no longer wrestle on the West Coast as myself.

"That's all right," I said.

He looked at me narrowly.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Some guys mind."

He wanted me to stay over in Los Angeles a few more days to talk over plans and line up matches (most of them with men I was already scheduled to meet) and sign new contracts. I had to cancel contests in Sacramento and Berkeley, but Bogolub was so excited about launching a new career for someone that he agreed to split the forfeit fee with me.

I saw him two days later and he asked me if I had any ideas.

"About what?"

"About *what?* About the costume!"

I tried to seem enthusiastic. I would

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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paint my body green, I told Bogolub, and wear a monster mask. There would be fangs and saliva could drip down from them like stuff coming off stalactites. I would call myself The Wolf Man and explain my complexion by the fact that I was raised in a cave in Belgium until I was eighteen.

Bogolub listened to me thoughtfully, then frowned. "It's no good," he said. "It's too corny."

"Gee, I liked it," I told him.

"Nah," Bogolub said, "what'd happen when you sweat?"

"When I sweat?"

"Sure," Bogolub said, "the green paint. It's no good."

"How about an executioner's mask? I could wear an executioner's mask down to my shoulders. With big holes for the eyes and the nostrils."

"You ain't got the body for it," he said professionally. "You got a young body. That's what we got to start with."

"Yes," I said. "I suppose that's right."

"Sure," he said. "We got to work on that angle of it. We can't make you into something horrible when you ain't."

"You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse," I said.

Bogolub didn't answer. He seemed lost in thought. After a while he smiled and patted his stomach affectionately.

"Have you got an idea?"

"I *think* so, I *think* so. How would this be? We put you in a white silk mask. Like the Lone Ranger's, only white. And you wear white trunks and a beautiful white silk cape. And white shoes. Nothing else. Very simple. You're The Masked Playboy. You wear the mask because you're really a millionaire's kid and you don't want your parents to know that you're wrestling professional—it would break their hearts. THE HIGH-SOCIETY WRESTLER! WHO IS HE? How's that?"

"Mr. Bogolub," I said, "you're a genius."

I became The Masked Playboy. This was in the early days of the baroque wrestler, and Bogolub's maneuver was very successful. Now it was arranged for me to win fairly regularly. Bogolub explained the motivation. Why, after all, would a millionaire playboy like myself continue to wrestle if he lost? He would *have* to be a pretty good wrestler. Bogolub was pleased with his invention and I began to have more and more dates on the West Coast. Once Bogolub told me that my masquerade was actually helping free enterprise and capitalism. There was far too much baloney going around about the working classes, Bogolub said. If Americans were made to see how tough and clean-cut a rich man's son could be, they would sit up and take notice and it would be good for business.

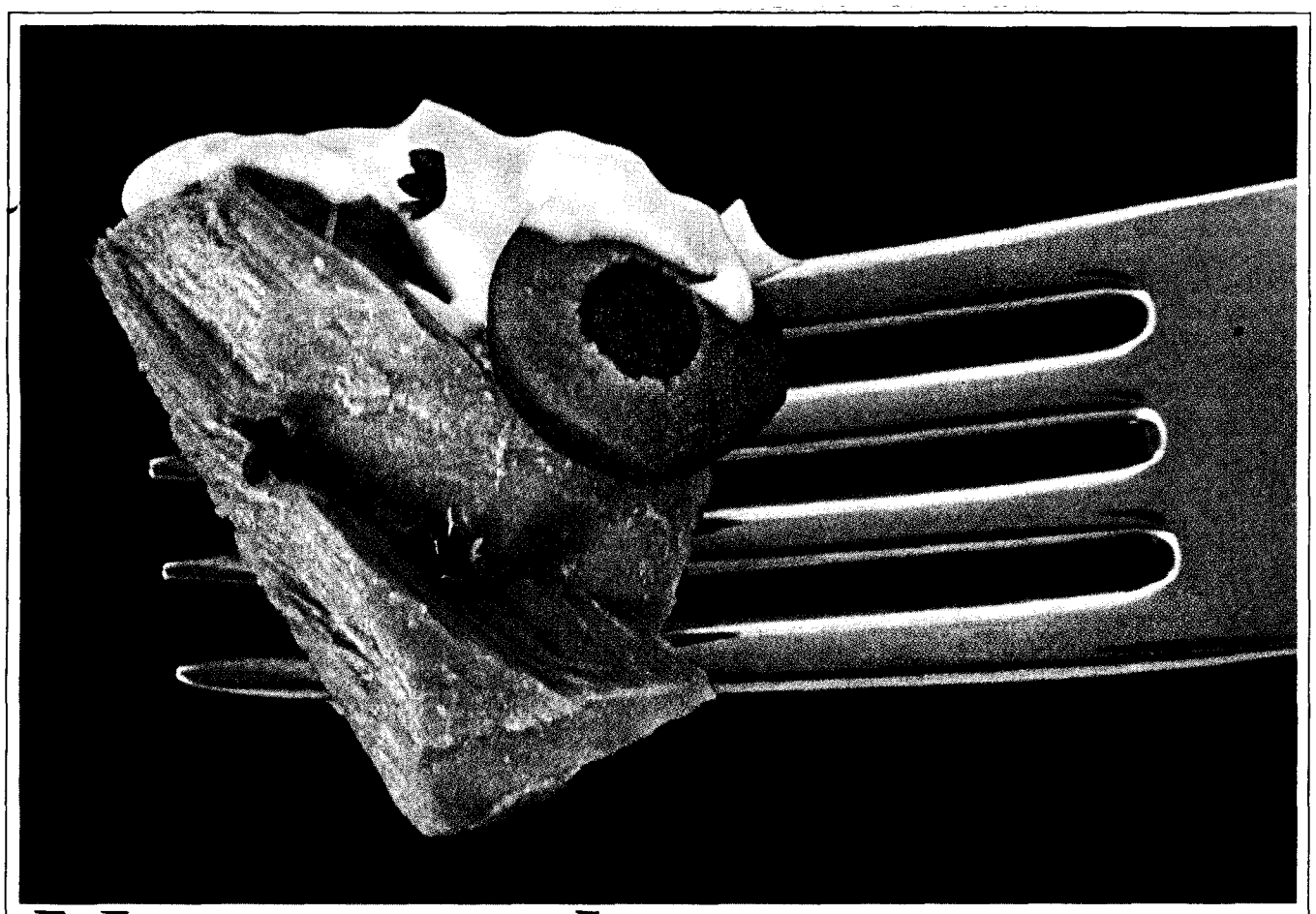
Bogolub was like the rest of us, I thought sadly. It was like those scenes in Technicolor musicals when José Iturbi interrupts the classical piece he's playing and goes into a boogie-woogie riff. It's our instinct to applaud such acts, to wink at Carmen Miranda with Esther Williams when the time comes. It's our signal. The secret handshake of the eye. Classical is only fancy, but popular is good. Little is big and weak is strong and poor is rich. What I stood for, what I demonstrated behind my silk mask, like the Lone Ranger's, only white, was even better. That rich is poor, that alive will one day be dead.

I now had four distinct personalities, anyway identities: The Southern Boswell, cheerful, victorious bearer of the white-man's burden—whipper of Wops, Spik scourger, Hebe hitter, Polack pitcher. The Midatlantic, Midwest, Midnorthern Tier Boswell, a loser, the Anglo-Saxon toy of first-generation Europeans. Number three—West Coast. The Masked Playboy. Rich Man's Son (a kind of Christ, really). The Man in the White Silk Mask. Who didn't need the money but beat up guys to show he was regular. (Who couldn't use the death, since he was immortal, but who died anyway to show he was regular.) And last, everywhere, myself. The Boswell Boswell. Don't ask. Don't ask.

Without a map it was sometimes difficult to know who I was, good guy or bad. Only the offstage Boswell, the Boswell in the Street, got any peace, and it a fitful one.

For five months I toured, climbing the country in busy, sooty eastern and central tours, a wrestler in industrial towns, comic relief for the day shift. Making the more leisurely long, low southern lope, the white hope of God knows what. Then the western trip. Quick. Off with the horn-rimmed glasses. Into the cape. The mask. The white shoes. The Capitalist's Friend. Free Enterprise's Prize. And all in the preliminaries. Alarums and excursions without. In the anteroom of history as it were. The man who fights the man who fights the man who fights the man who one day saves or kills the king.

Then one evening, six months after putting on the silk mask in Los Angeles, I



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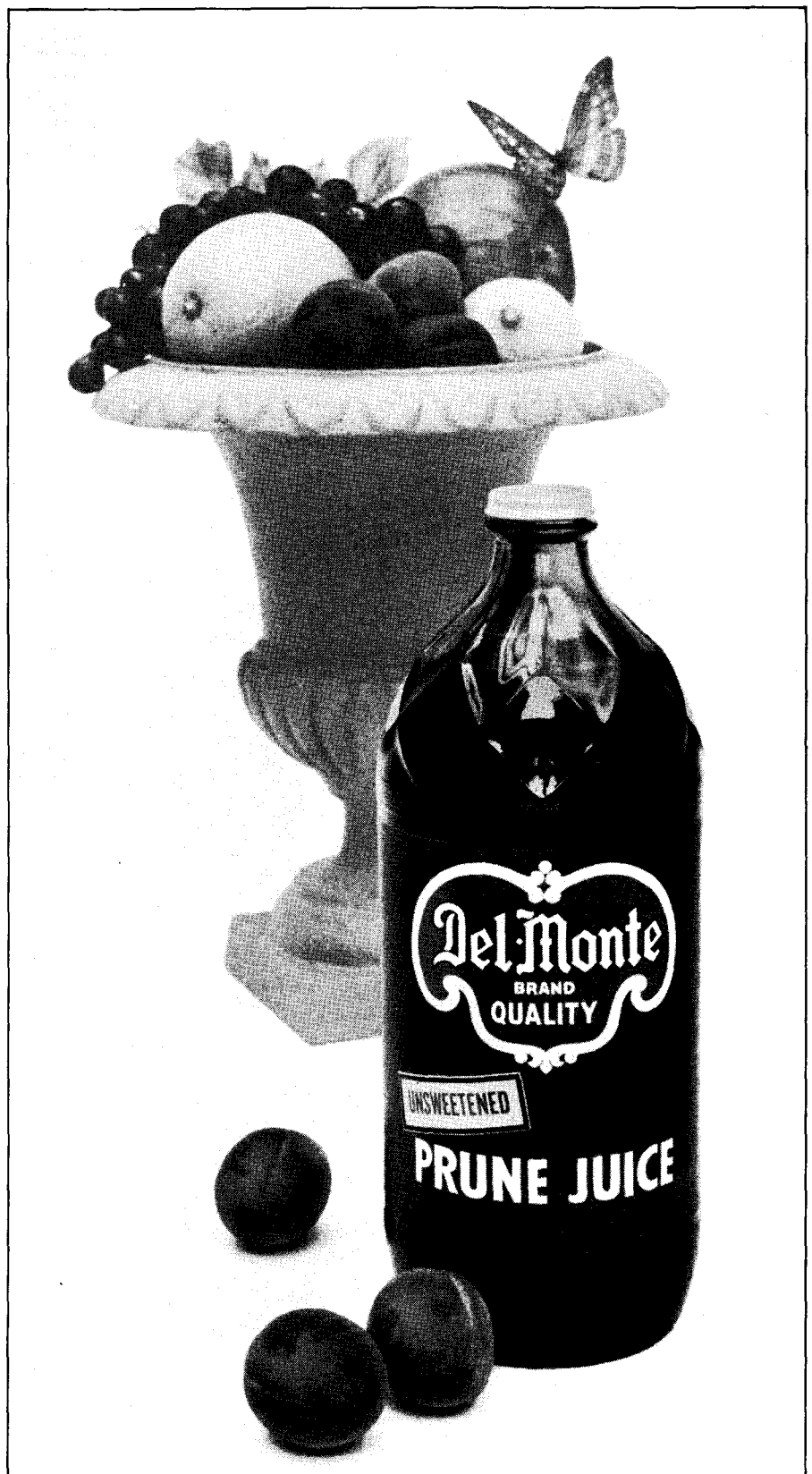

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The Transient

was having dinner with a promoter in Columbus, Ohio.

"I was out with Barry Bogolub a couple of weeks ago. He came East on a scouting tour. You work for him, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Yeah, he was telling me. Seems you got this gimmick going for you in L.A. Mystery Playboy or something."

"The Masked Playboy."

"Yeah, that's right, he was telling me."

"What about it?"

"It sounds good. Next time you're in Columbus, bring your mask."

So, gradually, slowly, the real Boswell began to fade. Boswell was dead. Long live Boswell. More and more I wrestled as The Masked Playboy. In hick towns there were write-ups in the paper. I can remember sitting in more than one lousy hotel room, drinking expensive Scotch, a silken ascot under my ratty robe, legs crossed, staring democratically from behind my mask at the reporter who had come to interview me.

"Yes, thass right. Educated at Cambridge. But I told Father at the time that I shouldn't be content with a sedentary rich man's life. He thought it a youth's threat, of course, and meanwhile I developed my body to what you see now."

"Were you actually in the Four Hundred?"

"Well, not actually. There was some nasty business some years ago about an uncle in trade. If I had to place the family myself, I'd put it somewhere in the low Five Hundreds."

"I see," the poor fellow would say wearily. "You're not supporting the family now, of course, it hasn't ——"

"Fallen on harder days? I should think not. Otherwise I might be able to take off this damnable mask. No, no, the Van Bl—, I mean, *the family*, is moneyed."

"They've got a lot of money," he'd say, writing it down.

"Oh, Lord yes, I should say so. But a fellow likes to earn a bit of his own, you know."

"Yeah," the man would say.

Yeah. So I died and died and another part of me was born and born. After a while articles began to appear about me in the wrestling magazines. The more sophisticated ones, *The Ring*, for example, treated me with contempt. My sort of "showmanship" would proliferate, they editorialized, and with the help of unscrupulous promoters I would help to discredit even further a once noble sport. The other magazines, the body-building books and that sort, took the story, or pretended to take it, at face value, passing it on to their readers—who *were* those people anyway?—so that it actually gained in translation. I wrestled, they said, only in those towns where I had factories or brokerage offices or banks.

I was bigger now, more important than I had ever been as myself, and the lesson was not lost on me. For the first time I began to take the wrestling seriously. As the months went by I gathered more and more of a reputation. There was talk that one day I would be a serious contender for the championship.

Which brings me to my first appearance in a main event.

Bogolub had told me the night he wanted to throw me out of wrestling that I might one day be a contender, that he had had his eye on me. Perhaps it was true. I doubt it, but perhaps it was. Probably he said it to add a fillip to my loss, to start in the young man's mind the old man's myth, "I could have been the champion . . ." We are instinctively ironists, tricky tragedians. But if it was not true when Bogolub said it, a year later it was.

One night I got a call from Bogolub when I was in Fargo, North Dakota.

"Playboy? Barry."

"Yes, Mr. Bogolub?"

"Pete Lancer broke his leg in Philly last night. He was supposed to go against The Grim Reaper in a main event in St. Louis Friday, but there's no question of his making it. I want you to go down and take his place."

"I can't do it," I said. "I'm fighting in Des Moines Friday."

"Called off, kid."

"What about the forfeit fee?"

"Playboy, you're talking regarding peanuts. This is a main event in St. Louis I'm talking about. You're big-time now, Masked. Give me a call when you get to L.A." He started to hang up.

"Mr. Bogolub. Mr. Bogolub?"

"Come on, Boswell, this is long-distance. Fargo ain't Fresno."

"What about the arrangements?"

"Oh, yeah, in my excitement I forgot to tell you. You lose."

"What's that?"

"You lose. Give them a show, you understand, you're an important wrestler, but you lose. I can trust you."

"Mr. Bogolub, the last time I was scheduled to meet him I was supposed to win."

"He's the next champion, Playboy. Be a little patient, please. Give me a ring as soon as you get to L.A."

"Mr. Bogolub, I don't want to fight him. I don't want to fight him Friday." I was talking to myself. Bogolub had hung up.

I went down to the National Guard Armory. I don't even remember who I wrestled. I stumbled through the routine and it was a lousy show, I remember, even though I won. The crowd was booing me. "Hey, masked man, go get Tonto," someone shouted. "Hey Kemosabe, you stink." "Take off the mask, Prince. The ball is over."

In the locker room afterward, the fellow I beat sat down next to me.

"What's wrong, Boswell?" (The wrestlers, of course, knew who I was. In a way the wrestlers were wonderful. They always played to the other fellow's costume.) "Don't you feel good?"

"Ah, Bogolub called before the match. I fight The Reaper Friday in St. Louis."

"That's terrific," he said. "That's really great. Main eventer?"

"Yes."

"That's marvelous, Boswell. That's really terrific."

"I lose."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, that's different. That's too bad. That's a tough piece of luck."

I didn't understand his reaction, but in the plane that night I suddenly understood. He thought I felt bad because I was supposed to lose. I was a comer, a contender. One day I was supposed to be strictly a main eventer. The Reaper already was. If I was scheduled to lose to him in my first appearance in a main event it probably meant that Bogolub was narrowing the field, was dumping me. I was better off winning the little matches, better off even losing some of them, than losing the big ones. It was too soon for me to go against Reaper and lose. When I realized this, I realized something else.

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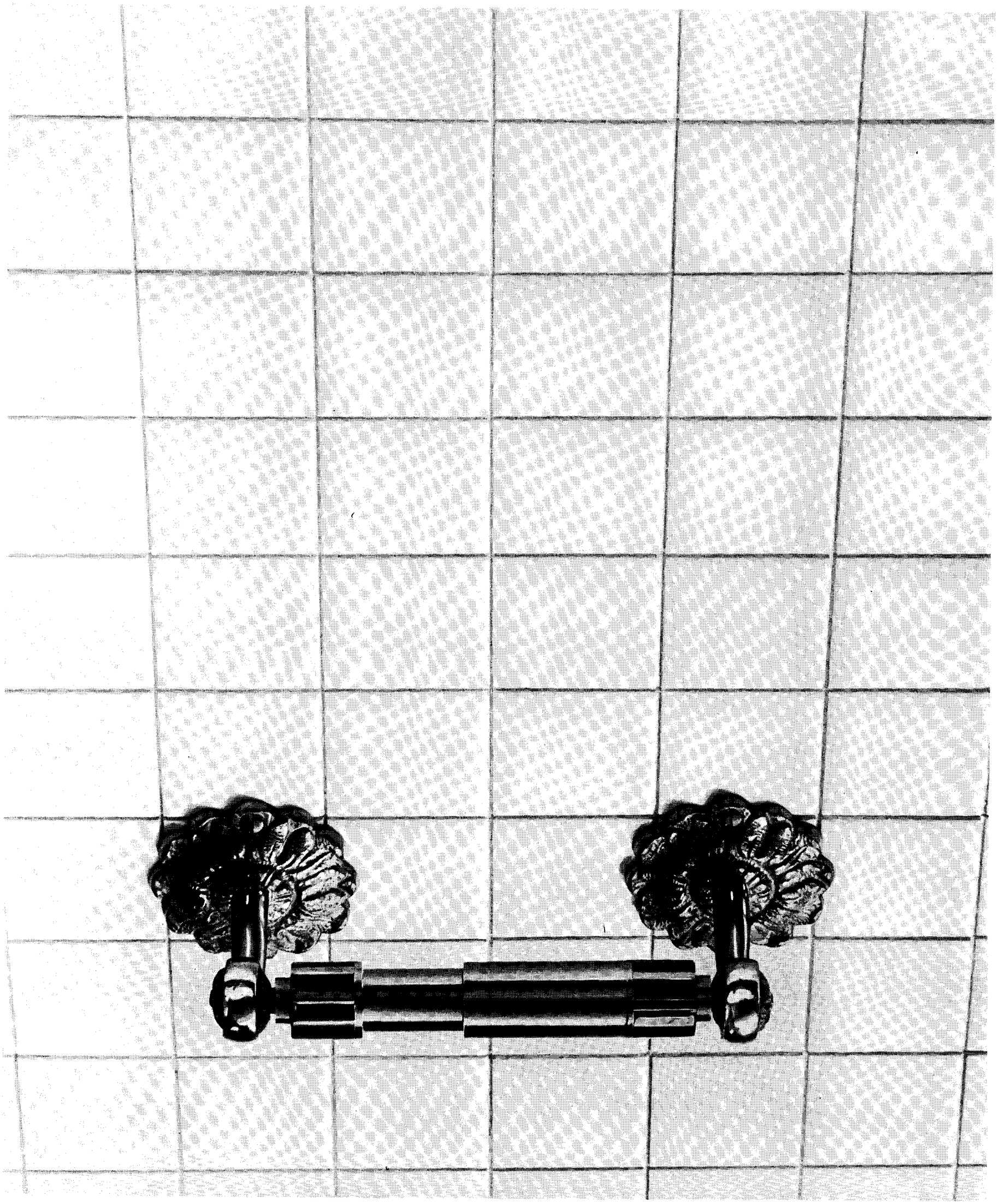

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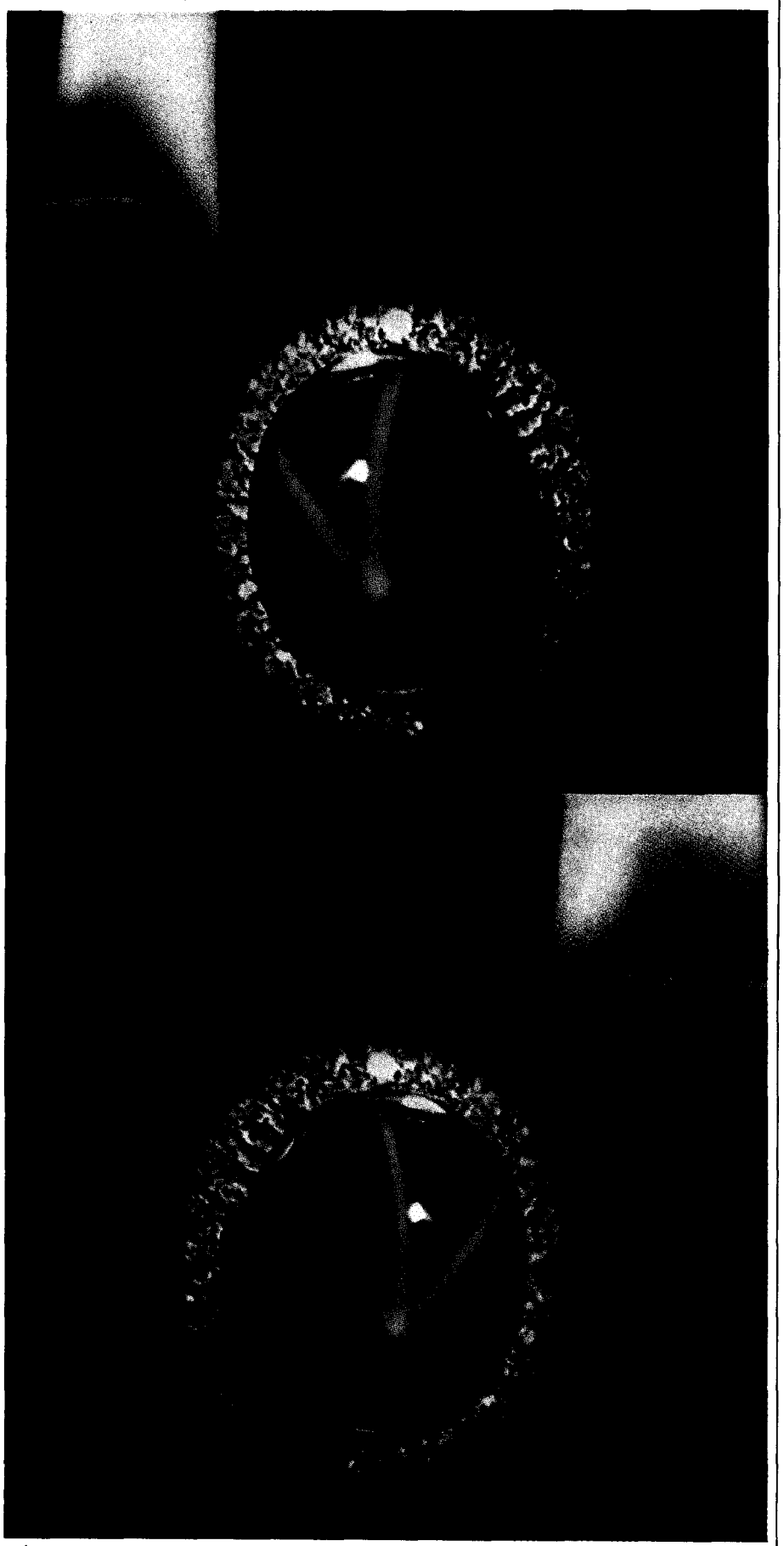

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The Transient

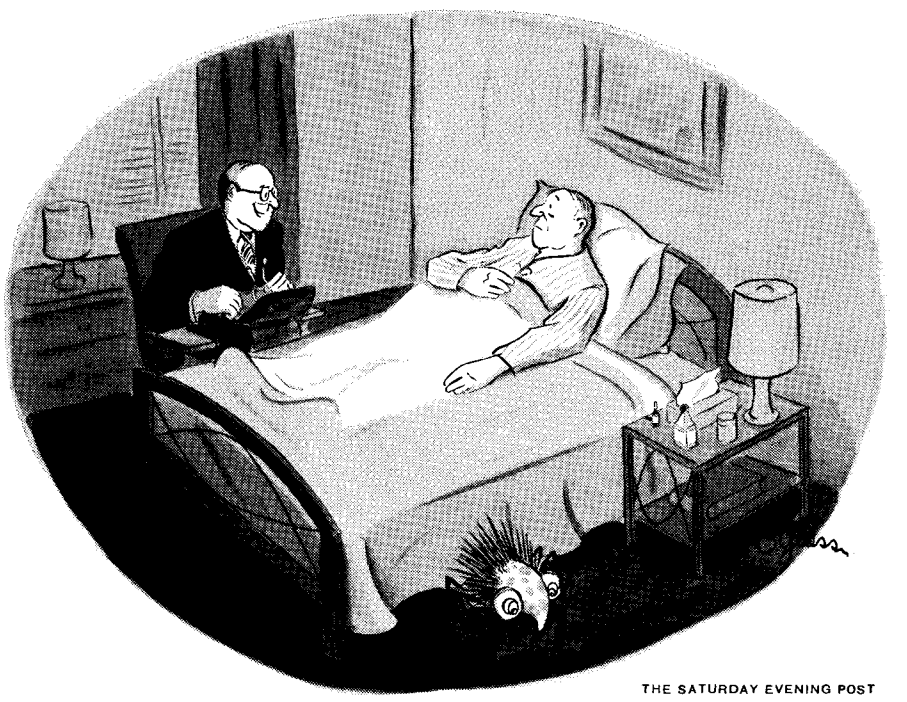
I hadn't been thinking of my career at all. This was personal. I had been thinking of John Sallow.

John Sallow, The Grim Reaper, was the wrestler I had been scheduled to fight in L.A. just before I disappeared out there as Boswell. Sallow had been fighting under one name or other for years. He had been a wrestler before I was even born. He had wrestled when the sport *was* a sport, before it had become an "exhibition." At one time in their careers he had beaten Strangler Lewis, had beaten The Angel, had beaten all the champions. He had fought everywhere—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Americas, everywhere. It was now impossible to know how many fights he had actually had because many were in days and towns when and where they didn't keep records, and because, too, of his many changes of name. He wasn't very active in the 'Thirties, though he fought some during the depression, but he came out of his semi-retirement during the Second World War when many of the younger wrestlers were in the service. One day he was to beat them, too, just as he had defeated the older champions.

It was phenomenal to see the old man work. The crowds loved to watch him; they love to gape, fascinated, at his wily, ancient movements. He was curiously lithe and gave an impression of incredible detachment, suggesting that the body which moved so gracefully was somehow something he merely inhabited, oddly like clothes which move always a split second after the agent inside them has already moved. He seemed to exercise an almost ruthless discipline of his limbs. His face carried this impression even further. It was impassive, totally without expression, without the familiar landmarks of love or hate. Nor did he fit conveniently into the traditional comic role of hero or villain in his matches. True, he never employed the obvious techniques, the blatant eye gougings, hair pullings, finger bendings, chokeholds, which sooner or later could bring even the most sophisticated crowd to its feet, to make it scream in educed outrage, but there was latent in his movements, always slow, always oddly prim, a sure viciousness, an indifference to consequences to bone and muscle. If he pulled a punch it was ultimately strategic, and although he submitted to the terms of his contracts, winning or losing according to some higher plan, wrestlers hated to fight him. He hurt them even when he lost. They could not account for his steady strength. Some said he was insane, but if he was, his irrationality never extended to his activities in the ring. Indeed, he seemed to have a *rational body!* His movements were so naturally deft and logical that it is impossible to imagine his ever stubbing his toe or ripping his clothes on a nail. Outside the ring, in street clothes, he was unremarkable, a tall, pale, almost gaunt man, with preternaturally black hair. He looked like a farmer, in town to visit by a bedside in a hospital, perhaps. He did not speak much (indeed, you could tell that by looking at him) but he must have had an extraordinary facility with languages. Once, when I was on a card with him, I heard him explain to two Japanese Sumo wrestlers who had come over for a special exhibition what arrangements had been made for them. The Sumos, delighted that they had found someone who could speak their language, tried to engage him in further conversation, but Sallow simply turned away.

It was with relief the year before that I discovered I would not have to fight him. I could abide the clowns, good guys and bad guys alike, but to have to struggle with Sallow's naked dignity, to have to believe that somehow the match really was of consequence, was something I could not look forward to. I would have fought him if I had had to (actually I had been scheduled to win), but not to have to was much simpler for me.

In the year I had been making my reputation, Sallow had been remaking his. I heard talk of him wherever I went. Wrestlers spoke in awe of his phenomenal strength, of his ability simply to rise under the weight and pressure of any hold. He was now wrestling constantly, wrestling everywhere, winning everywhere. It was said that suddenly he had simply refused to throw any more matches. He had never been the champion, the wrestlers reasoned. Perhaps now, before his career had ended (surely it was almost over; how old *was* he? Fifty? Sixty? *More?*), he was eager at last to have the belt. At any rate, he had been winning steadily.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nothing serious, really, just one of those bugs that's been going around."

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Knowing Bogolub (who was his manager as well as my own now), I could not believe that Sallow would do anything which did not meet with Bogolub's approval, so I doubted the story that he won fights he had been meant to lose. Still, there was something odd in the persistence of the rumors, something odder in his quick, bright fame, the queer fascination of the crowds that came to watch him. They didn't like him. They never cheered his victories. I had been in stadiums when he fought and there was no more noise than there would have been had the crowd never gathered, had it stayed in its individual homes, watching its individual television sets in its individual silences. They came, one gathered, to watch age beat youth, not to *see* it, to watch it, to be there when it happened if it had to happen, witnesses at some awful accident, not personal, not human, a disturbance in nature itself, some lush imbalance of nature. Even old people in the crowds watched with distaste his effortless lifts of men twice his size and half his age. He was not their hope as in the South I had been. They wanted nothing to do with his victories. They refused to be cozened with immortality. Yet—this was the oddest circumstance—as they never cheered Sallow, neither did they cheer his opponents. Again, they simply watched, as one watched any inevitable struggle—a fox against a chicken, say—fascinated and a little afraid.

The papers never let the public forget The Grim Reaper theme, equating John Sallow with death itself. "Last night, before a crowd of 7,000 persons in Tulsa's Civic Auditorium, John Sallow, the Grimmest Reaper, danced a *danse macabre* with a younger, presumably stronger man. With slow inevitability the dark visitor"—this was the journalist's imagination; Sallow is pale—"choked all resistance from the helpless body of his opponent." They pretended fear and made John Sallow rich. In February, 1949, however, someone actually died while fighting John Sallow. He was fighting Seldon Faye, the Olympic champion. In the very beginning Sallow lifted Faye off the ground, slammed him down and pinned him. He was declared the winner and he left the ring. Faye did not get up. If Sallow heard the mob he gave no indication, and he went down into his dressing room, showered, dressed and was out of the town before a doctor declared Faye officially dead. It turned out that Faye had a bad heart. He shouldn't have been wrestling at all, but after this The Grim Reaper ceased to be merely a catch phrase and took on the significance of an official title. Some zealous reporter dug up the information that a wrestler named Jack Shallow had killed another wrestler in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1920. Were Sallow and Shallow the same person? In the myth, of course, they were.

I saw him, I knew, as the crowd saw him, as the papers pretended to see him.

I saw him as the Angel of Death.

Now I had to fight him. Bogolub wanted me to lose but I couldn't. Fixing beyond fixing. It would be the first honest match . . . fight . . . struggle . . . of my career. It was back to the barroom days, one against four, the old odds, the odds that make causes, that make heroes and victims out of winners and losers. That was all right. Come on Sallow, old enemy, Boswell the Big goes against the Angel of Death to save the world. That the public would think me The Masked Playboy was fitting too. Its real heroes are never known to it. Masks beyond masks. No matter. I would save it anyway, anonymously, nom de plumely. In St. Louis I would break old death's old back.

Maybe others think it strange that an overgrown man like myself can believe such things. I say only this in my defense. Why not? Who knows what I believe? If God, why *not* the Angel of Death? Why not ghosts and dragons? Anyway this is the *Angel of Death* I'm talking about. Ah, you don't believe in him? You think you're the one that's going to live forever? Forget it. Forget it! In the meantime don't snicker when somebody fights your battles for you.

I was in St. Louis two days before the match and went to my hotel. *My* hotel. Hah! When I was close enough I read the medallion on the building with approval: HOTEL MISSOURI—TRANSIENTS. You said it, I thought. That's telling them, innkeeper. There should be signs like that all over: in banks, on movie seats, on beds in brothels, in churches. That would change the world. Even on coffin lids. Transients! Put it to them straight. No loitering! Not a command. A warning. Official, brass-plated Dutch-unclery.

I registered. The desk clerk looked familiar to me. (I never forget a face, but it constantly astonishes me when I recognize people in public places—to see the same waiter in a restaurant when I return to a city after five months, the same stewardess on two flights, the same woman who sells tickets in a movie, the same clerk at a desk. That astonishes me. But I know these are the exceptions. The turnover in the world is terrific. Usually

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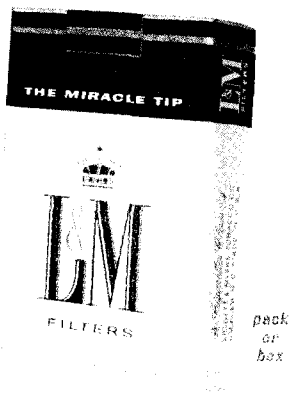

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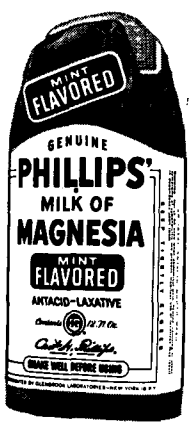

So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself that the world's best laxative is the best tasting, too!

REGULAR OR
MINT-FLAVORED

The Transient

the waiter no longer waits for anything. The stewardess is grounded. The woman in the cashier's box files no nails. Neither do they grow. The clerk has checked out.) I took the key from him and went up to my room. By some coincidence my elevator had been inspected by H. R. Fox that very day. That very day. I was safe. H. R. Fox said so. In the elevator. Stay in the elevator. It's been cleared. It wasn't bad advice, but there too I was a transient. H. R. Fox was wrong. Or else I had misunderstood him. Maybe all he meant was that the elevator was safe, not the people in it. H. R. Fox knew his business. He was as sharp as a fox. He gave away nothing. Nothing.

I called room service.

"Yes sir?" a voice answered.

"This is the transient in 814." (Jerk, I thought, it adds up to 13. How come you didn't realize that?) "Send me dinner."

"What's that, sir?"

"Send me dinner."

"What would you like, sir?"

"What difference does it make?"

I hung up.

In a moment the phone rang. It was room service, a different voice than the one I had just spoken to. Already, I thought. The turnover, the turnover. "Is this the gentleman in 814 who just called about his dinner?"

"Yes," I said. "Send it up as soon as it's ready, please."

"Would the gentleman care for some chateaubriand?"

"Is that expensive?" I asked.

"Well . . ." the voice said.

"Is it?"

"It is our specialty, sir."

"Fine," I said.

"Very well then, some chateaubriand. And a wine? Should you like to see our wine list?"

"No," I said. "Send up your best wine. Two bottles."

"Certainly, sir. Is the gentleman, is the gentleman ——"

"Yes?"

"Is the gentleman entertaining?"

"Only himself, buddy."

"I see, sir. Very good, sir."

"Oh, and buddy?"

"Yes sir?"

"You can't take it with you."

My dinner came and I ate it without enjoyment and drank the two bottles of wine sullenly.

I called the desk.

"This is the transient in 814. That adds up to 13, did you know that?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I was in your elevator some while ago," I said, "looking at the control panel."

"Is something wrong, sir?"

"You can drop the 'sir,' buddy. We're all of us transients, you know."

"Sir?"

"Have it your way," I said. "There's no thirteenth floor."

"Sir?"

"There's no thirteenth floor. There's a twelfth floor and a fourteenth floor, but there's no thirteenth floor."

"Sir," the clerk said, humoring the drunken transient from out of town. "that's standard hotel policy. Many of our guests are superstitious and feel ——"

"I know all about it," I interrupted him, "but that's the most important floor of all."

The clerk smiled over the telephone.

"Get it back, do you understand?"

"I'll see about it, sir."

"Thank you," I said politely. "I thought you should know." I hung up. I remembered something I had forgotten. I called the desk clerk again.

"Transient in 814," I said.

"Yes sir," the clerk said. He was getting a little tired of me. Fun was fun, he was thinking, but there was a convention in town.

"Has John Sallow checked into this hotel?"

The clerk brightened over the phone.

"Just one moment, sir, I'll check that for you."

The line went dead.

"I'm sorry, sir," the clerk said in a moment, "no such party is registered at the Missouri."

"Standard hotel policy, I suppose, like the foolishness about the thirteenth floor. Superstitious guests I suppose."

"Shall I check my reservations, sir?" he asked coldly.

"No," I said. "If he shows up, have him get in touch with the transient in 814."

I hung up.

I found a Yellow Pages in the nightstand by the telephone. I opened it to Hotels and called them all alphabetically and asked if John Sallow were there. He was nowhere. Sure, I thought, what do you think, the Angel of Death needs a room? How would he sign the register? How would he have the nerve to walk into one of H. R. Fox's elevators? Besides, he's no transient.

I went to bed.

I was in the gym at eleven o'clock the next morning. I went up to Lee Lee Meadows, the promoter. Lee Lee was wrapped in a big orange camel's-hair coat. He was talking to a reporter. "Lee Lee, is it true you can go fourteen days without water?" the reporter was asking.

"Lee Lee," I said, going up beside him, "I've got to speak to you."

"I'm talking to the press here," Lee Lee said.

The reporter caught the eye of a wrestler and walked over toward him. Lee Lee raised his hand to object. The reporter smiled and waved back at him. Lee Lee turned to me. "Yeah, well, what's so important?"

"Is Sallow in town yet? I tried all the hotels."

Lee Lee frowned. "He'll be when he'll be," he said.

"I've got to see him before the match."

Lee Lee looked at me suspiciously. "Hey you," he said, "what's the excitement?"

"I just have to see him," I said.

"Yeah? Bogolub called me about you. He said you ain't too anxious to fight the Reaper. That you don't want to lose."

"No," I said, "I want to fight him."

"Because I got five tankers wild to be whipped by the Reaper."

"No, no, Bogolub misunderstood. I *want* to fight him."

"The Reaper pulls here. You're nothing."

"Of course," I said. "I want to see him because I thought of a new routine."

"He'll be when he'll be."

"He's not in town?"

"How do I know where he is? He could be with a floozy on Market Street. What do I know if he's in town? That old man. That's some old man."

"Lee Lee?"

"What?"

"This business about The Grim Reaper, what do you think about it?"

"A terrific idea. Brilliant."

"Then you don't believe any of it?"

"Come on," Lee Lee said.

"It's just a stunt," I said, "like The Masked Playboy?"

"Well, that I don't know. I'll say this. I been promoting matches in Louis since 1934. Reaper was one of my first fighters."

"That's only 17 years," I said.

"Kid," he said. "Kid, he was an old man *then!*"

I worked out listlessly with some of the other wrestlers on Friday's card and at two o'clock I went back to my hotel.

I called all the hotels again. It took me an hour and a half. I left messages with all the clerks. Then I slept. I dreamed fitfully of John Sallow and awoke at ten with a headache. I wondered if I had been awakened by the telephone. I had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Excellency—can you spare a minute for a military coup?"

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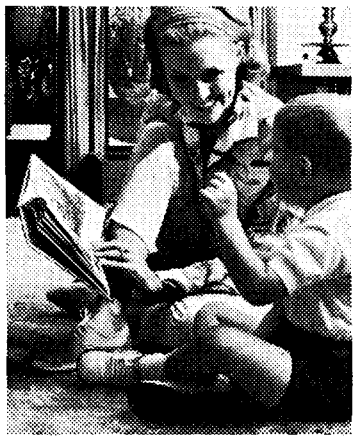

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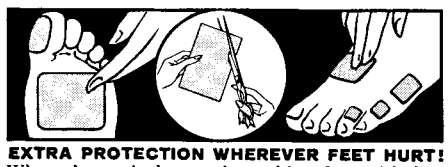

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to talk to him. The Masked Playboy unmasked. It was all true about me. As true as it may have been about Sallow. These things were no accidents. Gorgeous George is gorgeous. We were like movie stars playing ourselves. Behind the mask *was* a rich man's son, at least spiritually—a bored darling of no means, of no means at all. I had forgotten about death. Sallow reminded me. My morbidness had led me back to myself. Transients within transients. OK, I thought, here is where I live. Now just let him call.

I didn't leave my room for fear I would miss the Reaper's call. It did not come. I fell asleep fully clothed upon my made bed.

I dreamed bad dreams and finally struggled out of my sleep like a person trying to move one particular finger on a hand that has gone numb.

In the morning I changed my clothes slowly, ceremonially, changing from one pair of seven-ninety-five slacks into another pair of seven-ninety-five slacks, like a matador into his suit of lights.

I called the desk.

"Are there any messages for me?"

"Who is this, sir?"

"Boswell. 814."

"We should have called you if there were, sir."

"Of course," I said, "thank you."

I could not eat breakfast. I went to the gymnasium.

"Is Sallow in the city yet?" I asked Lee Lee Meadows.

"As a matter of fact, yeah," he said.

"Did you tell him I wanted to see him?"

"He said he'd see you tonight."

"Where is he staying?"

"Ah, come on, Boswell. I don't know. How should I know where that old man stays?"

"You knew I was looking for him," I said.

"Tonight he'll be in the arena. Conduct your business there."

When I went back to the hotel it had begun to rain. From my room I called the hotels again. He wasn't registered.

"That's impossible," I yelled at the desk clerk when I came to the last hotel on my list.

It was six o'clock and I had not eaten. I had better eat, I told myself. I went downstairs.

I had two steaks for strength. I chewed the meat slowly, the juices and fats filming my lips thickly. I broke the bones and gnawed at the marrow inside. The waiter watched me, his disgust insufficiently masked by a thin indifference.

When I had finished my meat he came to stand beside my plate. "Will there be anything else, sir?" he asked.

"Bring me bread," I told him.

"Bring me red tomatoes," I said when I had chewed and swallowed the bread.

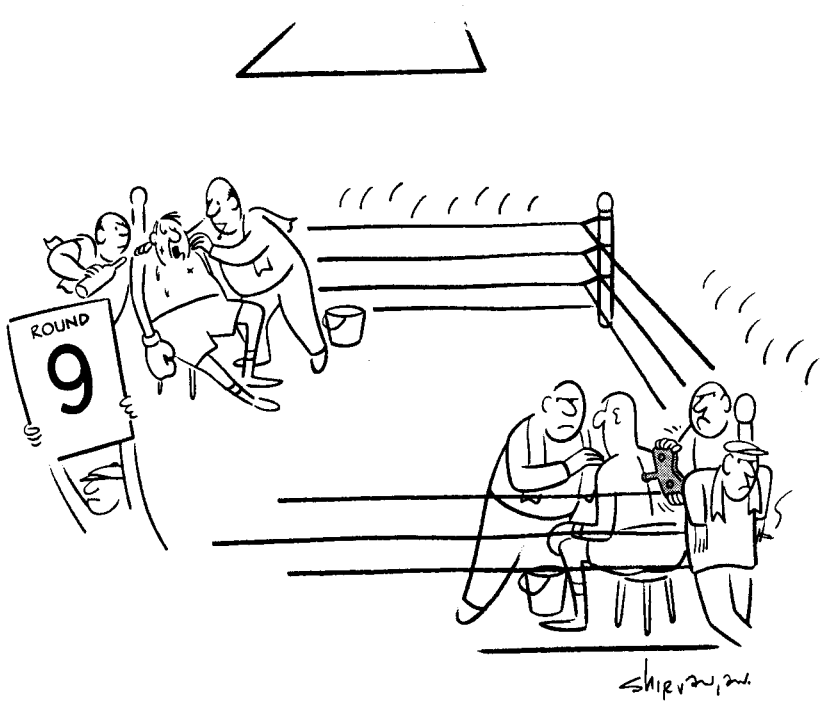
"Bring me ice cream in a soup bowl," I said when I had sucked the tomatoes.

I went upstairs and lay down to wait while the food was being digested. At eight o'clock I took my white silk cape, my mask, my tights, my shoes. I wrapped them in newspaper and went downstairs.

The doorman could not get me a cab in the rain. He held an umbrella over me and walked beside me to the corner where I waited for a streetcar.

"I'm going to the arena," I told the conductor.

He saw the silk cape through a rent in the newspaper and nodded indifferently. I sat on the wide, matted straw seat along the side of the car, my shoes damp, their thin soles in shallow, steamy, dirty puddles on the floor. Useless pink streetcar transfers, their cryptic holes curiously clotted with syrupy muck, floated face downward like suicides. Colored round bits from the conductor's punch made a dirty, cheerless confetti on the floor of the car. I read the car ads, depressed by the products of the poor, their salves for pimples, their chewing gum, their sad, lackluster wedding rings. A pale, fleshless nurse, a thick red cross exactly the color of dried blood on her cap, held up a finger in warning. V.D. CAN KILL! spoke the balloon above her. To the side a legend told of cures, of four licensed doctors constantly in attendance, of convenient evening hours that enabled people not to lose their day's pay, of treatments handled in the strictest confidence. There was a phone number and an address, the numerals and letters as thick and black as a scare headline. Above the address, floating on it like a ship tossing on heavy seas, was a drawing of a low gray building which looked like nothing so much as a factory where thin, underpaid girls turned out cheap plastic toys. Across the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't understand it. He's just as strong as ever."

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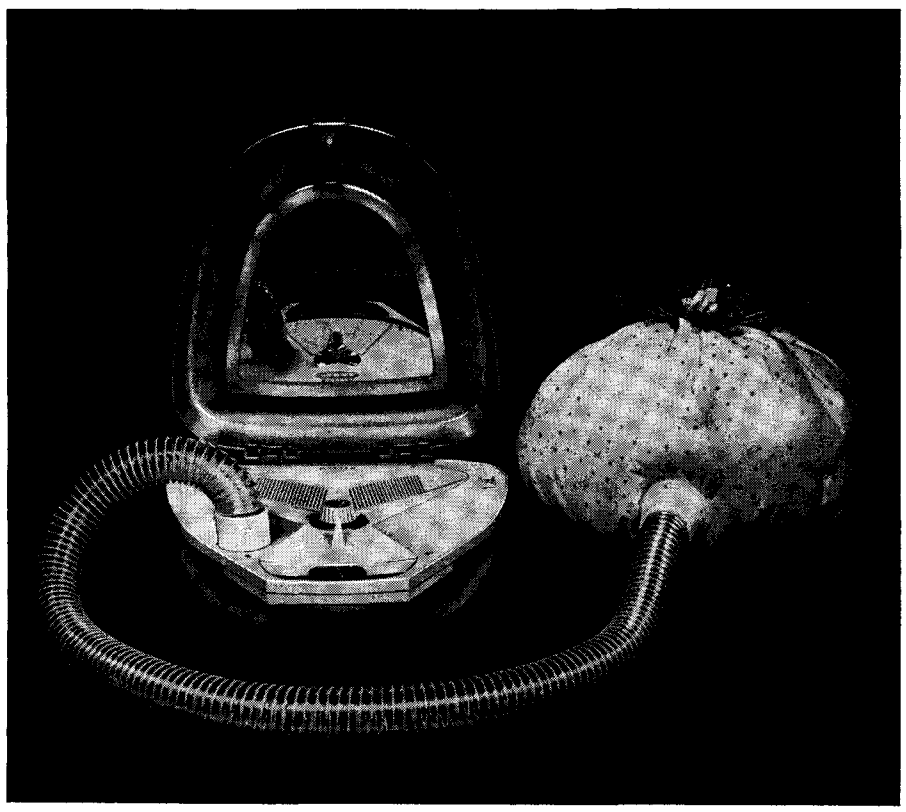

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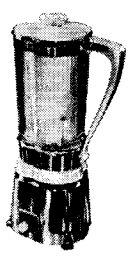

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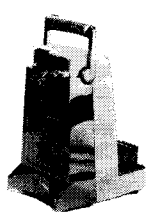
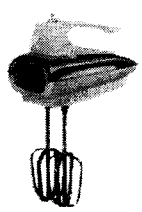


CAN OPENERS—
KNIFE SHARPENERS



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The Transient

façade was the name: The St. Louis Institute for the Research and Treatment of Social Diseases and General Skin Disorders. Licensed 1928. The advertisement, though I had never seen it, seemed wearily familiar. Soon it was as if I had never not seen it. It was infinitely boring, depressing. I closed my eyes and saw it on my lids.

Everyone looked shabby, fatigued, their heavy florid faces empty of everything save a kind of dull ache. Those who were not returning from menial jobs were going to them, to wash down office buildings, tend lonely warehouses, stand outside lavatories in theaters and nightclubs. Almost everyone carried some worthless thing in some unimportant package—brown paper bags which once contained cheap fruit and now held rolled-up stockings, extra rags, soiled aprons, torn trousers, stale sandwiches and waxy pints of warm milk for two-thirty in the morning.

Only four teen-aged boys standing at the back of the car looked as though they could still be interested in their lives and these looked, despite their youth, disreputable as the others, romanceless in their shiny jackets, their billed motorcycle caps.

Outside, the rain clung listlessly to the barred windows of the streetcar.

The ride was interminable. No one ever seemed to get off. The car would stop and more would climb on, crowding steamily, smelling of wet wool and poverty and dirt, into the overheated, feverish brightness of the car. They swayed dreamily against the poles they held for balance and left greasy smudges on the chipped milkish porcelain.

A colored woman as big as myself sat down heavily next to me with the rough displacement of fatigue. Her knees, spread wide, bounced comfortably against my thighs. Her skirt was so high on her lap that I could see the rolled tops of her stockings, oddly light and obscenely pinkish against the dark insides of her legs.

I had been glancing repeatedly at the conductor, as much to identify myself as a stranger and thus isolate myself from my fellow passengers as to proclaim my unfamiliarity with the route. He stared back without recognition. "The arena," I mouthed across the colored woman's breasts. He flicked his eyes away impatiently. I closed my eyes and saw again The St. Louis Institute for the Research and Treatment of Social Diseases and General Skin Disorders. In the dark the streetcar slogged forward with a ponderous inevitability.

I thought of the fight. Had I eaten enough? What was the old man's strategy? Did I have any strategy? Was he really the Angel of Death? Would I be able to talk to him beforehand?

An arm shook me.

"You dropped your mask," someone said sullenly.

"What's that?"

"Here's your mask you dropped," the colored woman said. It seemed ridiculously white and silken in her big brown hand, like some intimate undergarment.

"Thank you," I said, embarrassed.

I glanced down at my lap. The clumsy bundle had come loose. One end of the silk cape dragged in a puddle. An old man across the aisle leaned far forward in his seat. I thought he would fall. He retrieved the cape for me. "Thank you," I said and looked nervously toward the conductor.

He held up two fingers to indicate that it would be two more stops. I stood up. "Have a nice party," the old man said huskily. When the car stopped I got off though I knew I had moved prematurely. "Hey," the conductor called as I stepped down. I pretended not to hear him and walked to the arena in the rain.

The trunks were damp when I put them on. Above me I could hear the thin crowd (the rain had held it down) shouting at the referee. It was an unmistakable sound. They thought they saw some infraction he had missed. A strange sound of massed outrage, insular and safe, self-conscious in its anonymity and lack of consequence. If commitment always cost so little, which of us would not be a saint?

I dressed quickly, squeezing uncomfortably and awkwardly into the damp trunks. I laced the high-top silk shoes, fitted the mask securely over my head, and buckled the clasp of the heavy silk cape about my throat. I looked around. Down a row of lockers a couple of college wrestlers who had already fought were rubbing themselves generously with liniment. I went over to them.

"Excuse me, did you see John Sallow?" I asked.

They looked at me and then at each other.

"It's a masked man," one of them said. "Ask him what he wants, Tom."

Tom pretended to hitch up his chaps. "What do you want, masked man?"

"Do you know John Sallow? He's supposed to be on the card tonight. Have you seen him?"

"He went thataway, masked man," the other said.

I walked away from them and went into the toilet. One of the college boys came in. "Hey, Tom," he called, "there's a masked man in here."

"Knock it off," I said.

"It's all so corny," the kid said.

"Knock it off," I said again.

"OK, champ," he said.

"Knock it off."

I left the toilet and went back to my locker. John Sallow was there, one gray leg up on the wooden bench.

"Bogolub tells me you may try to give me some trouble tonight," he said.

"This is my last match," I said. "I'm quitting after tonight." It was true. I hadn't known it was true until I said it. Too often it rained. Too often I had to take the streetcar. Too often I sat too close to the steamy poor. I could still see the nurse. I never forgive a face.

There were excited screams and a prolonged burst of applause above us. Sallow looked up significantly. "Upstairs," he said. "You'll be introduced first. I'm the favorite."

"Look," I said. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Upstairs," he said. "Talk upstairs."

I took my place behind two blue-uniformed ushers at Gate DD. Some boys, just to the right of the entrance, kept turning around to look at me. They laughed and pointed and whispered to each other.

The ring announcer in a tuxedo was climbing through the ropes far in front of me. He walked importantly to the center of the ring, stopping every few steps to turn and pull a microphone wire in snappy, snaking arcs along the surface of the canvas. He tapped the microphone with his fingernail and sent a piercing metal thunk throughout the arena. Then,

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shooting his cuffs and clearing his throat, he paused expectantly. The crowd watched with mild interest. "First I have some announcements," he said. He told them of future matches, reading the names of the wrestlers from a card concealed in his palm. He spoke each wrestler's name with a calm aplomb and familiarity so that their grotesque titles sounded almost like real names. He paused. Jerking more microphone cord into the ring as though he needed all he could get for what he would say next, he began again. "Ladies and gentlemen . . . in the main event this evening . . . two tough . . . wrestlers, both important contenders for the heavyweight champeenship of the world. The first . . . that rich man's disguised son . . . who has danced with debutantes and trains on champagne . . . the muscled millionaire and eligible bachelor . . . who'd rather rough and tumble than ride to the hounds . . . from Nob Hill and Back Bay . . . from Wall Street and the French Riviera . . . from Newport and the fabled courts of the eastern potentates . . . weighing 235 pounds without the cape but in the mask . . . the one . . . the only . . . *Masked Playboy!*"

I pushed the ushers out of the way and bounded down the long aisle toward the ring. To everyone but the kids who had spotted me earlier it must have looked as though I had run up the turnpikes from Wall Street, over the bridge across the Mississippi and through the town to the arena. Modest but good-enough-willed applause paralleled my course down the aisle as though I were somehow tripping it off automatically as I came abreast of each row. I leaped up the three steps leading to the ring and hurdled over the ropes. I unclasped the cape and, arching my shoulders, let it fall behind me in a heap. Then, swelling my chest and stretching my long body, I stood on the tips of my high-top silk shoes, seemingly hatched from the cape itself, a crumpled silken eggshell. The crowd cheered. I nodded, lifted the cape with the point of one shoe, slapped it sharply across one arm and tossed it casually to an attendant beneath me. Then I grabbed the thick ropes where they angled at the ring post. Without moving my legs I pushed, head down, against the ropes. Snapping my head up quickly, I pulled against them. I could feel the muscles climbing on my back. I looked like a man rowing in place. I let go of the ropes, dropped my weight solidly on my feet and did deep knee bends. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the ring announcer waiting a little impatiently for me to finish while the crowd applauded cheerfully. Suddenly I stood up, made a precise military right face and sprang up onto the ropes, catching the upper rope neatly along my left thigh. I hooked my right foot under the lower rope for balance and folded my arms calmly. I looked like someone on a trapeze. Or, perhaps, like a young, masked sales executive perched casually along the edge of his desk.

Smiling at the ring announcer, I waved my arm grandly, indicating he should go on. He turned away from me. He waited until the crowd was silent. When he began again he sounded oddly sad. "Meeting him in mortal . . . physical . . . one-fall . . . forty-five-minute-time-limit combat tonight . . . is that grim gladiator . . . ancient athlete . . . stalking spectral superman . . . fierce-faced fighter . . . that plague maker . . . that hoary horror . . . that breath-breaking . . . hope-choking . . . death-dealing . . . mortality-making . . . heart-hemorrhaging . . . life-letting ——" For the last few seconds the crowd had been applauding in time with the announcer's rhythms. In a way their applause incited him. They incited each other. Now he paused, exhausted. There were a few last false claps and then silence.

"Widow-making," someone yelled from the crowd, applauding four times.

"Coffin-counting," someone else shouted.

"People-pounding," the announcer added weakly.

I slid off the rope. "MUR . . . DER . . . ING," I shouted from the center of the ring. "*All death is murder.*"

The ring announcer motioned me angrily to get back. By exercising his authority, the authority of his tuxedo, he seemed to have regained control. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began again more calmly, "in gray trunks, from the Lowlands, John Sallow, The Grim Reaper."

With the rest of the crowd I glanced quickly toward the entrance opposite the one I had used, but from my vantage point I could see that there was no one there. I watched the gate nervously, expecting Sallow to materialize. No one came. Through the entrance gate I could see the long, low concession stand and someone calmly spooning mustard onto a hot dog. Then I heard a gasp from the other end of the arena. Sallow had been spotted. I looked around just in time to see him coming in through the same gate I had used. Of course, I thought. Of course.

He walked slowly. As he came down the aisle toward the ring a few people, more than I would have thought, began to applaud. "He has his fans," I said softly to the referee, who had just come into the ring. Most people, however, particularly those near the aisle, seemed to shrink back as he passed them. Recognizing someone, he suddenly stopped, put his hand on the person's shoulder and leaned down toward him, whispering something into his ear. When Sallow started again, the man he had spoken to stood and left the auditorium.

Sallow came up the three stairs, turned and bowed mockingly to the crowd. They looked at him. He smiled and shrugged and climbed through the ropes. He walked to his corner. I tried to catch his eye but he wouldn't look at me.

"The referee will acquaint the wrestlers with the Missouri rules," the ring announcer said. He stepped back modestly and handed the microphone to the referee. The referee signaled for us to meet at the center of the ring.

"This is a one-fall match, forty-five-minute time limit," he said. "When I signal one of you to break, I want you to break clean and break quickly. Both you men have fought in Missouri before. You're both familiar with the rules in this state. I just want to remind you that if for any reason a man should be out of the ring and not return by the time I count twenty, that man forfeits the fight. Do both of you understand?"

Sallow nodded placidly. The referee looked at me. I nodded.

"All right. Are there any questions? Reaper? . . . Playboy? OK. Good. Return to your corners. When the bell rings, come out to wrestle."

I had just gotten back to my corner when the bell rang. I whirled around, expecting to find Sallow behind me. He was across the ring. I moved toward him aggressively and locked my arms around his neck. Already my body was wet. Sallow was completely dry.

"Don't you ever sweat?" I whispered.

He twisted out of my neck lock and pushed me away from him.

I went toward him like a sleepwalker, inviting him to lock fingers in a test of strength. He ignored me and ducked quickly under my outstretched arms. He grabbed me around the waist and raised

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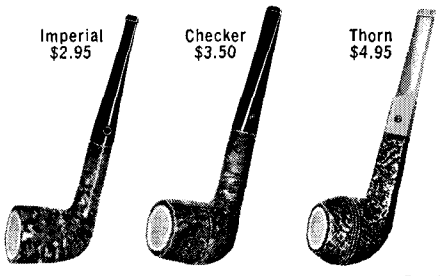

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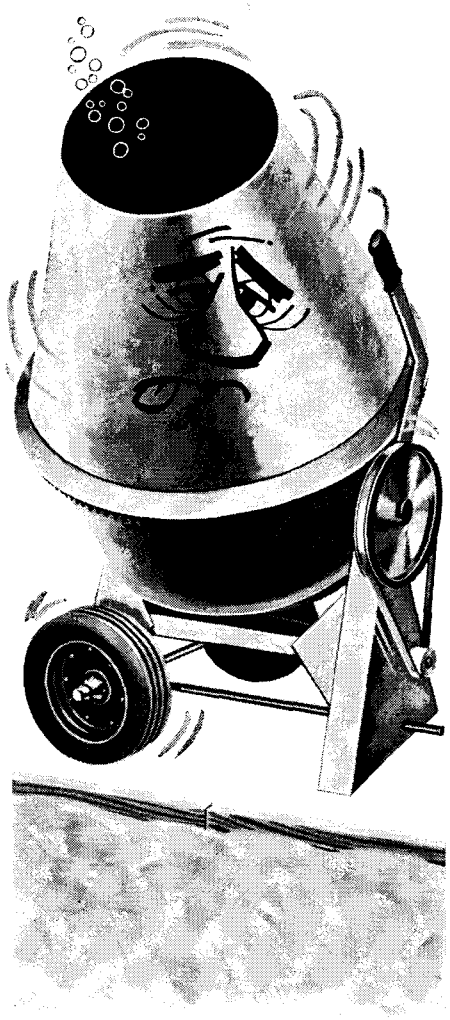

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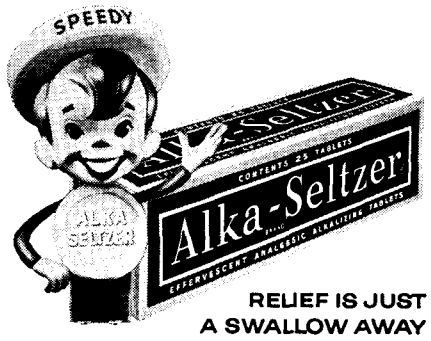


RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

me easily off the floor. It was humiliating. I felt like some wooden religious idol carried in a procession. I beat at his neck and shoulders with the flats of my hands. Sallow increased the pressure of his arms around my body. Desperately I closed one hand into a fist and chopped at his ear. He squeezed me tighter. He would crack my ribs, collapse my lungs. Suddenly he dropped me. I lay on my side writhing on the canvas. I tried to get to the ropes, moving across the grainy canvas in a slow sidestroke like a swimmer lost at sea. The Reaper circled around toward my head and blocked my progress. I saw his smooth, marblish shins and tried to hook one arm around them. It was a trap. He came down quickly on my outstretched arm with all his weight.

"Please," I said. "Please, you'll break my arm."

The Reaper leaned down across my body and caught me around the hips. He pressed my thighs together viciously. Raising himself to one knee and then to the other, he stood up slowly. I hung upside down. He worked my head between his legs. Then, without freeing my head, he moved his hands quickly to my legs and pushed them away from his body, stretching my neck. I felt my legs go flying backward and to protect my neck tried to force them again to his body. I pedaled disgustingly in the air. He grabbed my legs again.

"Don't," I pleaded.

"If you drop me you'll kill me," I whined.

Again he forced my legs away from his body. Then suddenly he loosened his terrible grip on my head. I fell obscenely from between death's legs. Insanely I jerked my head up and broke my fall with my jaw. My body collapsed heavily behind me. It was like one of those clumsy auto wrecks in wet weather when cars pile uselessly up on each other. I had to get outside the ropes. I had a headache. I could not see clearly. I was gasping for air, actually shoveling it with my hands toward my mouth. Blindly I forced my body toward where I thought the ropes must be. Sallow kicked me. I could not get to my knees. My only way of moving was to roll. Helplessly I curled into a ball and rolled back and forth inside the ring. Sallow stood above me like some giant goalie, feinting with his feet and grotesquely seeming to guide my rolling. The crowd laughed. Suddenly I let go of my knees and kicked powerfully toward the ropes. One foot became entangled in them. It was enough to make the referee come between us. He started counting slowly. I moved painfully under the ropes and onto the ring's outer apron. "Seven," the referee intoned. "Eight." Sallow grinned and stepped toward me. He came through the ropes after me. The referee tried to pull him back but he shrugged him off. I had gotten to my feet. "Nine," the referee said. "Ten. One for Reaper. Eleven for Playboy. Two for Reaper. Twelve for Playboy."

The Reaper advanced toward me. I circled along the apron. He pursued me.

"Missouri rules. Missouri rules," I said.

"Natural law. Natural law," he answered.

"Three for Reaper. Thirteen for Playboy."

"Not by default," I shouted. I jumped back inside the ropes.

"Four for Reaper."

"Famine, Flood, War, Pestilence," I hissed.

He came through the ropes. The referee stood between us. When Sallow was standing inside the ring the referee clapped his hands and stepped back.

I held out my hands again. I was ready to bring them down powerfully on his neck should he try to go under them. He hesitated, looking at my long fingers.

"Games?" he said. "With me?"

Slowly he put one hand behind his back. He thrust the other toward me, the fingers spread wide as a net. He was challenging me to use both my hands against his one in a test of strength. The crowd giggled.

"Both," I said, shaking my head.

He slid his arm up higher behind his back. He looked like a cripple.

I shook my head again. The crowd laughed nervously.

He bent one finger.

"No," I said. "No."

He tucked his thumb into his palm.

I stepped back angrily.

He brought down another finger.

"Use both hands," I yelled. "Beat me, don't humiliate me."

He closed a fourth finger. The crowd was silent. The finger that remained, the one finger with which he challenged my ten, was left to point at me. He took a step backward. He was not pointing. He was beckoning.

"Don't you like the odds?" someone shouted. The crowd applauded.

"You stink like pus," I yelled at the Reaper.

"Take my hand," he said quietly. "Try to force it down."

I lost control. I hurled myself toward Sallow's outstretched finger. I would tear it off, I thought. He stepped back softly, like one pressing himself politely against a wall to allow someone else to pass through a door. The crowd groaned. I looked helplessly at the Reaper. His face was calm, serene, softly satisfied, like one who has spun all the combinations on a lock and can now open it at his leisure. I braced myself too late. My body, remiss, tumbled awkwardly across the ring. The Reaper had brought his fisted hand from behind his back and smashed my unprotected ear. I fell against the rope with my mouth open. My teeth were like so many Chiclets in my mouth. I bled on the golden canvas. The Reaper stalked me. He took my head under his arm almost gently and held my bleeding ear against his chest. "I am old," he whispered, "because I am wily. Because I take absolutely nothing for granted. Not the honor of others. Not their determination. Not even their youth and strength."

He would kill me. He had no concer. for my life. It was all true—the legends, the myths. Until that moment I hadn't really believed them. He had killed the man in South Africa. And how many others? In all those years how many had he maimed and murdered? He wrestled so that he could demonstrate his cruelty, show it in public, with the peculiarly desperate pride of one displaying his cancer in a medical amphitheater. He lived arrogantly, like one who you know will not give way coming toward you down a narrow sidewalk. His strength, his ancient power, was nothing supernatural. It was his indifference. That was what killed us. And it had this advantage—it could not be shorn. He could not be talked out of it. Pain was all our argument. In his arms, my face turning and turning against the bristles in his armpits, I was one with all victims, an everyman through loss and deprivation, knowing the soul's martial law, its sad, harsh curfew. Pain was all our argument and like all pain, it was wasted. To live was all his thought, to proliferate his strength in endless war. The vampire was the truest symbol in the give and take of the universe.

I called the referee.

"Get him off."

The referee looked down at me helplessly. "It hasn't lasted long enough," he said. "You've only been at it ten minutes. You can't quit now."

"Get him off, Goddamn it!"

"These people paid for a main event. Give them a main event."

"Get him off. The main event is my death. He means to kill me."

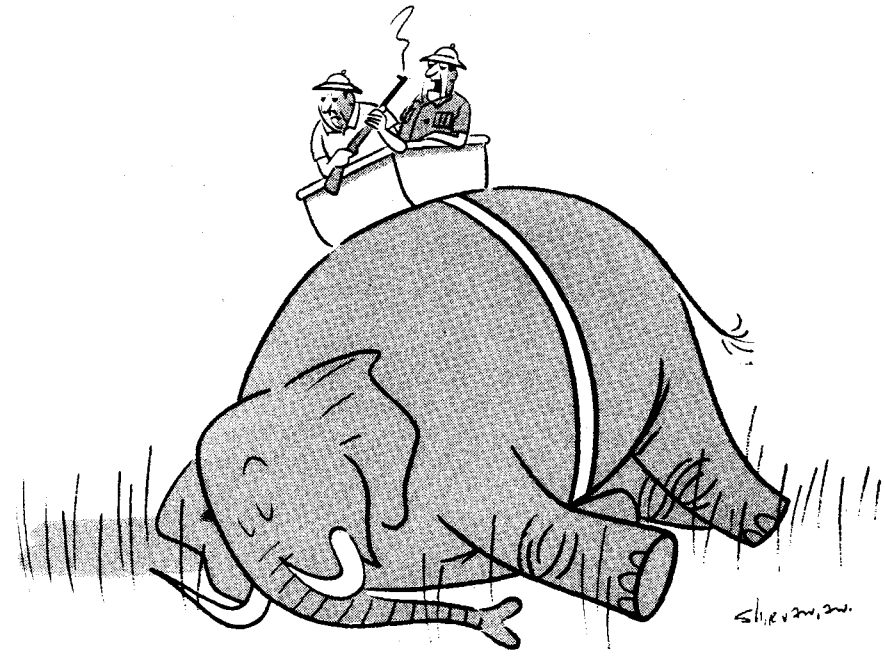
"Take it easier with him, Reaper," the referee said. "Work him toward the ropes. Let him get away a minute."

"Sure," the Reaper said mildly.

"No," I shouted. "No. I quit."

I tried to turn my neck toward the crowd.

"He means to kill me," I yelled. "They won't let me quit." They couldn't hear me above their own roar.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nice shot."

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The Reaper gathered me toward him. He grabbed my body—I wasn't even resisting now—and raised me over his head. He pushed me away as if I were a medicine ball, and I dropped leadenly at the base of the ring post.

I knew my man now. To treat flesh as though it were leather or lead was all his intention. To find the common denominator in all matter. It was scientific. He was a kind of alchemist, this fellow. Of course. Faust and Mephistopheles combined. *Fist!* I lay still.

"Fight," he demanded.

I didn't answer.

"Fight!" he said savagely.

He could win anytime, but he refused. This was a main event for him too.

"Will you fight?" he asked dangerously.

"Not with you," I said.

The crowd was booing me.

"All right," he said.

He backed away. I watched him. He was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet in a queer rhythm. His shoulders raised and lowered rapidly, powerfully. His arms seemed actually to lengthen. He came toward me slowly in a leaning stoop, swinging his balled metallic fists inches above the canvas. It was his Reaper movement, the gesture that had given him his name. I had never seen it and I watched fascinated. The crowd had stopped booing and was now screaming for me to get up. The closer he got the more rapidly his fists swept the canvas, but still his pace toward me was slow, deliberate, almost tedious. He loomed above me like some ancient farmer with an invisible scythe. Now the people in the first rows were standing. They rushed toward the ring, pleading with me to get away. At last my resolution broke. I got clumsily to my knees and stumbled away from him. It was too late. His fists were everywhere. They caught me on the legs, the stomach, the neck, the back, the head, the mouth. I felt like some tiny animal—a field mouse—in tall grass trampled by the mower.

I covered my eyes with my hands and dropped to the canvas. I squeezed myself flat against it. I squealed helplessly. A fist caught me first on one temple, then on the other.

I heard the referee shout, "That's enough."

Then I was unconscious.

In a few seconds I came to, and my head was clear. I could have gotten up. I could have caught one of those fists and pulled him off balance. I wouldn't. I thought of that phrase they use in the wars—to struggle in vain. They were always praying that battle and injury and death were not in vain. As though anything purchased at some ultimate cost ought to be worth it. It was a well-meant prayer, even a wise one, but not practical. Life was economics. To be alive was to be a consumer. They made a profit on us always. To struggle in vain was stupid, to be on the losing side was stupid. Both were unavoidable. It was all that struggle ever amounted to in a universe like ours, in bodies like our own. I would not get up, I thought. I would not even let them know I was conscious. I lay there, calmer than I had ever been in my life.

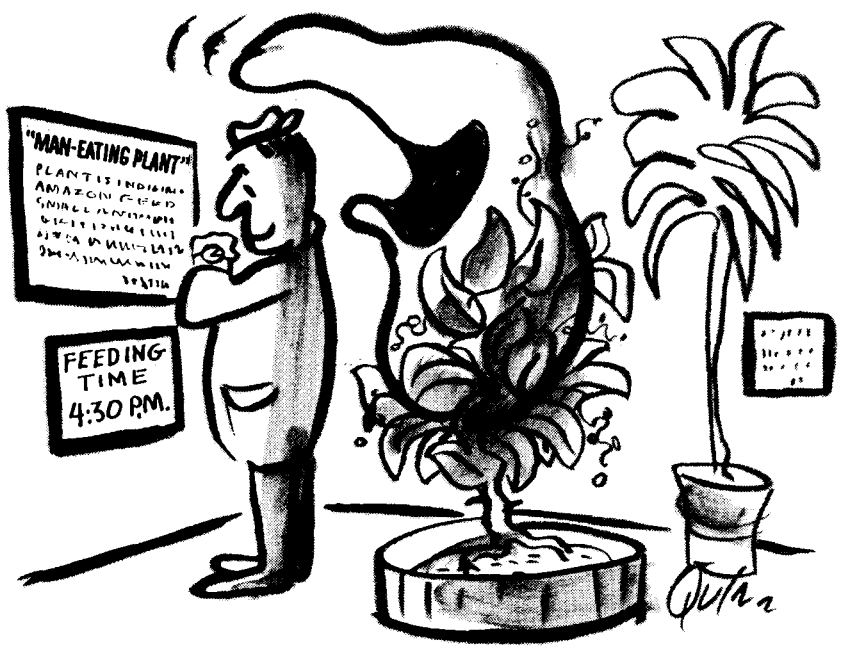
"He's dead," someone screamed after a moment. "He's dead," someone else shouted. They took it up, made it a chant. "He's dead. He's dead. He's dead."

The police rushed into the ring. They made a circle around the Reaper and moved off with him through the crowd. They were protecting him, I knew. He was not being arrested. What he did in the ring, that was all right. He was immune to law. Law itself said he was immune. Like someone with diplomatic status. What did that reduce my death to, I wondered. What did that reduce my death to if my murder was not a murder, not some terrible aberration punishable by law? Missouri rules and natural law, they worked hand in hand in the dirty athletics of death.

Lying there on the canvas, in the idiotic nimbus of my blood, no longer sure if I were only feigning unconsciousness, or even whether I still lived, I knew that I could never struggle again, nor plead my pain. I knew, too, that the temptation was always to resist, that there was something glamorous in resistance that led us on, something glamorous in being a man, that to be one was to be a hero, but there was something off-center and sappy and insane in heroes, something clumsy. Fall guys fell. It was the grave gravity of the grave. It was better to take your dive at once, better to conspire, make deals, to keep, however cynically, the trade routes open. It was better, finally, to be a noncombatant, a serene Switzerland of a man, accomplice to one's own death.

The crowd mourned me, crooning grief.

I died. THE END



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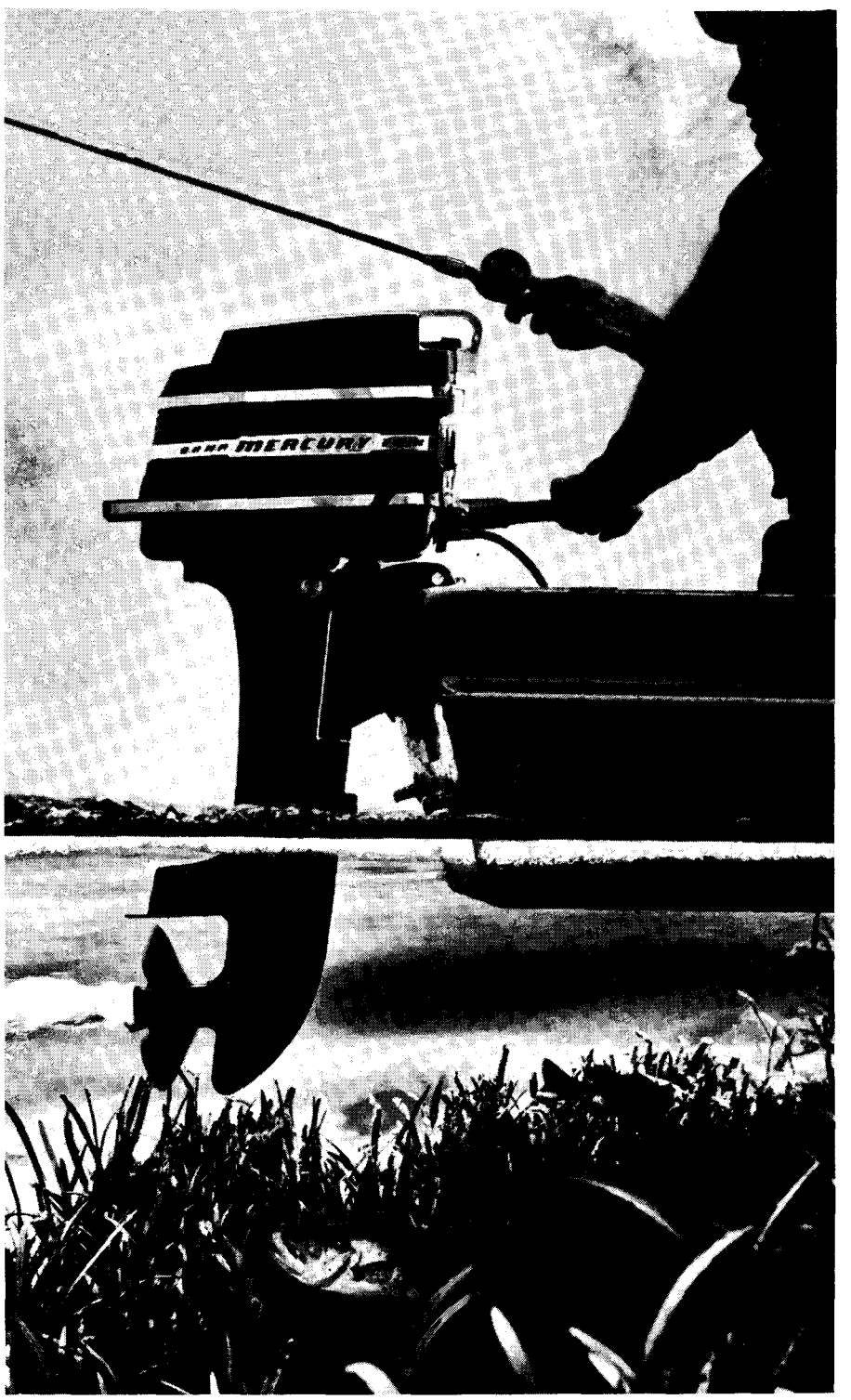

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The angles on a Merc are carefully planned to give fishermen the performance they need and expect from a fishing motor.

For instance, fishing Mercs have Glide-Angle styling . . . a smooth slant backward from the powerhead to the skeg. Without examining it carefully, you might think this feature is just to make the Merc look good. It does, but the real reason for Glide-Angle styling is to let the Merc slide up and over underwater obstacles . . . through shallows and over sandbars without bouncing the motor around on the transom.

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'THESE AMERICANS MUST BE GODS'

Producing miracles is expected from this Navy medi

By Stanley Karnow

Like a biblical plague, cholera had struck Vietnam, and in the dim wards of a rambling, mildewed Saigon hospital, rows of patients lay stretched out amid a clutter of tubes, jars and buckets. With alarming regularity, pedicabs, taxis or ambulances pulled up to disgorge fresh victims—bodies showing little sign of life other than a look of fear in their sunken eyes. To them, cholera meant certain death, unless a miracle came to pass. A U.S. Navy doctor and his crew brought about that miracle by saving almost every life. One among the survivors, a haggard Vietnamese woman, murmured, "These Americans must be gods."

Capt. Robert Allan Phillips, chief of the Navy's Medical Research Unit in the Far East, hardly resembles a deity. He is a laconic, professorial gentleman whose only ordained law is hard work. For more than a decade Phillips and his team—called NAMRU-2 in official alphabetese—have waged war against an assortment of Oriental diseases which might stagger Doctors Kildare and Casey.

They are developing a vaccine to prevent trachoma, an eye infection that cripples at least 400 million people in Asia, Africa, Central and South America and the Caribbean, and they are isolating the mosquitoes that transmit Japanese encephalitis, which inflames the brain. They are working to wipe out schistosomiasis, caused by a parasitic worm that penetrates the skin and damages the intestines. Among their other exotic enemies is paragonimiasis, a debilitating lung ailment spread by parasites lodged in fresh-water crabs, a tasty Chinese delicacy.

In pursuit of microbes, Phillips and his men travel constantly from the outer edge of India to the northern tip of Japan. Pressing their hunt, they wade into flooded rice fields to collect water samples, climb hillsides to pluck ticks off a bullock's hide, and even forage in dung heaps for interesting bacterial inhabitants. On a trip to Borneo not long ago, for example, the fauna captured for study ran the scale from fleas to pythons. Indeed, at their headquarters laboratories on Formosa they slice up so many animals that Buddhists congregate outside to pray for the beasts' souls.

But the real medical challenge in the Orient is cholera, which kills hundreds of thousands yearly. When an epidemic hit Vietnam recently, Phillips and his unit went into action with the drive of commandos attacking a hostile shore. Alerted one Sunday morning at their Formosa base, the group took less than three hours to load a U.S. Air Force cargo airplane with more than 5,000 pounds of equipment. That same evening they were in Saigon, 1,400 miles away.

As in any major conflict, the war against disease involves a good deal of skirmishing against bureaucracy and red tape. The fight against cholera in Vietnam was no exception. Fearful of the economic consequence of any quarantine, the Vietnamese government had been slow to acknowledge the existence of a full-scale epidemic. Moreover, like many recently independent Asian states, it was reluctant to "lose face" by requesting outside assistance. By the time Phillips and his 15-man crew arrived, the epidemic was raging.

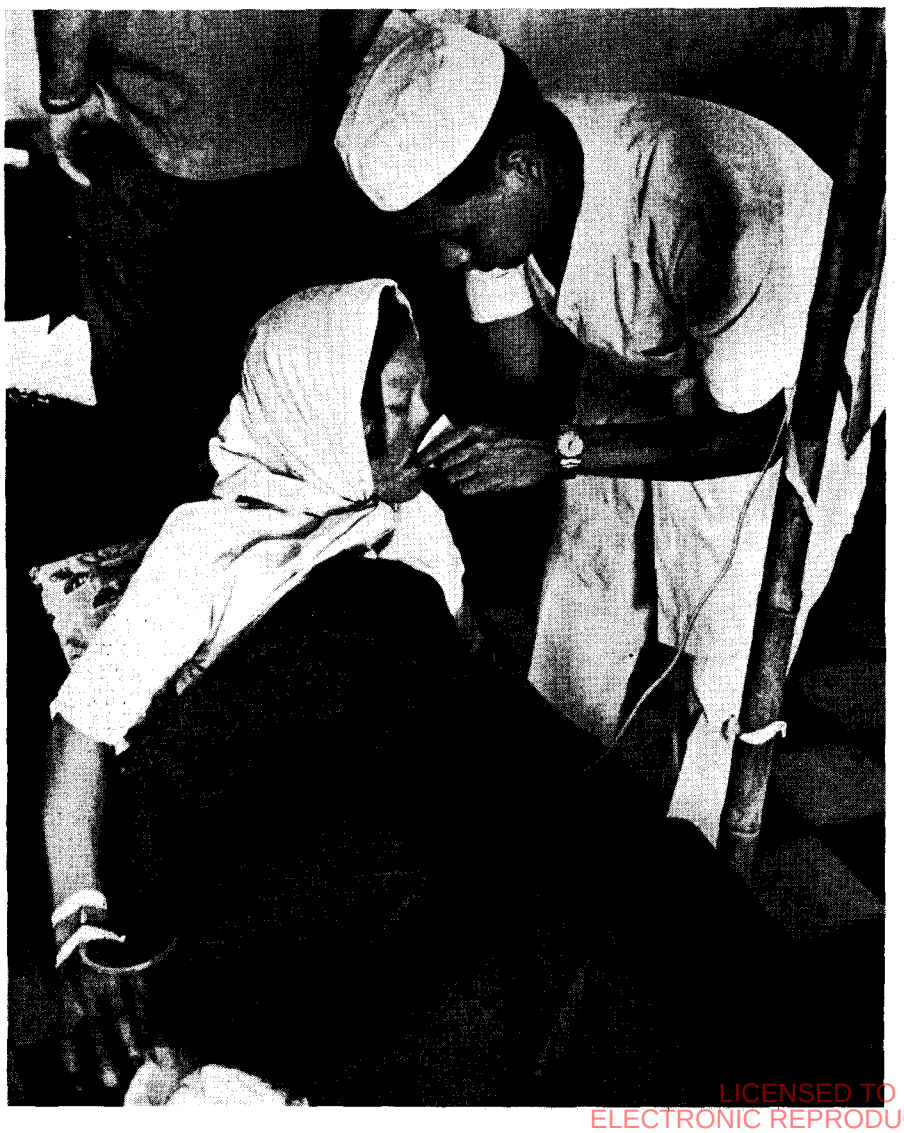
Helped by the local American AID mission and an Army medical-research unit, Phillips's men quickly set up an establishment of their own. In a suburban hospital they took over three bungalows—one had formerly housed lepers—and transformed them into wards. They turned an oversized broom closet into a laboratory, and at a nearby building they opened a class to instruct Vietnamese medical men in modern techniques. Within a couple of days patients were pouring in—some of them marked by burns and lacerations inflicted as the unsuccessful "treatments" of witch doctors—along with a trickle of curious native doctors, nurses and midwives. "We can't begin to treat a whole population," Phillips says, "but we *can* show them how to treat themselves."

Phillips has perfected a method for treating cholera which is elementary enough for a whole population to learn. Its very simplicity, in fact, so baffled one Vietnamese doctor that he angrily accused the Navy team of using secret wonder drugs. Cholera kills by dehydrating the body, and in acute cases, as many as four gallons of fluid can be lost in 24 hours through diarrhea. Phillips's treatment, a modification of traditional therapy, consists of simply replacing the body fluids as plentifully and as rapidly as possible. A withered patient, his mouth dry and cheeks caved in, is quickly laid out on an army cot and intravenously fed sodium bicarbonate and saline solutions, sometimes at the rate of a quart every 10 minutes. Like a human funnel, he passes the fluid through a hole in the cot, into a bucket. As time goes on, he begins to hold liquids, and gain strength. If circumstances favor, he can recover in as little as three days.

"Cholera cures itself, like a common cold," Phillips explains. "The problem is to keep the patient alive by giving him enough fluids fast enough. If he has no other complex diseases, any patient who can get treatment will survive."

Not content to gauge a patient's recovery merely by the twinkle of his eye, Phillips employs two widely different techniques to determine when sufficient fluid has gone into a cholera-ridden body. One easy, if rather indelicate, way is to measure the patient's bucket to check if he is excreting as much liquid as he is getting. A more sophisticated method is to measure the specific gravity of his blood plasma. This used to require expensive, complex electronic gadgets until, several years ago, Phillips devised a system for weighing blood in a copper-sulfate solution, which costs only $1.50 a pound. For this achievement he was made a member of the Order of the British Empire.

Though a seemingly mild man, Phillips speaks with unusual frankness on controversial medical matters. He shocks conventional authorities, for example, by insisting that the uncomfortable cholera vaccination required by public-health officials nearly everywhere has no proven value against the disease. In fact, Phillips has had only one shot himself in 10 years. That was when friends in Bangkok played a joke on him by telling the airport police that he had forged his vaccination record. Like any other luckless traveler in the Far East, he was ignominiously hauled off and jabbed.



◀ *Native aide in makeshift Saigon hospital applies the borrowed know-how of healing.*

Postulate and paradox

Phillips has also entered boldly into the competitive arena of medical theory by contending that cholera, while caused by a kind of bacteria, thrives principally among people with nutritional deficiencies. The disease is common mainly among rice eaters, whose diets lack protein, and this need, he claims, inhibits the normal flow of vital chemicals between the blood and intestines. Fluids that should pass into the blood accumulate in the intestine, causing diarrhea, the primary symptom of cholera.

Precisely why this occurs is a question Phillips cannot yet answer, and one of his major research projects is to find out. The task is difficult. The only animal suitable for experimentation is a 10-day-old rabbit, which is too fragile for conclusive testing. Human beings are, of course, far better guinea pigs, and for Phillips this creates a paradox. He must treat victims as quickly as possible—his team is currently testing an oral medicine that will, if successful, bring patients to recovery in hours instead of days—yet the faster his patients get better the less opportunity he has to study the disease. "It's our duty to make them well," he says wistfully, "but we're cutting down our chance to gain knowledge of a disease we know too little about."

Cholera hasn't been a problem in the U.S. for sixty years, and most other Oriental diseases will probably never affect Americans. Then why, it may be asked, should a U.S. Navy unit be expending considerable energies in such out-of-the-way places? Phillips's answer to this is unsentimental. From a strictly military viewpoint, he explains, Asian diseases could someday threaten American

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;am in the Far East.

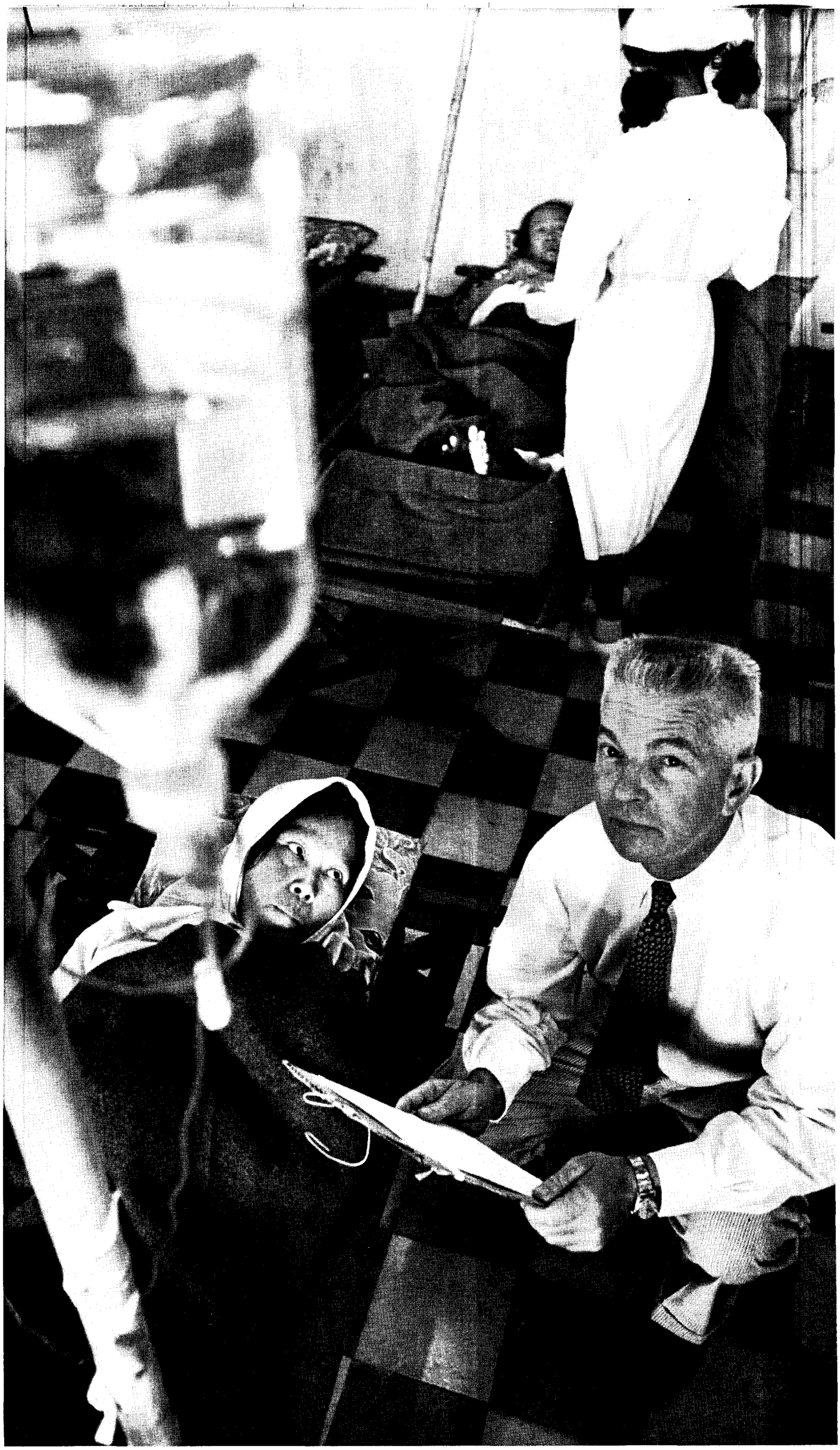
troops in the Far East. Also, the health of the civilian population in a combat area can be militarily decisive. "If we hadn't checked the typhus epidemic among Egyptian stevedores unloading war material back in 1942," recalls Phillips, "we might have lost the battle of El Alamein."

Son of a small-town Iowa physician, Phillips received his medical degree from Washington University in St. Louis, and from there went into research and teaching at Harvard, Yale, Stanford and Cornell. In 1942, while Phillips was serving at the Naval Air Training Station in Pensacola, President Roosevelt ordered the creation of a U.S. Typhus Commission. A few months later, as Montgomery and Rommel were battling for North Africa, a typhus epidemic broke out in Egypt and threatened the Allied cause. The Typhus Commission rushed a team to Cairo to fight the plague, and Phillips went along.

When the war ended, the Typhus Commission decided to close down its laboratories in Egypt, but yielded to ›rotest and agreed to turn them over to nother American organization—provided one could be found within seven days. Delegated to turn up a new sponsor, Phillips rushed back to Washington and made his pitch for support to every likely agency. Only the Navy was flexible enough to take over, and in 1947 it formed a Medical Research Unit in Cairo. Phillips, until then a reserve officer, was commissioned a lieutenant commander in the regular Navy and ordered to take command. In 1955, when the Navy decided to expand its medical activities into the Far East, he was put in charge.

Phillips and his wife, Hope, a charming Vassar graduate whom he met while she was working at the U.S. Embassy in Cairo, are by now among the senior American residents of Formosa, and their six children, aged 3 to 16, are as integrated into the Oriental environment as Western kids can get. Three have attended Chinese schools, are fluent in Mandarin and speak English with a noticeable Chinese accent. Phillips himself lives in his research, working 12 hours a day, commuting throughout the Far East from epidemic to epidemic.

Despite the range of its services, the cost of the NAMRU in the Far East is extremely low—less in one year than the U.S. spends every day on the war in Vietnam. The unit's budget runs to about one million dollars annually, roughly two thirds of it derived from the sale of surplus American grain to the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa. Occasionally Phillips is asked if we are getting ›od value for our money. "Well," he ays, "if it hadn't been for our operation perhaps eighty of the 400 patients in our Saigon wards would have died of cholera. Maybe thousands more Vietnamese would have died of cholera in other parts of this town. How much is a life worth?" THE END



Mending cholera victim rests her grateful gaze on Capt. Robert Phillips, clad in civvies to free his team from problems of rank.

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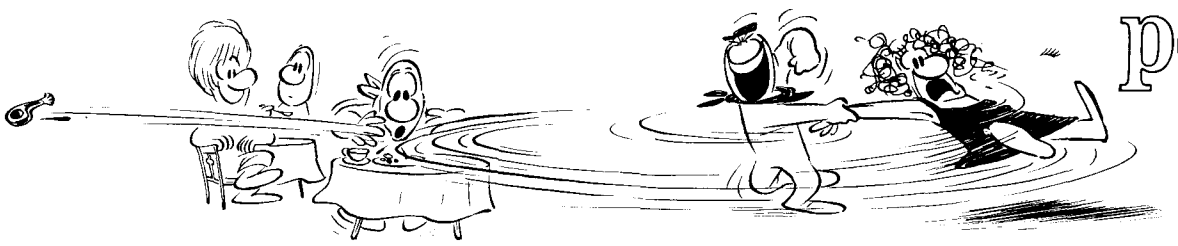
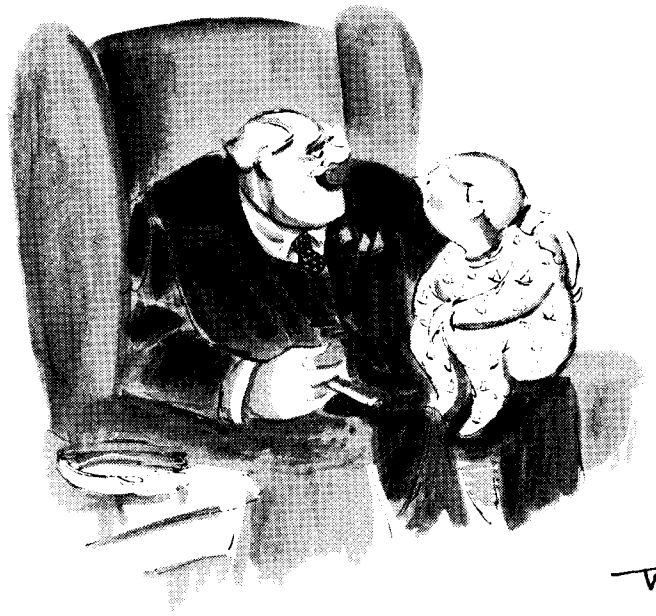
post scripts

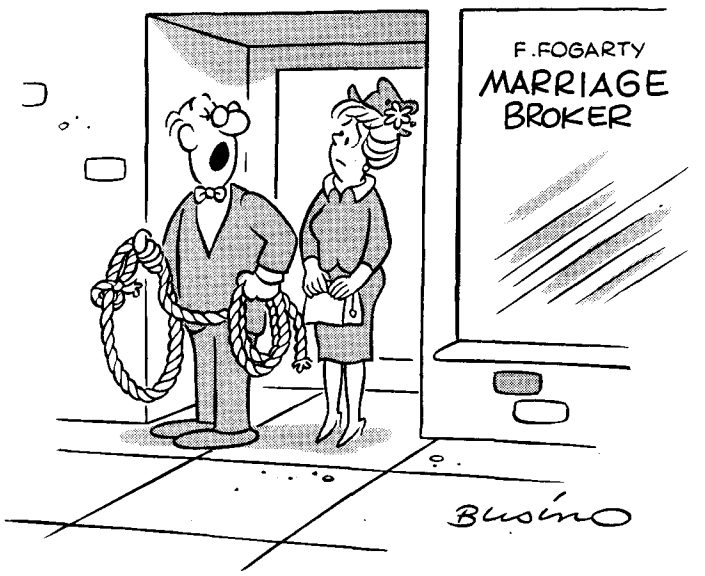


"Harry, you're getting ahead of me again."

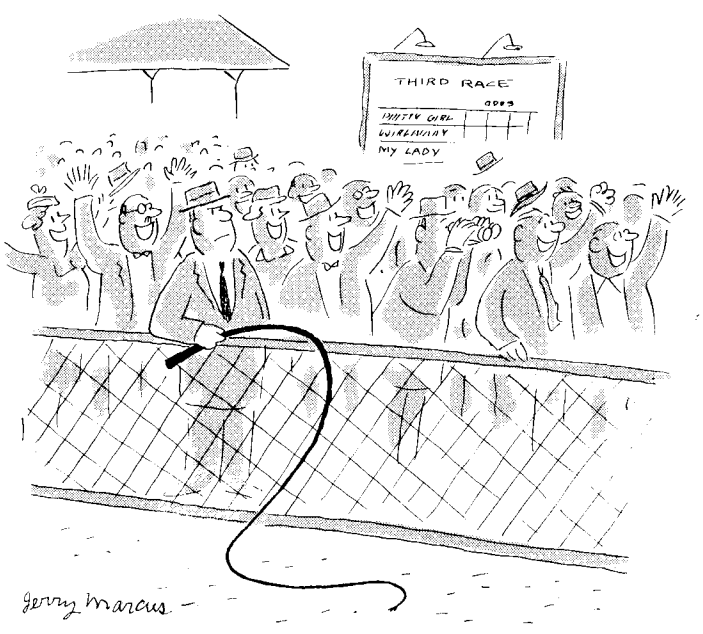
"Frankly, I'm not too enthusiastic about the idea of a mating season!"

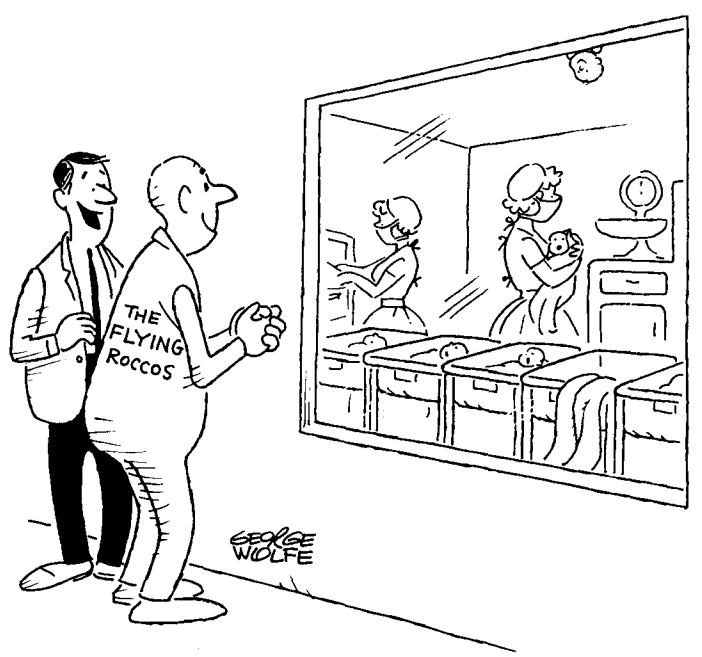


". . . then, just when everything seemed blackest, I.B.M. jumped two points, General Motors split again, and U.S. Steel came through with a whopping dividend!"



"Now, precisely what type of husband did you have in mind?"





"Which one is yours?"

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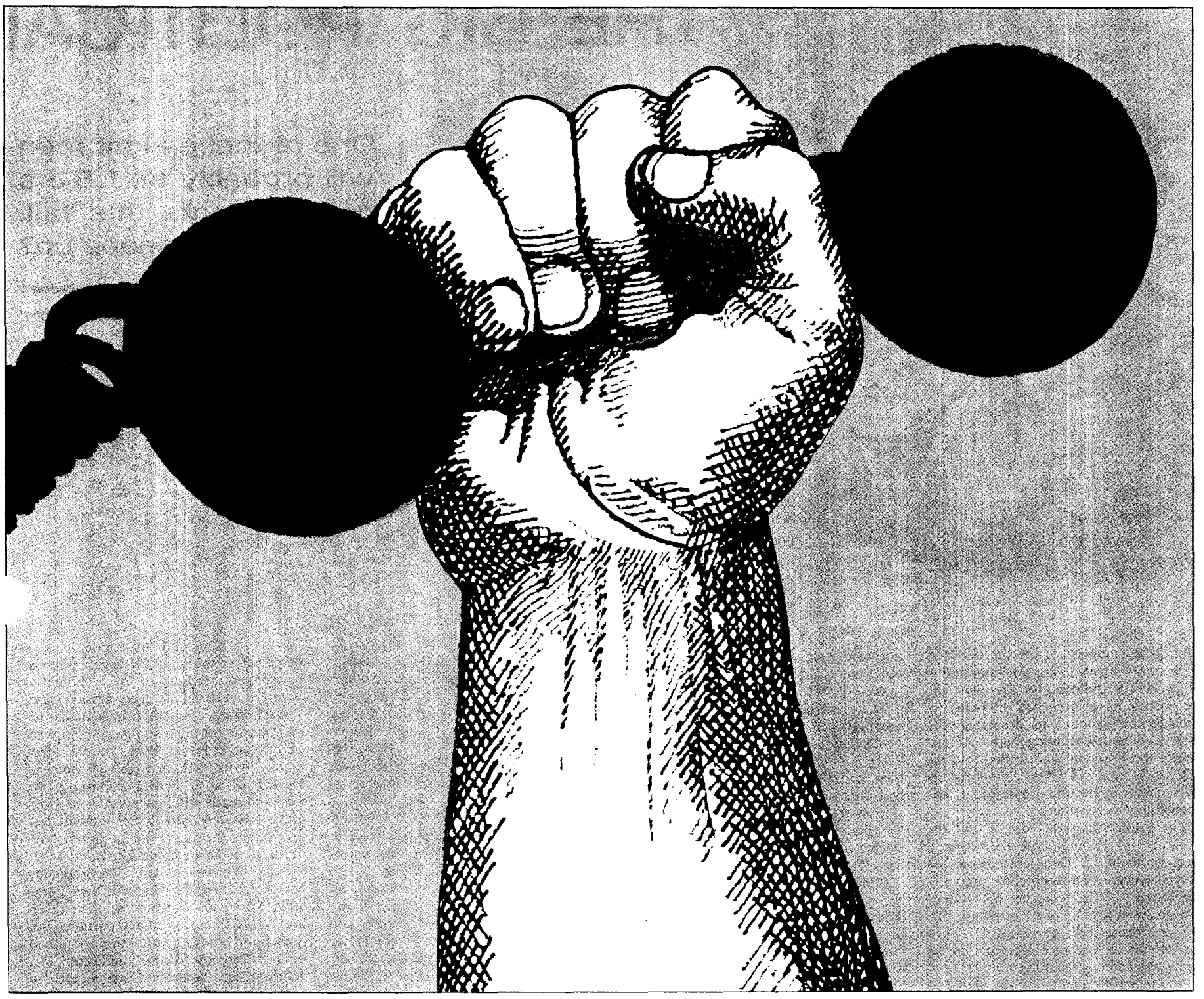
STRENGTH



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THE BIG POLITICAL

One of these eight men will probably be L.B.J.'s running mate this fall. How do they shape up?

By Tom Wicker

As if to compensate for the dull certainty surrounding the nomination of Lyndon B. Johnson for President, the Democrats have succeeded in creating a considerable amount of dramatic confusion about his running mate. Almost before the President had settled into the White House, political bookmakers started figuring the odds on the great vice-presidential sweepstakes.

The President himself didn't take the situation too seriously. One morning, at a meeting with the Democratic congressional leaders, for example, he suddenly pointed at Pierre Salinger, his rotund news secretary. "Doesn't Pierre look like a Vice President?" he inquired. (Salinger, of course, has since decided that he looks more like a senator.)

And when President Johnson spoke to the President's Club of New York, a group of well-heeled Democrats, he offered them these words of guidance: "I want all of you potential Vice Presidents to know that we are not going to make a decision on the Vice Presidency until the President is nominated."

The President's tone was light, but his use of the word "we" was strictly rhetorical. In fact, the choice of a man to run with him on the Democratic ticket next fall will be made by Lyndon Baines Johnson—period. And what Mr. Johnson was telling the President's Club was that he would make that choice in his own time, after all the evidence was in.

The first deposition came on March 10. In the New Hampshire primary, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy rolled up a total of 25,861 write-in votes for Vice President, despite a statement that he did not want them and despite Mr. Johnson's renewed assurance that he planned to make his own choice.

The write-in vote for Bob Kennedy, appearing as an effort to force the President's hand, injected an ominous note of party conflict into a scramble that until then had been a wide-open but good-humored game of political one-upmanship. Nobody had actually been running for the Vice Presidency and nobody started now, but everybody began walking a little faster.

Public attention also began turning more and more to the possible candidates. Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, for instance, found his speaking invitations increased to the vicinity of 500 a week—a nice vicinity if you're hoping lightning will strike.

John Glenn, the astronaut, no sooner announced his candidacy for the Senate in Ohio than the suggestion popped up that if he won the Democratic primary in his state, President Johnson might seize upon him as a vote-getting running mate. A couple of Nebraska county chairmen even put in a word for Theodore C. Sorensen, President Kennedy's speech writer and legal counsel.

Whether or not the President finally chooses someone closely associated with the popular Kennedy name, about the only thing anyone could say with certainty was that his choice would not fall upon Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts. The Constitution made Senator Kennedy too young—to the dismay of a surprising number of Democrats who thought the late President's younger brother would be a dashing vote getter.

"Well," one of them said half seriously, "the Constitution doesn't say he couldn't be *elected*. It only says he couldn't *serve*."

The Constitution left eligible, however, virtually every other well-known Democrat, at least from B to W (Brown of California to Wagner of New York). Any member of the party of Jefferson who was over 35, had no police record, possessed sound vocal cords, and had at least one election victory or presidential appointment to his credit could—and probably did—consider himself on the list.

Not many years ago, most of them would have agreed with John Adams, who originated the role of Vice President in 1789. Adams lamented that "my country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

That attitude may now have changed forever; it certainly has for 1964—and it was the same Adams who first put his finger on the basic reason. "I am Vice President," he said. "In this I am nothing, but I may be everything." Put bluntly, the Vice President is only a heartbeat from the Presidency, and the nation now seems to realize this as never before.

John Kennedy's assassination was a shocking reminder. It brought the chances of a President's dying in office to about one in four, based on the historical mortality rate. Moreover, Lyndon Johnson himself suffered a heart attack in 1955, and he has demonstrated repeatedly since then that he is not the sort of fellow to spare himself, ration his energies or insist on eight hours of sleep.

Thus, Mr. Johnson had scarcely taken office before the scramble began, and the newspapers started to spy a potential Vice President behind every press release.

It is a wonder that Johnson's jocular remark about his press secretary did not set off a Salinger boom. When the President merely invited Mayor Robert Wagner of New York to sit in Mrs. Johnson's box while he made his first address to Congress, *The New York Times* immediately proclaimed the mayor a man upon whom the Eyes of Texas might alight.

Adlai Stevenson later accompanied Mrs. Johnson to the theater in New York, and a Stevenson bandwagon started rolling before the second-act curtain. But these boomlets were as nothing compared to the Sargent Shriver build-up. Mr. Johnson sent the Peace Corps director—John Kennedy's brother-in-law—to deliver a letter to Pope Paul and to develop a Peace Corps for West Germany, and then gave him a Cabinet seat as a special assistant to direct the "war on poverty."

Before this series of public blessings could install Shriver as the front-runner, however, Mr. Johnson sent Robert Kennedy off to cool down the Indonesia-Malaysia crisis. The mission served to bring the Attorney General back into the limelight after the weeks of semiretirement that followed his brother's death. It also aroused some speculation that Mr. Johnson was playing Sargent Shriver and Robert Kennedy against each other to split the influence of the Kennedy family.

"When are you going to do something for me?" the ebullient Hubert Humphrey asked the President one day, taking note of these comings and goings. "If you're going to send anybody along to help

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Drawing by Arnold Roth

1. *McNamara* **2.** *Wagner* **3.** *Stevenson* **4.** *Humphrey* **5.** *Kennedy* **6.** *McCarthy* **7.** *Brown* **8.** *Shriver*

enroll Lynda Bird at George Washington University, I volunteer."

As far away as California the urge to serve his country began to stir in affable Pat Brown, the governor of the biggest Democratic state. He confided this interest to a group of Washington reporters who accompanied President Johnson to Los Angeles in February.

"I spoke to Hubert Humphrey on the telephone last night," the governor said. "I told him I would see the President today and put in a good word for him for Vice President." Governor Brown's face broke into a wide smile. "Did you fellows ever hear of the courtship of Miles Standish?" he asked.

Open as the field may be, there are not too many Democrats really eligible. According to political theorists, an ideal vice-presidential candidate should provide "balance" for Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas—55 years old, Protestant and long a member of Congress with a moderate record. Therefore he ought to be youthful, or at least younger-looking than Mr. Johnson. He ought to be from the area to the north and east of Texas (with California as the exception to the geographical rule). He ought to have his political roots in a major city or an urban industrial state, preferably both. He might usefully be of immigrant stock. And he ought to be clearly in the party's liberal ranks, though his name ought not to outrage its conservatives. In fact, it ought not to outrage anybody.

Should the candidate be Roman Catholic? That may be a crucial question. Many Democrats believe a Catholic vice-presidential candidate would have powerful appeal in the industrial cities, where the Democratic votes are, and where so many Italian, Irish and Polish politicians wield so much power. One somewhat ominous argument for Robert Kennedy, for instance, is that *not* to nominate him might alienate the Irish Catholic vote, or at least the Catholic city leaders, most of whom are devoted to the Kennedy family. Other Democrats insist, however, that if Mr. Johnson of Texas chose a Catholic running mate it would be an obvious political gesture that would offend more voters, both Protestant and Catholic, than it would win.

Above all, it is argued, in 1964—with the memory of President Kennedy's death so fresh, and with Mr. Johnson's health at least debatable—a vice-presidential nominee should have demonstrable potential to discharge the duties of President. In this election, as in no other, voters are likely to be concerned about the No. 2 men on the party tickets.

Based on those criteria, here is the political bookie's early-season form sheet, with odds set by the same sure-fire methods used to establish Dewey as the favorite in 1948:

Gov. Pat Brown: 6-1. A Catholic governor of a powerful state, but a Westerner aspiring to a ticket that already has a Texan. Moreover, the governor is largely unfamiliar with international affairs and has a reputation as a "bumbler."

Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota: 7-1. An Irish Catholic, an able senator, a close personal friend of the President. But he is not well known and is not particularly helpful geographically.

Mayor Robert Wagner: 8-1. An eastern urban, Catholic liberal, but generally regarded as "too lightweight" to be high on Mr. Johnson's list. However, if the Republicans should nominate Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, the President might decide to counter by running a New Yorker on his own ticket.

Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara: 15-1. The darkest horse in the running—if he is in the running. McNamara has to be reckoned with because of the President's extreme admiration for him, and because of his Republican background and big-business connections. If the President were to seek a sort of national-unity ticket—and he always has been a "consensus" politician rather than a factional one—McNamara might strike him as the most impressive choice.

Adlai Stevenson: 4-1. His prestige, his experience in foreign affairs, and his popularity in the Eleanor Roosevelt wing of the party are great assets, and Stevenson has had to take steps to hold back supporters eager to work openly for him. His age and his two defeats for the Presidency are against him, however, and he has no special ethnic, religious or geographical appeal.

Sargent Shriver: 2-1. A personable young administrator whom Mr. Johnson admires, he is a Catholic whose Kennedy connection is a strong asset. But his competence to be President is far from proven, and Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, his home city, is said to scoff at the notion of a relative unknown and a nonprofessional like Shriver on the ticket.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey: 7-5. A well-known liberal, an energetic campaigner, a close friend of the President, broadly experienced in domestic and foreign affairs, he is the floor manager of the important Johnson Civil-Rights bill—a highly strategic position. But his name still angers some Southerners and, like Stevenson, he has no particular appeal to special groups.

Robert Kennedy: 7-5. Geographically right, youthful, Catholic, Irish, inheritor of the "magic name," with far-reaching pipelines into the Democratic urban machines. But he would damage the ticket in the South, his name evokes fears of a political dynasty, and he has yet to show presidential ability.

There is no conclusive evidence that Bob Kennedy wants the No. 2 place, but he has not ruled out the possibility—even, close acquaintances report, in his own mind. Moreover, his position may be unique in American history: He may be the only politician ever to have the party power, the public name and the sentimental appeal to make himself a vice-presidential candidate whom a presidential nominee could not safely ignore.

But Mr. Johnson will not lightly relinquish the privilege of choosing his own man, whether the choice falls on one of those discussed here or on some more surprising entry—Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana, for instance, or Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey or Sen. Edmund Muskie of Maine. Even Mrs. John F. Kennedy received some votes in a poll of Democratic county chairmen, and so far has not taken herself out of the running. In short, while the Democratic vice-presidential race is no longer a good-natured scramble, picking the winner is just as hard as ever. THE END

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FOR TEN YEARS, ENGINEERS HAVE TRIED TO PURIFY AUTO EXHAUST FUMES. NOW THEY MAY HAVE THE SOLUTION.

THE SMOG BATTLE GETS HOT

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

One day not long ago a wild-eyed little man crashed the gates at one of the Detroit auto companies, fast-talked his way past a gaggle of secretaries and, clutching a briefcase that bulged with mystery, confronted a certain engineer.

"You the man who's working on this smog problem?" asked the intruder.

"I'm one of them," said the engineer.

"And I suppose your biggest headache is Los Angeles, isn't it?"

The man wearily agreed it was.

"Well," said the little man, "you can stop all your work right now." He stepped forward, opened the briefcase and pulled out a fistful of colorful diagrams.

"By 1965," he said, "five signs of the zodiac are going to be aligned in such a way that the problem will solve itself. The smog will go away, never to return."

There are several million people in the City of the Angels who devoutly hope this prophecy will be fulfilled. There are also many Detroit engineers and auto makers who would be delighted if the smog problem would just go away and thereby get Los Angeles and the American Medical Association and the surgeon general and the American Cancer Society and the public off the industry's back.

Smog—the word is a composite of smoke and fog—can mean many different types of air pollution. It is found over cities in all parts of the world; it is not always caused by automobiles. In Los Angeles, which is buried under 1,850 tons of airborne hydrocarbons every day, smog is an ugly brown layer of atmosphere that produces eye irritations, aggravates respiratory weaknesses and, some authorities suspect, may have something to do with lung cancer.

In London a 1952 smog was blamed for the deaths of an estimated 4,000 people. In Donora, Pa., another 6,000 people were afflicted by toxic smog in 1948; 20 died.

In addition to health hazards, smog also creates other unwelcome possibilities for the American driver. First, an exhaust-purifying accessory, whenever it comes along, may cost as much as $150 per car (plus another $25 a year to maintain)—and the government may well demand its presence on every new vehicle whether the buyer likes it or not. This would add over a billion dollars to the cost of new cars in a single model year. Second, if a solution is not soon found—at any cost—the citizen's very right to operate a motor vehicle may be restricted. Los Angeles already has ordinances on the books that would prohibit private driving if smog exceeds a critical level.

Thus, health, pocketbook and the freedom of the American road are all involved in the search for a smog cure. The whole issue is heading toward a deadline

Chrysler's Charles Heinen developed simple, inexpensive Cleaner Air Package. ▶

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Smog Battle Gets Hot

and a showdown in California this summer—and the results may be surprising.

From the beginning, most devices for reducing auto exhaust fumes have been designed to fit on the car's tailpipe, like a filter tip on a cigarette. Since the early 1950's, hundreds of experimental exhaust purifiers have been designed, some of them by auto manufacturers themselves, but many more by supplier companies, which hoped to earn a share of a potentially large market.

Most of these early devices were of two types: catalytic converters or afterburners. A converter is a muffler stuffed with rare metals in powdered or pellet form. These filter the exhaust and complete, chemically, the combustion of unburned fuel elements called hydrocarbons. An afterburner is a small furnace that burns exhaust gases like a miniature jet engine. So far, no catalyst or afterburner has done the job that must be done, although several models may be on the verge of qualified success.

Meanwhile, the Chrysler Corp., taking an altogether different approach to the problem, may be about to pull the industrial upset of the year. It has developed a system—called Cleaner Air Package, or CAP—for decreasing exhaust pollutants by means of a few relatively minor modifications in the automobile engine itself. Because of its simplicity, Chrysler's development would be cheap—probably about $10 per car. Officials in Los Angeles—skeptics at first—now call it a "notable advance . . . the most significant progress to date in efforts to control exhaust emissions."

The man who has pioneered with this new system is Charles M. Heinen, Chrysler's assistant chief engineer in charge of chemical engineering and a 30-year veteran at the company. Short, scrappy and straight-talking, Heinen has taken on smog as Salk took on polio. A former member of the U.S. surgeon general's advisory committee on air pollution, an adviser to the Southern California Air Pollution Foundation and the author of many papers on the subject for the Society of Automotive Engineers, Charlie Heinen knows as much about air pollution as anyone in Detroit.

"I want to see our industry lick this thing," he says, "because it should be licked—and because I just happen to be the father of seven daughters and I'm interested in the air they breathe."

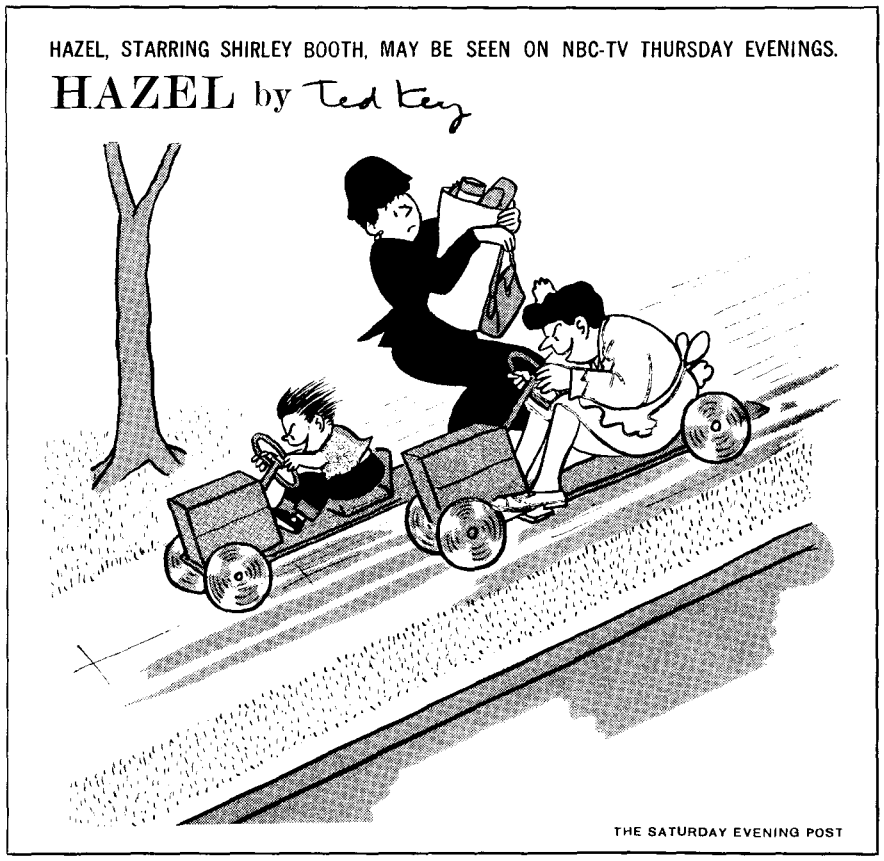
But before Heinen or any other engineer could seriously undertake to improve the air Americans breathe, it was necessary to know what was wrong with that air, and how it was affected by the trillion cubic feet of exhaust fumes that automobiles spew out every day.

More than 10 years ago, when the unique smog problem in Los Angeles was first defined as a complex photochemical reaction of sunlight upon hydrocarbons in the atmosphere, and when it became apparent that, at least in Los Angeles, the automobile was a major contributing factor, the auto industry went to work to find a solution. Under the auspices of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, the problem was attacked by platoons of scientists and engineers drawn from every major company. All agreed to pool their findings and share, without license fees, any antismog device that might be developed.

One of the first tangible results of Detroit's smog research came in 1959 when General Motors researchers discovered that some of the offending automotive gases—perhaps as much as 40 percent, they said—were escaping from engine crankcases, not from exhaust pipes. This source had not even been suspected in earlier investigations. The solution: Pipe these gases back into the carburetor for a second trip through the engine, where they would be consumed.

This, however, was only a first step. Until 1960 there had been no accepted standard for just how clean auto exhaust should be. Tests showed that the average car in Los Angeles emitted about 1,000 parts-per-million (ppm) of hydrocarbons (HC) and three percent carbon monoxide (CO). Old cars might run at double this figure, new cars at half. In April, 1960, the California legislature passed a law establishing an objective: cars which would produce not more than 275 ppm of HC and 1.5 percent CO.

Further, the law specified that as soon as two manufacturers could demonstrate devices which would accomplish the required controls, all new cars sold in California would have to be equipped with some form of smog-reduction gear.



Detroit—and Charlie Heinen—accepted the challenge.

"But I had always believed," Heinen says, gesturing with a smoggy cigar, "that it would be a mistake to spend all our energies developing an expensive gadget for burning unburned fuel particles in the exhaust when we already had an excellent machine for doing the job—the automobile engine itself. Why knock yourself out inventing a pair of rubber gloves because your fountain pen leaks?"

First, said Heinen, let's tune automobile engines in a new way. Let's set carburetors to run leaner (i.e., use less fuel in the fuel-air mixture). Let's set the idle speed of the engine higher to reduce unburned fuel. Let's reduce the time the choke is in operation—and retard ignition to achieve better burning of fuel at highway speeds. Finally, let's reduce the heavy exhaust that comes during deceleration by installing a control valve.

Complicated as these steps may seem to the layman, all are relatively simple to the engineer—and the net result, Heinen figured, would be a 50 percent reduction in hydrocarbons.

In this line of thinking Chrysler engineers were not alone. Every auto manufacturer has long agreed that better burning of fuel *in the engine* was a fundamental approach to smog control. General Motors researchers reported to the Society of Automotive Engineers that "if possible, lowering of hydrocarbon emissions through engine design changes would be highly desirable." G.M. went on to report that, unfortunately, reductions obtained by these measures "are accompanied by poor vehicle operation." Engineers at Ford agreed.

But Chrysler's smog sleuths persisted. After errors and trials, changes and tests, Heinen's combination of engine adjustments had cut hydrocarbons in exhaust by more than 50 percent. He named it Cleaner Air Package—CAP.

In March, 1962, true to its industry pledge, Chrysler offered to share all its data. Free CAP kits—consisting of parts which can be installed on any automobile in a few hours—were made available to 21 independent test labs. Forty-four more kits went to investigators at petroleum companies, universities, government agencies—and rival car makers.

During the summer of 1962 Heinen started his own test on a fleet of local police cars. Meanwhile, the Air Pollution Control District in Los Angeles was fitting 15 kits to another group of police cars. These were new Chryslers, putting out a relatively low average of 348 ppm of HC before CAP was fitted. The question: could CAP help them get down to the prescribed 275 ppm? Or, as the miles of tough police driving piled up, would their performance slip? Would the CAPs need constant care and adjustment?

By fall the answers were beginning to trickle in. Heinen's five local police cars had been driven over 12,000 miles each. Before modification with CAP they had been putting out 857 ppm of HC. With CAP they were down to 253—and staying there.

Other labs came up with similar results. Further, Heinen was able to report, "There were no adverse comments relative to cruise performance, rate of acceleration or general drivability. As a matter of fact, several laboratories detected improvements."

More encouragement came with a enthusiastic report on the 15 cars tested in Los Angeles. Concluded Air Pollution Control Officer S. Smith Griswold, "Manufacture and use of these engines should not only be encouraged but required."

Next Heinen put 1,000 assembly-line-produced, CAP-equipped Plymouths and Dodges into the California market. The buyers of these cars were asked to report on performance. Results were a further confirmation that for $10 worth of hardware and a maintenance check every 5,000 miles, Heinen's technique appeared to do everything that California required—except that the law stipulated the state was looking for an exhaust control "device." CAP wasn't a device therefore CAP was not yet in the running. Under pressure from Los Angeles County officials, however, the statute was soon amended to make CAP eligible for official consideration.

Heinen immediately submitted 30 Chrysler-made cars—some new, some old—for testing by the state. Five catalytic converters and one afterburner are also under test. For all the companies involved, this is the final trial. By June, California expects to render its verdict. All of the present contestants may win certification for use in the state. As long as only two gain approval, the law will be activated and all 1966-model cars will have to conform to the 275-ppm code.

Inasmuch as no other auto manufacturer has an entry in this test, a difficult choice would face Chrysler's competitors should Heinen's CAP be one of the systems certified by California: They would have to buy an approved device from a supplier for $100 to $150 or try to develop a CAP of their own. Meanwhile, for $10 per car, Chrysler would have a jump on the 800,000-car California market. In the competitive-to-the-penny auto business an advantage of this size could not be anticipated without concern.

At this point, on March 10, the Automobile Manufacturers' Association announced that, effective with 1967-model cars, all Detroit products sold in California would voluntarily be made to conform to the state's requirements. It did not say what method would be used but spoke of "developments evolved through the industry cooperative program." Some engineers talk of a probable "bits and pieces" approach—that is, a compromise combination of hardware, inevitably including the basic Heinen principles. It will not, of course, be called Cleaner Air Package, but a rose by any other name is still spelled CAP at Chrysler.

Some observers feel the industry's promise is, if not too little, at least too late. While welcoming the Automobile Manufacturers' Association's announcement, California is continuing to test devices for required use on 1966-model cars.

That the CAP method will prove a final solution to the automotive-exhaust problem—even for Chrysler—is more than can be expected. The auto industry will continue its search for even better solutions and will probably find them.

The day may come, of course, when a wild-eyed little man will arrive with the final answer to smog: "You see," he may say, "you take these mothballs and you put them into your gas tank . . ." THE END

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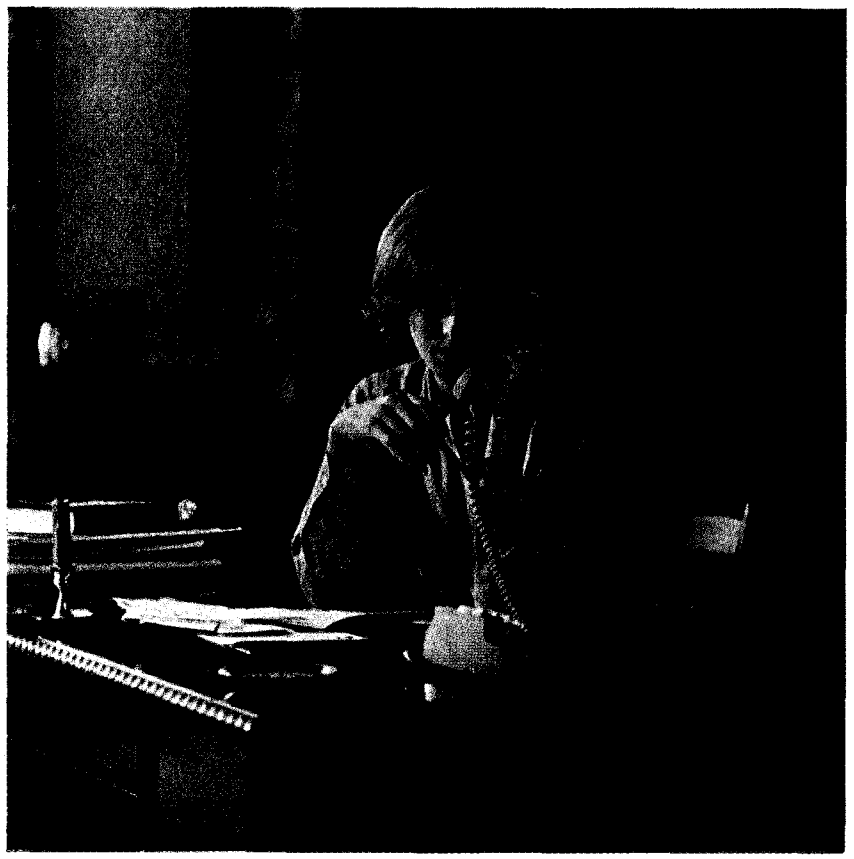

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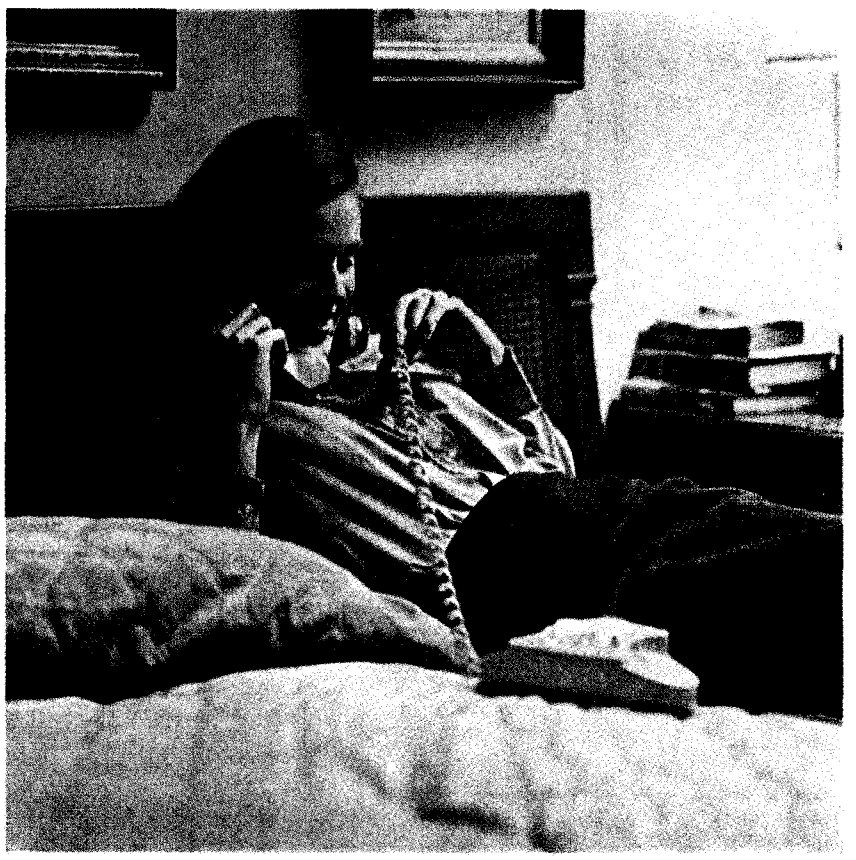

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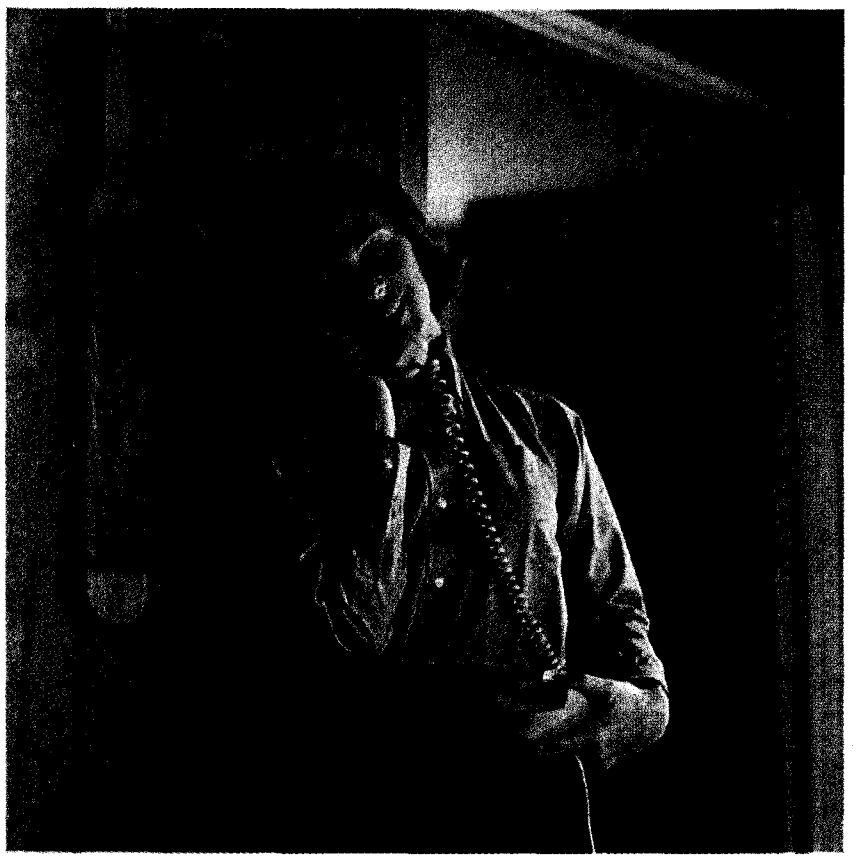

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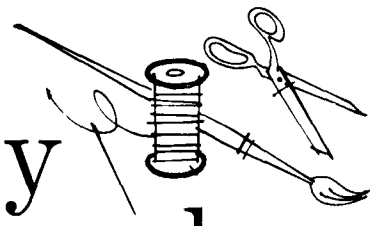
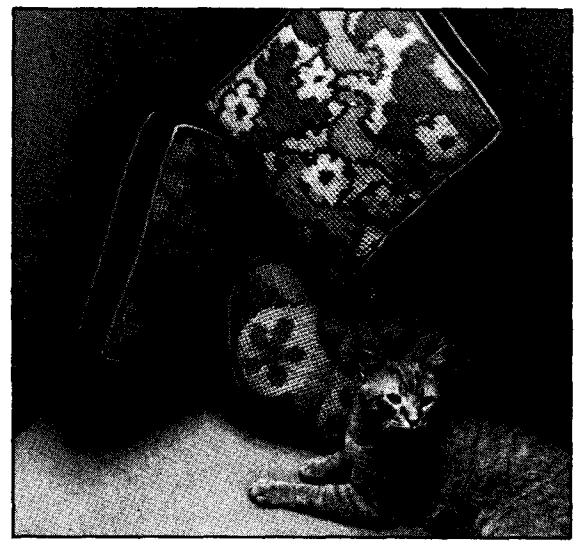


Easy to make Home Projects

Home Project Kits are the answer to many reader requests for designs for home and fashion, with materials to save you money – to save you time and eliminate all waste. Kits include all necessary materials to make finished items. Simple easy-to-follow tested instructions assure satisfaction. Quality makes home projects, heirlooms of tomorrow – fashions guarantee long wear and lasting pleasure.



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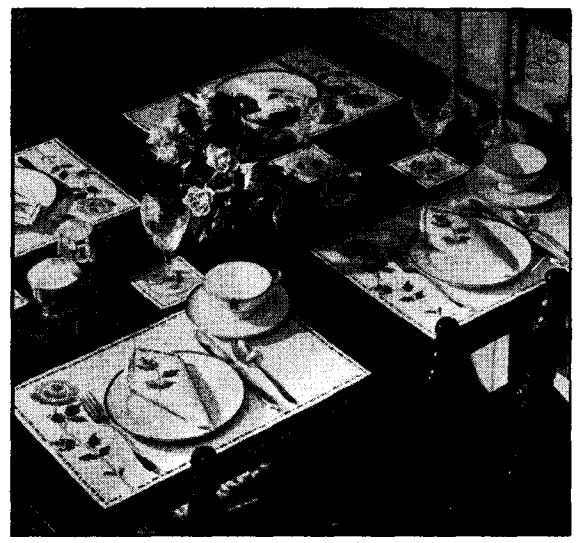
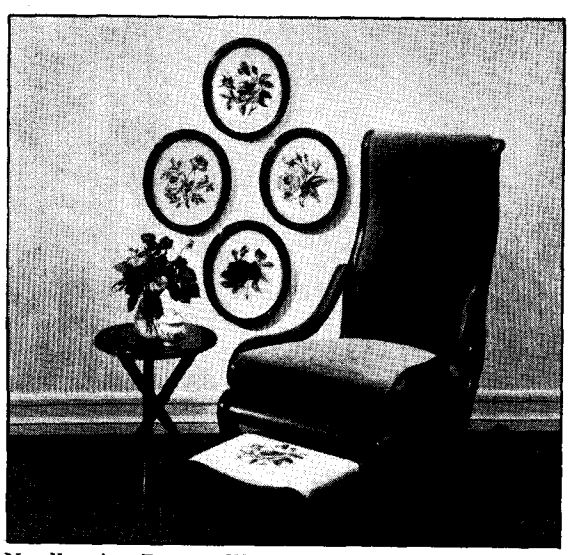


Rose Place Mats: Show off your best china at luncheon or dinner on these lovely rose place mats. The dewy fresh-from-the-garden red roses are stamped on 100% Belgian linen to be embroidered in cross-stitch. Each kit has everything you need for a single place setting, one mat, napkin and coaster with embroidery floss, Kit PEK-5, price $1.00. Or save money and order settings for four, PEK-5/4, price $3.69.

Hand Blocked India Print Kit: Wonderful original idea, a 72 x 108" hand blocked cotton print with pattern to make three smart costumes from one print; 2 zippers; package of colored sequins for trimming, directions for laying pattern on print to take advantage of borders. All prints are multi-colored, each one of a kind with two sequined corners. State pattern size, 10-12-14-16. Kit JMO-6, price $9.98.



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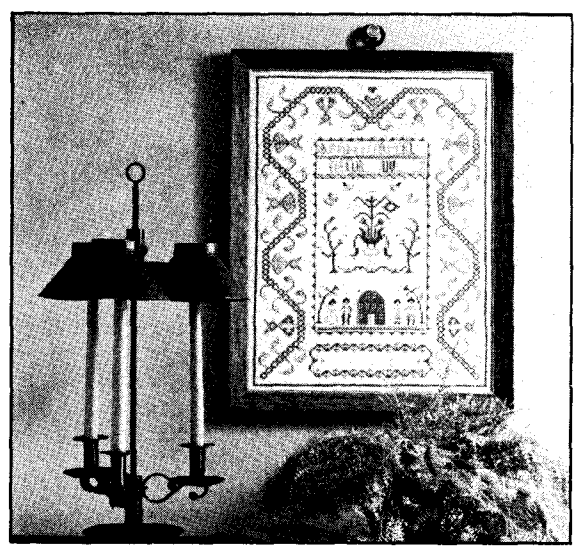

Museum Sampler: The Museum original of this delightful sampler dates back to the days when young girls recorded their skill as needlewomen in just this way. Design is stamped on ecru linen to be cross-stitched in these colors; soft rust, greens, blue, yellows, pinks, browns and lavender. Kit includes embroidery floss. Kit PSK-26, price $2.00. Handmade frame, size 1½ x 20 x 25¾" of soft brown wood, PSK-26F/O, $6.98.

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By Normand Poirier

It was dogged by a chain of misfortunes from its inception to opening. It was spurned by producers, directors and actors. But "Any Wednesday," a comedy written by a housewife, has proved the sleeper of the season.

A MIRACLE ON BROADWAY

The hotel room in Boston was black with gloom. For an hour six shirt-sleeved men—five theatrical producers and one director—had been trying to diagnose the ills of their play's third act. The first and second acts had problems. But the third act was a catastrophe. And New York was less than two weeks away. And there was no money left to postpone the opening. And the author, a housewife who had never before written a play, was confined to bed with a 103-degree fever. And the leading man had just quit.

It was a somber session. Everybody tried to come up with ideas, but nothing seemed to work. The men just sat there.

The telephone rang. The director answered it. "It's my mother from Toronto," he said, shrugging apologetically. "Hello, Mother? I'm right in the middle of an important meeting. I'll have to call you back." He turned to his colleagues and said, "She wants to know whether she should wear a long dress or a short dress to the opening."

The room exploded with laughter. "Tell her she can wear slacks and nobody'll notice her," one producer called out, and again there was laughter.

"Whether it's long or short, tell her to wear black," another producer suggested.

Then the director could be heard saying, "Well, it's my first Broadway opening, too, Mother." And one producer groaned and said, "Aaagh, you didn't have to say that!" For the next five minutes it seemed that every line only emphasized the calamitous nature of the situation, provoking the kind of abandoned laughter that grips a group of men who realize that a $95,000 venture is slipping down the drain.

As it turned out, the show didn't go down the drain. Somehow the third act became part of the second and final act. A new leading man was hired by telephone while he was getting a haircut in Los Angeles. The show, with almost no advance sale, limped into New York amid forecasts of its quick demise.

The critics loved it. They called it "the Cinderella show of the year," "captivating and lighthearted comedy." About the show's female lead, Sandy Dennis, they were positively coltish: "There should be one in every home". . . ."Sandy is dandy" . . . ."something special" . . . .

Overnight the nickel-and-dime trickle at the box office swelled to a $20,000-a-day flood. Columnists reported that the author was offered $250,000 for a movie sale. The director was courted by agents. The five producers were patted on the

Muriel Resnik, 42-year-old playwright, triumphantly surveys stage set of play.

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Gloom pervades all as Gene Hackman, Sandy Dennis and Michael Rennie plod through early rehearsals. Rennie later quit.

The author had never written a play.

A Miracle on Broadway

back by beaming investors. In short, the play, *Any Wednesday*, was a smash.

The odds against delivering a hit to Broadway are formidable. Only one of every eight shows pays off its investment. The odds against *Any Wednesday*, however, would have required extensive calculations on a giant computer. That frustration scene in Boston was only one of a dozen crises. In fact, it is astonishing that the vehicle even got to Boston.

The play was written by a 42-year-old grandmother who did not graduate from high school. It was produced by two men—later joined by three others—who had never produced anything.

The author was Muriel Resnik, a tiny, sad-eyed sparrow who 10 years ago was struggling, as a divorcée, to raise her two young sons in a Manhattan apartment. Her teen-age marriage to a New York businessman had ended in 1949. She worked as a salesgirl in a small jewelry store until a friend suggested that she write a book about the tribulations of *Life Without Father*. She knew nothing about writing, but on nights and weekends she set her experiences on paper, and the book eventually was published.

In the next three years she produced two more books. One of them, *The Girl in the Turquoise Bikini*, was sold to Hollywood, and it enabled her to put both sons through Yale. She also had a talent for making friends, and her East Side brownstone apartment became, as one friend put it, "a salon of minor writers, acting hopefuls and off-Broadway directors." Three years ago—shortly before she married her second husband, photographer Wallace Litwin—one of her guests suggested that she write a play. So she wrote *Any Wednesday*, a comedy about a tax-obsessed business tycoon who spends every Wednesday at the apartment of his kooky mistress. "It took me three months to write it," Miss Resnik recalls, "and six months for ten of the best producers to reject it."

George Warren George and Frank Granat were not among the 10 best producers. In fact, nobody knew anything about them two years ago except that they were laboring on some vague project that involved Sir Alec Guinness and a play about the poet Dylan Thomas. George is 44, a stocky, cigar-smoking, Williams-educated son of cartoonist Rube Goldberg, who changed his name because he "didn't want to trade on my father's name." He had worked for 15 years as a movie and TV scriptwriter. Granat, a slim, 35-year-old Stanford graduate, had once worked in his father's San Francisco jewelry business.

Through the show-business grapevine they heard of Miss Resnik's play. They read it, liked it, contacted her, sat her down before a birdbath-sized steak in a swank restaurant and told her they wanted to produce it. "I had no intention of giving them my play," Miss Resnik said later. "Who were they, anyway? Nobody had ever even heard of them. Well, they must have hypnotized me with their expensive dinners and highbrow talk about the classical theories of the well-made play. Anyway, I gave in." That was in the summer of 1962. Nine months later George and Granat were still trying to sign a director.

"Everybody turned us down," George recalled. "You name them—Arthur Penn, Garson Kanin, George Abbott, Hal Prince, Abe Burrows—I could go on and on. At least fifteen of them."

Top actors proved as reluctant as directors to sign for the play. Joseph Cotten read the script and said, "It's a wonderful part—for the girl." There were similar reactions from David Niven, Peter Lawford, Gig Young, John Forsythe, Tony Randall and Michael Rennie. Only one veteran actor wanted the role: Don Porter, who starred on the Ann Sothern TV series. George and Granat kept him in mind.

The production, postponed from a 1962 fall opening to a 1963 spring bow, had to be postponed again to September of 1963. Miss Resnik despaired. "I knew you should never have given them an option," she now remembers telling herself. "What a jerk you are, Muriel. Nothing will ever come of all this."

Eventually the two producers did come up with a director. But after two months the director was lured away by a high-paying TV series. Another director then committed himself. Two months later he quit to do a picture. A third director quit four weeks before the show was to go into rehearsals.

The only note of progress through the whole dismal summer of 1963 was the signing of Sandy Dennis, who had just completed a brilliant run on Broadway in the hit *A Thousand Clowns*. Her performance had won her a Tony award, but Miss Resnik had not seen the show. She was incredulous when George told her about the signing.

"You must be out of your mind," said Miss Resnik. "I saw her on Broadway, and she's a fat English teen-ager!" Miss Dennis had, before *A Thousand Clowns*, played an English girl in a play called *The Complaisant Lover*.

"She's not fat," George replied testily. "She's not English, and she's 26." He raved about Miss Dennis, but Miss Resnik sulked. When she wrote the play, she had had Greer Garson in mind.

A Greer Garson Miss Dennis is not. She's a chubby-legged, buck-toothed, bleached blonde. Her voice plays impish tricks, and when she talks, her arms jerk like a robot's.

Offstage, she goes on playing the wide-eyed ingenue. She thinks the best place to eat in New York is the 12-stool sandwich bar at Bonwit Teller's department store. She actually enjoyed living in a $23-a-month cold-water flat near Greenwich Village, where the bathtub was in the kitchen. She collects stray dogs and cats, and her friends run to second-rank actors, wardrobe mistresses, prop men and girls from back home. She rarely goes to nightclubs, wanders aimlessly in department stores for hours, lets her weight fluctuate from 105 to 148—depending on her intake of thick malteds—and has been dating actor Jerry O'Laughlin for seven years.

As a child in Lincoln, Nebraska, she wore braces on her teeth and hated school. "I was never queen of anything, not even a cheerleader," she says. She did have a desperate hunger to act, nurtured, she says, "by the movies, the *Lux Radio Theatre* and the *Let's Pretend* radio shows." She had $100 when she reached New York at 19 and, though her parents sent her some $1,000 over the next eight months, she never had more than $100 at one time until she scored

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at $400-a-week in *A Thousand Clowns*. During one year she lived on $50 unemployment checks. Before *Clowns* she had played in several off-Broadway productions, understudied for a year in *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* and toured with it four months, played a teen-age pregnant girl in a drama called *Motel* that never got past Boston, played a teen-age pregnant girl again in *Face of a Hero*, which ran four weeks on Broadway, and finally won a role in *The Complaisant Lover*, which lasted three months. "I never thought that I wouldn't be successful someday," she says. "I was never smart enough, I guess, to be hurt by anything they wrote in early reviews."

The signing of Sandy Dennis that summer improved the show's prospects, but not enough. George and Granat couldn't raise enough money on their own. They began adding producers, starting with a friend of Sandy's, a red-haired, boyish-looking agent named Peter S. Katz, who at 30 could boast of having coproduced two shows off-Broadway and one on Broadway without a loss to investors. "I saw Sandy in the part," Katz said later, "and I thought immediately that she'd make it a hit. Knock on wood." He rapped his desk: Katz is highly superstitious, and he knocks on wood even after he has a hit. The second was Howard Erskine, a six-foot-two actor-turned-producer of three Broadway shows. The third was Edward Specter, a balding former manager of the Pittsburgh Symphony, who since 1954 had been investing in shows from a corporate fund of $500,000 built up by 200 investors. Katz, Erskine and Specter each came up with 25 percent of the budgeted $95,000. George and Granat furnished the remaining 25 percent.

Guinness good for them

The September, 1963, opening date had to be postponed though, because that other "vague project" that George and Granat had talked about—Guinness in a play about Dylan Thomas—began to materialize. Guinness had agreed to make his first Broadway appearance in 14 years, and *Dylan* went into rehearsals, later opening to favorable reviews while *Any Wednesday* was in New Haven.

In October Michael Rennie, an English actor who had once turned down the tycoon's part in *Any Wednesday*, changed his mind and agreed to do the show. The producers were ecstatic: His name would sell tickets. But by November the production was still without a director.

Applications and résumés began pouring into the producers' office. Anybody who ever directed an off-Broadway show stopped by. There was even a cable of availability from somebody named Henry Kaplan in London. "Who the hell is Henry Kaplan?" asked George. "He's very big in London," Granat joked, and for the next three or four weeks, as applicant after applicant was turned down, it was always good for a laugh to say, "Well, there's always Henry Kaplan."

George Morrison, a soft-spoken 35-year-old director of several off-Broadway shows, was finally signed in December, 1963. There was nothing left to do but cast two more parts.

The first of the two parts was settled quickly. Miss Resnik wanted a woman named Rosemary Murphy. Some of the producers were dubious: Miss Murphy is nearly six feet tall and a Shakespearean actress. But she auditioned for the doubters and promptly won everyone over.

The other role wasn't cast so easily. The author wanted Gene Hackman, a 34-year-old ex-Marine of undisputed talent, whose two most recent outings on Broadway had run a total of four days. Four of the five producers disagreed with Miss Resnik. He wasn't handsome enough, they said. He was too thick in the waist and too thin in the hair. The producers' choice was Dick York, a handsome Hollywood actor. But Miss Resnik held out for Hackman, and for days—Hackman auditioned five times—the battle raged inside the theater. It was finally settled in the men's-room lounge—the only unlocked room in the theater—where Miss Resnik, surrounded by all five producers, capitulated. "It was the first time I was ever in a men's room," she said later, "and it's the last time I'll ever debate in one."

So Dick York was given the role. Then, three days before rehearsals, York got involved in a difference of opinion over billing and quit. An emergency call went out to Hackman. This pleased Miss Resnik but angered Miss Dennis. She didn't want Hackman. "She just didn't think he was right for the part," another member of the cast explained later. Miss Dennis threw a tantrum and wept. A week later she was telling everybody what a superb actor Hackman was. The 205-pound actor went on a diet, and by opening night was down to 180. "Mostly I cut out the beer," he said.

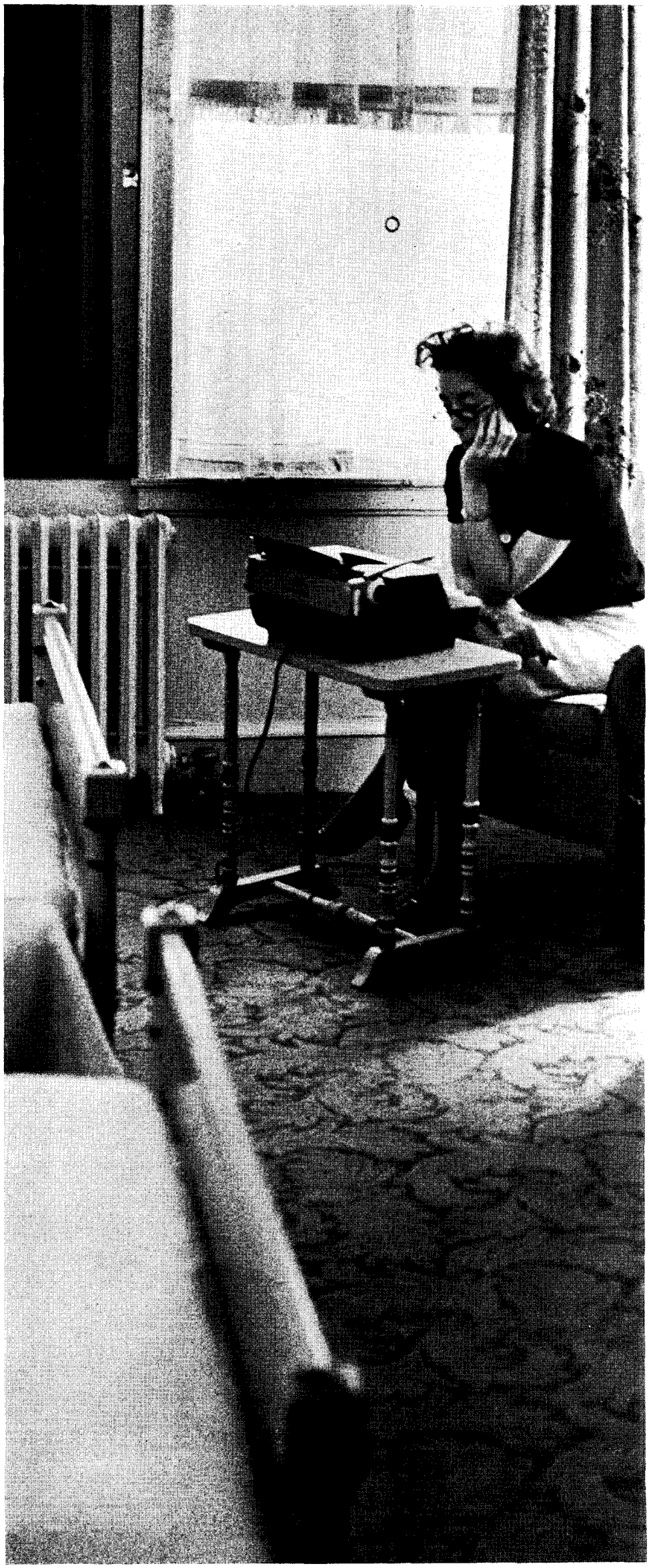
The first week of rehearsals and the first run-through went off, to use George's own word, "swimmingly." But something mysterious happened during the second week. "I warned them," director Morrison said later, "that the second run-through would be slow and droopy. I had made about 125 changes in the script, and the bulk of those changes were never rehearsed."

The second run-through was, in fact, so slow and droopy that the producers and director all became angry at one another. The next day there were more angry words over the telephone, and ultimately the production was taken out of Morrison's hands.

Any Wednesday, with a New Haven opening only a week away, was in trouble again. And three directors who were brought in to dissect it didn't help matters. The first, Mike Nichols, thought the second act was the problem. Fred Coe said the trouble lay in the first and third acts. A third director thought the show was fine, but that except for Sandy Dennis it was miscast. It was finally agreed that producer Erskine, who had helped direct Broadway's *The Happiest Millionaire*, would take over temporarily until the New Haven opening. "There'll be a lot of directors there opening night, and we'll get a new one," George promised. And somebody joked, "Well, there's always Henry Kaplan, anyway."

The four actors felt miserable without a director. Sandy, who thought Morrison had been doing a fine job, wouldn't talk to Miss Resnik for two days. Rennie wondered whether his original decision hadn't been the right one. Miss Murphy, in her booming Shakespearean voice, said the producers were all amateurs. And Hackman thought he might be fired.

The first day in New Haven started badly. An hour before curtain time, Miss Resnik stepped into her hotel elevator, pushed the button, watched the doors close and found herself trapped within for 20 minutes. She was weeping in anger when they got her out. "All I could think," she said, "was that damned show



Playwright Muriel Resnik grapples with script and 103-degree fever in Boston hotel.

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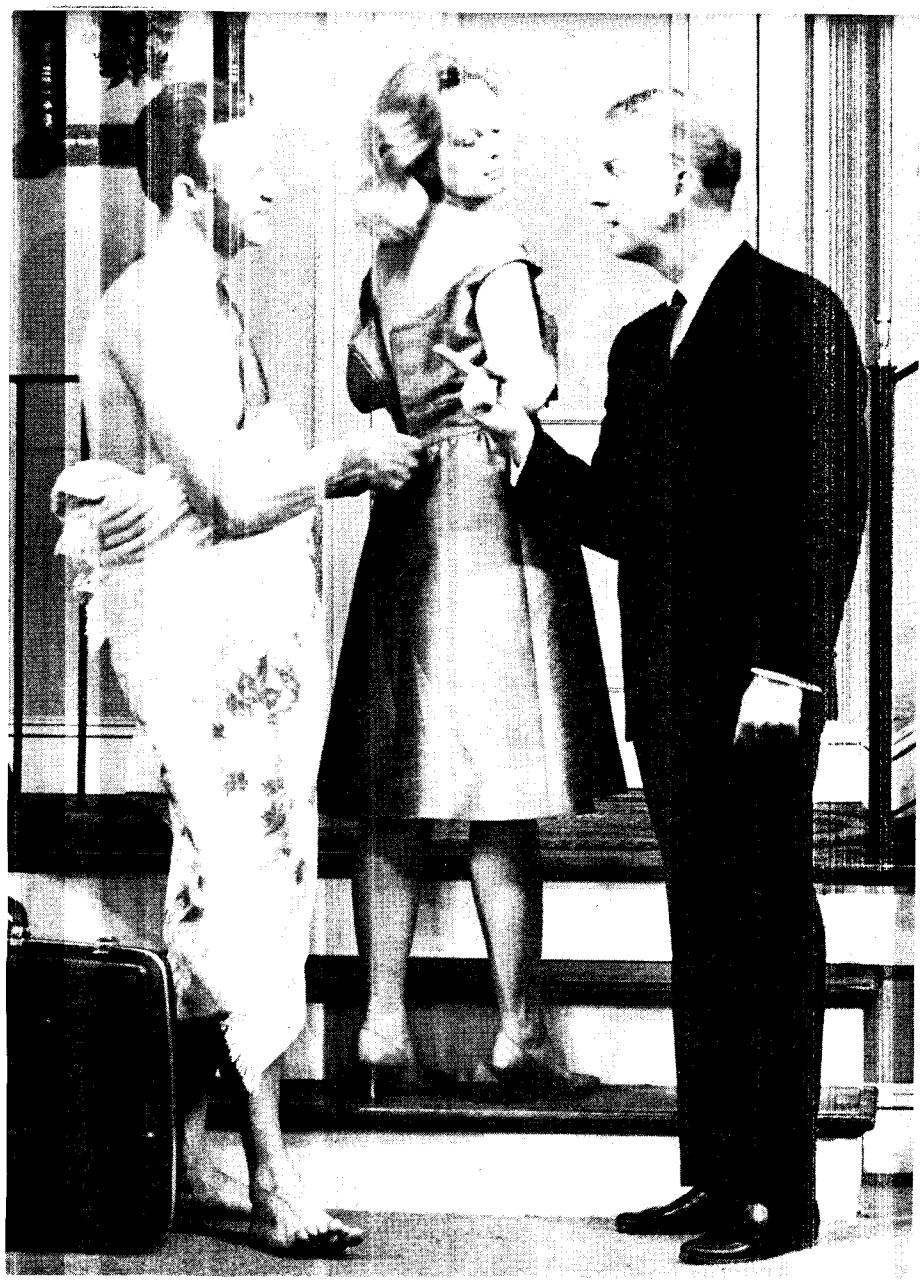

In play, Porter is irate at finding his love nest occupied by Hackman.

"I was so ashamed," recalls author Resnik, "I cried in bed every night."

Press agent Harvey Sabinson gets first New York newspaper reviews over telephone.

A Miracle on Broadway

would open and close, and I would never even get to see it."

The opening-night performance was not all bad. The actors, not sure quite how to play it, resorted to slapstick. Sandy had never been so spastic: At the slightest hint of a dead spot her arms would flail out, or she would stutter. The audience laughed. But if any directors from New York were in attendance, they didn't come forward after the final curtain. The cast was crushed.

It was two days later when Miss Resnik, rewriting during an afternoon rehearsal in the theater, looked up to see George talking with a tall, wavy-haired man. She asked George who the man was. "That," George said, "is Henry Kaplan."

Kaplan, it seems, had stopped off two days before in New York en route from London to Toronto and had attended the premiere of *Dylan*. During intermission a mutual friend had introduced him to Mrs. George in the lobby.

"You're really Henry Kaplan? The director?" Mrs. George asked. He said he was. "Don't go away," she said, and ran upstairs to her husband who at that moment was on the telephone trying to reach director George Abbott in Florida. Next day Kaplan was whisked to New Haven. He climbed on stage and told the cast, "I'm your new director."

Boston was a nightmare. Everything that had gone wrong before was trifling by comparison. The reviews were devastating. Miss Resnik came down with flu and never left her room for the first week, writing with her typewriter next to the radiator. Her husband, Wallace Litwin, fed her pills and sympathy.

When she did come out of the hotel room, it was to learn that Rennie had announced he was pulling out of the show before it reached Broadway.

To replace Rennie, George phoned the Hollywood actor who 18 months before had wanted the tycoon's part—Don Porter. Porter, who was at his barber's, dashed home, packed a bag, hopped a flight, and finished reading the script that night before going to bed in a Boston hotel.

The last three days in Boston were exhausting. The cast would rehearse new material with Porter all day, then at night perform old material with Rennie. Everyone was irritable. Sandy's boyfriend saw the show and told her it was a dud. It was a demoralized troupe that straggled back to New York.

Both Miss Resnik and Miss Dennis refused to hand out free preview tickets in New York, because they were convinced the production was a flop. "I was so ashamed," Miss Resnik recalled later, "that I cried in bed every night." Miss Dennis bet director Kaplan $25 that the show would fail.

But the audiences at the New York previews—and there were great stretches of empty rows at all of them—*liked* the show. They laughed in all the right places. "I think we've got a hit going here," Specter told his fellow producers, and young Peter Katz, the superstitious one, said, "Please, Ed, don't *say* that. Please!" And he knocked on wood. George and Granat thought that at best they could hope for mixed reviews.

The evening before opening night was nerve-racking. Sandy couldn't sleep. She had one line that read, "Oh, I even bore myself," and she was positive that critic Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* would turn it into, "And she had every right to be bored with herself." Mrs. George dreamed that Howard Taubman's review in *The New York Times* would be a vicious attack. Hackman put his son, Christopher, three, and daught Elizabeth, one-and-a-half, to bed and tl allowed himself two bottles of beer. Do.. Porter was still studying his lines, and Henry Kaplan lay awake in bed.

When the curtain went up opening night, Miss Resnik and her husband, Katz and Specter were standing at the rear of the house like pallbearers. The Georges and Granats were seated in the last row. Erskine, who gets sick opening nights, was at a hotel bar next door.

The play got under way. Hackman, in his first stage exchange with Sandy, thought to himself, "Oh, she's down tonight! And if she's down, dammit, we're all down." Miss Dennis, it turned out, was not down at all. She *was* giving a more matured and professional performance than she had ever given before.

Halfway through the second act, a flowerpot fell from a wall of the stage apartment and crashed to the floor. Director Kaplan stiffened. "Oh my God, here we go," he thought. He was worried that Porter might be thrown off by the distraction. But Porter thought, This is her apartment; it's up to her to pick it up. Sandy did, without hesitation. Porter walked over to help her, and not a line was fumbled. The audience thought it was part of the show.

After an opening night it is traditional for everyone to wait for reviews at Sardi's Restaurant. After this opening the producers assembled first. When Miss Resnik walked into Sardi's and heard a burst of applause, she turned, saw no one behir her, and casually made her way to her a signed table. She didn't realize the applause was for her.

Sandy Dennis didn't go to Sardi's. Convinced the show would be a bomb, she had made arrangements to go instead to a small party at her business manager's apartment. "She didn't want to be with her cast when the ax fell," said the manager, Marty Bregman.

After an hour at Sardi's, the producers' party moved to an eighth-floor office above the restaurant. There press-agent Harvey Sabinson had made arrangements to catch TV reviews on local newscasts.

The TV reviews were all raves. But they did little to relieve the tension. The newspapers are considered far more important. Miss Resnik had brought along with her an actress friend, Janice Rule, and now she sat, her eyes glazed, holding Miss Rule's hand for moral support.

Kerr's review came in first. And it was a rave. "For Kerr," press-agent Sabinson said, "that's a great review." Next was Taubman's. It, too, praised the show. "For Taubman," Sabinson said, "that's a great review." The praise from the other morning-newspaper critic, John Chapman of the New York *Daily News*, was even more lavish. And the room erupted into a bedlam of congratulations, handshakes and cheek-kissing.

"I told you we had a hit," Specter told young Katz, and for once Katz didn't knock on wood. Miss Resnik began to feel sick again and stayed sick until the following afternoon. Sandy Dennis who had received the good news at h party, went to Sardi's and received h first applause as a full-fledged star.

And Mrs. Kaplan, who had phoned from Toronto to her son, the director? She thought the show was wonderful. And she decided to wear the short dress after all. THE END

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Sandy Dennis, 27-year-old star of "Any Wednesday," displays high spirits. She had been so cheerless about play that she bet director $25 it would flop.

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THE BOBBY BAKER COVER-UP

The Bobby Baker mess has apparently been swept under the rug, but it will be talked about from now until November. It is important, therefore, to try to put it in proper perspective. In our opinion, the Senate Rules and Administration Committee's investigation was the most obvious cover-up of recent times. The Baker case raised some very serious questions. The most trusted and important employee of the U.S. Senate was accused of using his position and his influence to pile up a fortune of two million dollars. The allegations included party girls, get-rich-quick schemes, kickbacks, influence peddling and the most blatant conflict between public and private interests.

Above all, the affair cast serious reflections on the operation of the Senate itself. As Ben H. Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer explained in the *Post* at the outset of the affair (BOBBY WAS THE BOY TO SEE, Dec. 7, 1963), Baker was no ordinary employee of the Senate. "No law or regulation describes Bobby's job," Bagdikian and Oberdorfer wrote, "but he was the most effective helper the Senate ever had. He knew on almost every issue which way the Senate would go and how each senator would vote and why he would vote that way. The Senate found him almost indispensable."

There was evidence Baker had flagrantly misused his power to help defeat legislation he did not like. Liberal senators suspected he betrayed them on Medicare and was partly responsible for its defeat. It would not have been the only time that he wielded undue influence in the Senate. "In 1958," Bagdikian and Oberdorfer related, "Bobby had amused his colleagues around the Senate with a minor measure allowing the importation of giraffes from Kenya to a private zoo in Florida. The zookeeper was a client of Bobby's law associate, Ernest C. Tucker, and the giraffe legislation was known jokingly as 'Bobby's Bill.' But in November *The New York Times* reported Baker's part in another measure which was no laughing matter. The paper said he 'used his influence' to amend the omnibus tax bill of 1962 in a way which could benefit luxury motels such as the one he owned in Maryland."

The real questions for the Bobby Baker hearing were: How could a man who was not a member of the Senate acquire such influence? To what extent did he misuse it? And to what extent were senators involved?

The Senate Rules Committee should have concerned itself with these questions. It should have devised safeguards to prevent the conditions that made an operator like Bobby Baker possible. But the committee confined itself to the narrowest possible construction of a narrow mandate: the investigation of financial and business activities of former officers and employees of the Senate. Chairman B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina inadvertently wrote the epitaph for the hearing when he uttered the memorable line: "We are not investigating senators." The reluctance of the committee really to get to the bottom of the Bobby Baker mess was clearly demonstrated when it refused to call 14 witnesses requested by the Republican minority. Even though these witnesses included White House aide Walter Jenkins, who was accused of arranging a kickback on an insurance policy for Lyndon B. Johnson, and even though they also included members of Baker's office staff, who might have had knowledge of the machinations Baker refused to discuss, all 14 witnesses were rejected on the grounds that their testimony would be irrelevant or repetitious.

There is a strong chance now that Bobby Baker may go scot-free. Many influential people in Washington are acting as though they never heard of him. The rewrite of history has almost been completed.

When President Johnson appeared on TV recently to discuss his first 100 days in office, reporter Bill Lawrence of ABC brought up the Baker mess. "He was your protégé and your friend," Lawrence said to the President, and then he asked, "As a political animal . . . what is your estimate of [the Bobby Baker affair]?" The President responded as a "political animal." He said that Baker had been elected secretary to the majority by all the senators, including the Republican senators (which technically was true, but ratification by the whole Senate was a *pro forma* matter), and that he was "no protégé of anyone."

Political reporters and members of the Senate who were around Washington in those days have hardly stopped guffawing. Bobby Baker in his heyday was Lyndon Johnson's alter ego. He copied his style, was known to some people as "Little Lyndon," and named his son Lyndon. During the 1960 campaign Mr. Johnson went out of his way to visit Rocky Bottom, S.C., as a favor to Baker. While he was there, Mr. Johnson told Baker's father that Bobby "is my strong right arm, the last man I see at night, the first one I see in the morning."

The Senate Rules Committee had a chance to perform a valuable service for the Senate, but it chose instead to act as though the whole mess could be forgotten.

Bobby Baker's arrogance evidently is undiminished. After his uncommunicative appearance before the Rules Committee, he let it be known that he might run for public office, and did not rule out the possibility he might someday run for governor of South Carolina. But, preposterous as it sounds, if he should run and be elected, it wouldn't be the most implausible thing that has happened in the Bobby Baker affair.

PLUCKY PIERRE RIDES AGAIN

President Kennedy had a remarkable way of retaining his humor and his poise, even under the most trying circumstances. Since his death, many people have tried to explain his special quality. They have said it was grace, courage and style, and those who were closest to him have used the word "class."

Pierre Salinger was as different from President Kennedy as Friar Tuck from Robin Hood. As press secretary, Plucky Pierre was nearly always late and frequently indifferent to details. But he served his leaders well (he even drank a glass of milk in the line of duty to show that the fallout "threat" was exaggerated, and he rode a horse for President Johnson on his Texas ranch). More than anyone else in the Kennedy Administration, he shared the President's humor.

Now some of the Kennedy men are drifting away from the Johnson Administration. Salinger is running for the Senate in his home state of California, having managed, after a cliff-hanging sequence, to get himself on the ballot, even though he hadn't lived in the state since 1955. His candidacy, he says, is a "draft . . . inspired by the candidate himself." We wish him well. It will be a long time before the Government of the United States is as much fun as it was when Salinger and his old boss were around.

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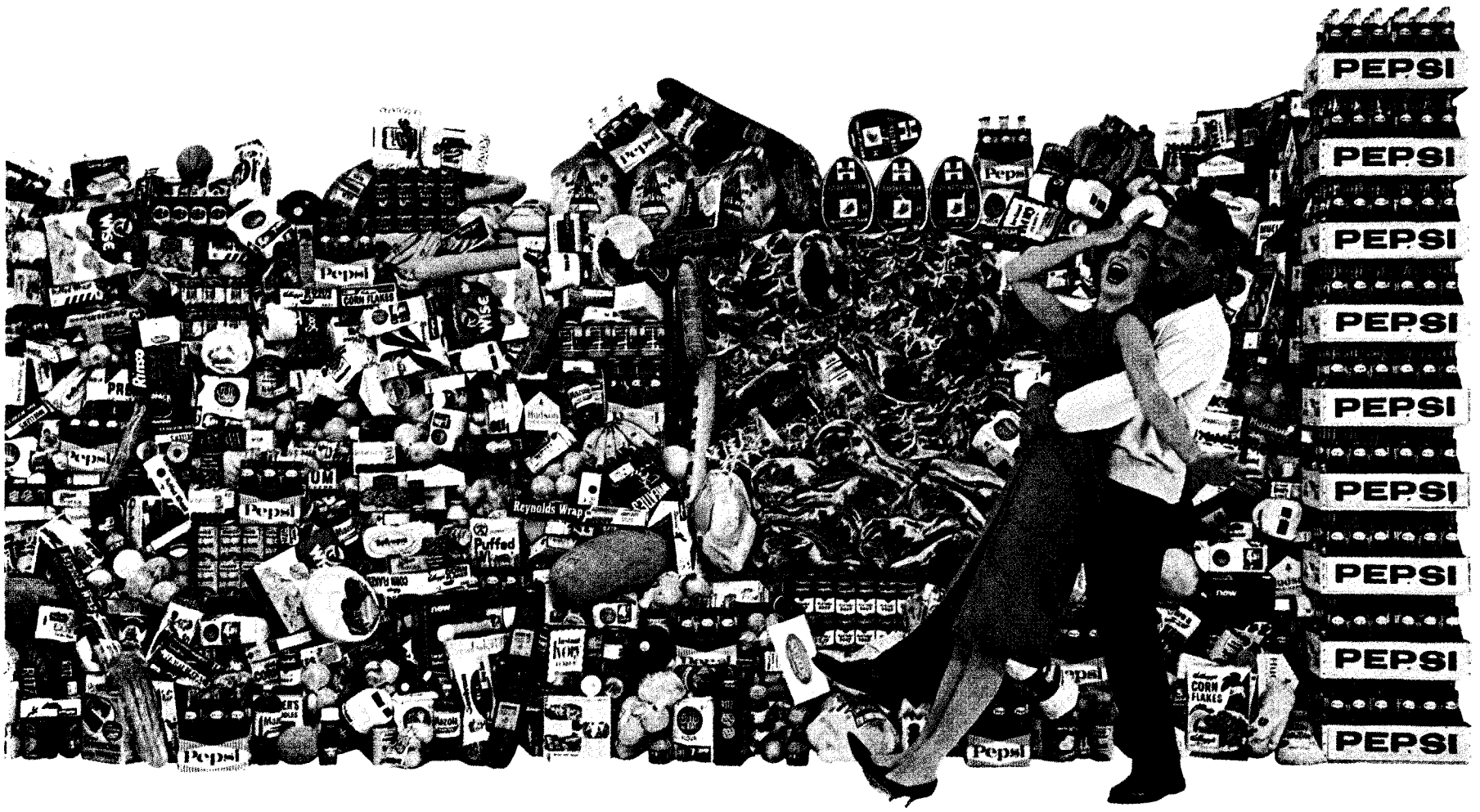

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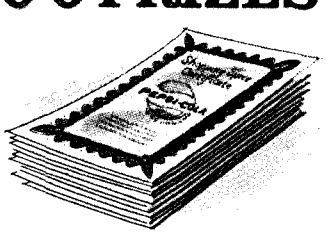

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